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Sancho resisting the scullions attack on his beard

Part 2. Book 23. Chapter 15

I. Uwins del.

A. W. Warren sculp.

THE LIFE & EXPLOITS
OF
DON QUIXOTE,
DE LA MANCHA.
VOL. II.



I. Uwins del.

*Signora Donna Rodriguez & Don Quixote, walking
from the door to the bed.*

A. W. Warren sculp.

Part 2. Book 3. Chap 10.

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THE
HISTORY AND ADVENTURES
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE:

From the Spanish of
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

By T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

To which is prefixed,
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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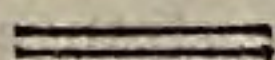
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DON QUIXOTE.

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THE
ACHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage and Valiant

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.



PART II.—BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

CID Hamet Benengeli, in the second part of this history, containing the third sally of Don Quixote, relates, that the curate and barber forbore to visit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recal to his imagination the remembrance of things past; but during all that time they frequently went to see the housekeeper and niece, on whom they laid strong injunctions to cherish the knight with great care and tenderness, and treat him with such comfortable food as should be most agreeable to his stomach and brain, in which they reasonably supposed that his whole disorder lay. The ladies assured them it was their chief study, which they would prosecute with all imaginable care and satisfaction; for they began to perceive that their master at certain intervals gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleasure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wisely in bringing him home to the enchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the last chapter of the first part of

this sublime and punctual history ; and determined to pay him a visit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almost impossible : though they agreed to avoid with great care the subject of chivalry, that they might run no risk of ripping up the wound so lately closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, and found him sitting upon his bed, in a waistcoat of green baize, and a red Toledan night-cap, so meagre, shrunk, and withered, that he looked like an Egyptian mummy : he received them very courteously, and when they inquired into the state of his health, spoke of his indisposition and himself with great judgment and elocution. Their conversations happening to turn on what is called reasons of state, and modes of administration, they amended certain abuses, and condemned others, reforming one custom, and banishing another ; as if each of the three had been a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or regenerated Solon ; and in such a manner did they furnish up the commonwealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. Don Quixote spoke on every subject that was handled with such discretion, as actually convinced the two examiners that he was quite sound, and had recovered the right exercise of his judgment ; while the niece and housekeeper, who were present all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their master talk so sensibly. But the curate altering his first resolution, which was to avoid the subject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he should be thoroughly satisfied whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary ; with this view, he from one thing to another came to mention some news from court, and among other pieces of intelligence, said, he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the sea, with a powerful armament, though his design was not known, nor could it be guessed where the expected storm would burst : but that these prepara-

tions, which keep us almost constantly in arms, had alarmed all Christendom; and that his majesty had ordered the coasts of Naples and Sicily, with the island of Malta, to be provided against all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, "His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior, in providing for the safety of his dominions, that the enemy may not find them unprepared; but, if he would take my advice, I would furnish him with an expedient which I believe our sovereign at present little thinks of."

The curate no sooner heard these words, than he said within himself, "Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don Quixote! if I am not mistaken, thou art just going to cast thyself headlong from the highest pinnacle of madness into the profound abyss of thy folly." But the barber, who immediately adopted the same suspicion, asked the knight what that expedient was, which he thought should be put in practice by way of prevention; observing, that it was perhaps such a scheme as deserved to be inserted in the list of those impertinent advices usually offered to crowned heads. "Mine, Mr. Shaver," said Don Quixote, "will be pertinent, not impertinent." "I don't say otherwise," replied the barber; "I only made that observation because experience hath shewn, that all, or the greatest part of those projects which have been offered to his majesty, are either impossible, extravagant, or prejudicial to the state." "My scheme," answered the knight, "is neither impossible nor extravagant; but, on the contrary, the most easy, just, brief, and expeditious that ever projector conceived." "Methinks your worship is very slow in delivering it, Signor Don Quixote," said the priest. "I should not chuse," answered the knight, "to have what I say here carried by to-morrow morning to the ears of the lords of the council; by which means another may reap the credit and reward of my labour." "For my own part," cried the barber, "I here give my word before God never to disclose what your worship shall impart, either to king or knave, or any mortal man: an oath

I learned in the romance of the curate, who in the preface gives the king notice of the robber that stole his hundred ducats and ambling mule." "I am not acquainted with the story," said Don Quixote, "but the oath is a good oath, because I am convinced that Mr. Nicholas is an honest man." "Be that as it will," replied the curate, "I will be bound for him, and undertake, that with regard to this affair, he shall speak no more than if he was actually dumb, on pain of whatever penalty you shall think proper to inflict." "And who will be security for you, Mr. Curate?" said the knight. "My profession," answered the priest, "by which I am bound to keep secrets." "Body of me!" cried Don Quixote, "his majesty has nothing to do, but to issue a proclamation, commanding all the knights-errant in Spain to assemble at his court by such a day; and although not more than half a dozen should come, among these one may be found, who is alone sufficient to overthrow the whole Turkish power. Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and take me along with you: is it such a new thing, for a single knight to cut in pieces a whole army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had but one common throat, or were made of ginger-bread? How many histories are there, think you, filled with such marvellous exploits? Unfortunate it is for me, (I will not say for any other) that the renowned Don Belianis is not now alive, or some knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul; for if any one of them was now living to confront the Turks, in good sooth I should not chuse to farm their conquests; but God will provide for his own people, and produce some champion, who, if not equal in value to former knights-errant, at least will be inferior to none of them in point of courage*—Heaven knows my meaning—I will say

* Ridiculous as this scheme may seem to be, such an expedient has actually succeeded in practice. During the captivity of John, King of France, his

no more." "Lack-a-day!" cried the niece, when she heard this insinuation, "I'll be hanged if my uncle is not resolved to turn knight-errant again." "A knight-errant," replied Don Quixote, "I will live and die; and the Turks may make their descents or ascents when they will, with all the power they are masters of—I say again, Heaven knows my meaning."—Here the barber interposing, "Gentlemen," said he, "I beg you will give me leave to tell a short story of what once happened at Seville; it comes so pat to the purpose, that I have a strong inclination to relate it." Don Quixote and the curate granted his request, and the rest yielded him attention, when he began in these words:

"There was in a mad-house at Seville, a certain lunatic, whom his relations had sent thither on account of the defect in his judgment: he had taken his degrees in the canon law, at Ossuna; and many were of opinion, that if he had acquired them at Salamanca, he would not have been a bit the wiser: this graduate having been confined some years, took it in his head that he was quite well, and restored to his right wits; and in this imagination wrote to the archbishop, earnestly intreating him, with many sensible arguments, to give order that he should be extri-

dominions were ravaged by above one hundred thousand peasants, who, under the name of Jacqueiers, assembled in arms to exterminate the noblesse; and, among other horrid outrages, murdered every gentleman that fell in their way. The Dutchess of Normandy and Orleans, together with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they were surrounded, and would have actually perished by the swords of these banditti, had they not been rescued by the Count de Foix, and the captal of Buch; who, hearing of their distress, hastened to their relief with no more than sixty knights; and, without hesitation, attacked that furious multitude with such bravery and vigour, that they were soon routed and dispersed.

cated from the misery in which he lived ; since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost judgment, though his relations kept him still in confinement, that they might enjoy his estate, and in despite of truth, were resolved that he should be mad to the day of his death. The archbishop, persuaded by the many sensible and pathetic letters he received, ordered one of his chaplains to go to the rector of the mad-house, and inquire into the truth of what the licentiate alleged, and even to talk with himself, that if he should find him quite recovered, he might bring him away, and set him at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the command of his grace, and the rector assured him that the man was still mad ; for although he would very often talk like a person of excellent understanding, at the long run he commonly broke out into folly and nonsense, as absurd as the first part of his discourse was rational and discreet : however, he himself might make the experiment, by conversing with the licentiate. The chaplain accordingly went to his apartment, and talked with him a whole hour and more, during which time the lunatic did not utter one vague or incoherent sentence ; but, on the contrary, spoke so judiciously, that the chaplain could not help believing him quite sound of intellect : among other things, he told him the rector was his enemy, and pronounced him still distracted, though with lucid intervals, that he might not lose the presents which he received from his relations ; so that the greatest cause of his misfortune was no other than his own affluent estate, which to enjoy, his adversaries craftily pretended to doubt of the mercy which the Lord had vouchsafed him, in re-converting him from a beast into a man : in short, he talked so effectually as to render the rector suspected, to prove his relations covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him forthwith to the archbishop, that his grace might be personally satisfied of the truth. With this laudable intention, he desired the rector to order the licentiate to be dressed with the clothes

in which he entered the house: the rector again advised him to consider what he was about; for the licentiate was, without all question, still distracted. But these cautions and counsels had no effect in dissuading the chaplain from carrying him off, and the rector seeing the archbishop's order, was obliged to obey; so that the licentiate received his own clothes, which were decent and new. Seeing himself thus divested of the badge of his disorder, and habited like a person of sound intellects, he besought the chaplain that he would be so charitable as to allow him to go and take leave of his companions in affliction: the other granted his request, and said he would accompany him, in order to see the patients; upon which they went up-stairs, followed by several persons who chanced to be then present. The licentiate, going to the gate of a cell, in which there was a furious madman, though at that time he was calm and quiet, said to him, 'Brother, have you any commands for me? I am going to my own house; for God of his infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, hath been pleased to restore unto me the use of my reason, and I am now perfectly recovered; so that there is nothing impossible to the power of the Almighty: put, therefore, your hope and trust in him, who, as he hath restored me to my former state, will grant the same indulgence to you, if you confide in his protection.—I will take care to send you some cordial food, and be sure at all events to eat it; for you must know, I conclude from experience, that all our disorder proceeds from an empty stomach, and the brain's being filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for despondence under misfortune consumes the constitution, and hastens the stroke of death.' This discourse being overheard by another lunatic, who was confined in a cell opposite to that of the furious patient, he started up stark naked from an old mat on which he lay, and roared aloud, 'Who is that going away so sober and so sound?' The licentiate replied, 'Tis I, brother, who am going

home, being under no necessity of tarrying longer in this place: thanks be to Heaven for the signal favour I have received!' 'Take care what you say, Mr. Licentiate, and let not the devil deceive you,' answered the madman: 'halt a little, stay where you are, and spare yourself the trouble of being brought back.' 'I know that I am perfectly recovered,' said the licentiate, 'and shall have no further occasion to visit the Stations.*' 'You recovered!' cried the other; 'good! we shall see—adieu——but I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for the transgression this day committed in Seville, by discharging you from the house as a person of sound judgment, I will take such vengeance as shall be a monument of wrath for ever and ever, amen. Dost thou not know, pitiful licentiate, that all this is in my power, being, as I have already observed, Jove the thunderer, who wield the flaming bolts, with which I use to threaten, and can destroy the universe? But with one devil only will I chastise this ignorant people: I will not suffer one drop of rain to fall upon the city, nor its confines, nor indeed in any part of this district, for the space of three whole years, reckoning from the day and minute in which this dreadful menace is made. Thou free! thou sound! thou recovered! and I mad! I distracted and confined! I will sooner hang myself than rain one spoonful.' The bystanders were very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our licentiate turning to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand, said, 'Dear sir, give yourself no uneasiness or concern about what he says; for if he, who is Jupiter, withholds refreshing showers from the earth, I who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, will rain as often as I please, should there be occasion for it, in consequence of the

* A certain number of churches through which they made circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each.

privilege I possess.' To this promise the chaplain replied, ' Nevertheless, Signor Neptune, it will not be politic to incense Signor Jupiter; therefore your worship will be so good as to stay where you are, till some other day, when we may have more leisure and convenience to remove you.' The rector and the rest of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licentiate was stripped and sent back to his cell—and so ends my story."

" And this is the story, Mr. Barber," said Don Quixote, " which came so pat to the purpose, that you could not help relating it? Ah! Mr. Shaver, Mr. Shaver, he must be blind indeed, that cannot see through the bottom of a sieve: is it possible your worship does not know that comparisons in point of genius, virtue, beauty, and descent, are always odious and ill received? I, Mr. Barber, am not Neptune, god of waters; neither do I set up for being thought a wise man, knowing that I am not so: the sole end of my labours is to convince the world of its error, in not seeking to renew those most happy times when the order of knight-errantry exerted itself in full perfection; but this depraved age of ours is unworthy of tasting that felicity which was enjoyed by those ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their shoulders with the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greatest part of your modern knights rustle in damasks, brocades, and other rich and splendid attire, instead of rattling in coats of mail: no knight now sleeps in the open field, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points cap-a-pee: no warrior, in this degenerate age, sits on horseback, and, without disengaging his feet from the stirrups, but leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take as it were a snatch of sleep, after the example of former knights-errant: no champion, now-a-days, coming out of some dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderness, through which he reaches

the barren and deserted coast of the rough and stormy sea, where, finding in some creek a crazy boat without oars, sails, masts, or tackle, he intrepidly throws himself into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then sink him to the profound abyss, while his unshaken soul defies the storm: then, when he dreams of no such matter, he finds himself three thousand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and leaping ashore on some remote and unknown country, achieves adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on brass: but now sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and shone resplendent in those golden ages that produced knights-errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more insinuating and pliant than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or, who more daring than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more desperate than Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamont? who more prudent than King Sobrino? who more bold than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more gallant and courteous than Rugero? from whom (according to Turpin, in his *Cosmographia*) the present dukes of Ferrara are descended. All these, and many more which I could name, Mr. Curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry: these, or such as these, are the champions proposed by my scheme, which, should it take place, would effectually serve his majesty's purpose, spare an infinite expense, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in despair: in that case I would tarry where I am, since the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me; and if Jupiter, as the barber said, would not

rain, here am I ready to frustrate his intent: this I mention, that Mr. Basin there may know I understand his meaning." "Verily, Signor Don Quixote," said Mr. Nicholas, "I meant no harm, so help me God! my intention was good, and therefore your worship ought not to be displeased." "Whether I am displeased or not," replied the knight, "I myself know best."

Here the curate interposing, said, "Though I have hitherto scarce opened my mouth, I cannot be easy under a scruple which tears and gnaws my conscience, and which arose from what Signor Don Quixote hath just now asserted." "In greater matters Mr. Curate may command me," answered the knight: "out with your scruple, then; for scruples of conscience are very uncomfortable companions." "With your good permission," replied the priest, "this it is: I can by no means persuade myself that the whole tribe of knights-errant, whom your worship have named, were really and truly earthly persons of flesh and blood: on the contrary, I imagine all these things are fictions, fables, and lying dreams, recounted by men who are awake, or rather by those who are half asleep." "That," said Don Quixote, "is another error incident to many people, who do not believe that any such knights ever existed; and I have, on divers and sundry occasions, endeavoured to dissipate that almost general mistake by the light of truth: sometimes, indeed, I have not succeeded in my attempts; however, I have frequently gained my point, by supporting it on the shoulders of demonstration: and truly the case is so clear, that I could almost affirm I have with my own eyes beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a tall man, of a fair complexion, well furnished with a black beard, his aspect something between mild and severe, concise of speech, slow to anger, and soon appeased. In the same manner, methinks, I could delineate and paint all the knights-errant that ever were recorded in history; for, according to the ideas formed by reading these histories, and by comparing their exploits and

dispositions, sound philosophy may discover their lineaments, statures, and complexions." "Signor Don Quixote," said the barber, "how large do you think the giant Morgante must have been?" "As to the affair of giants," answered the knight, "there are different opinions; some affirming, and others denying the existence of any such beings: but the Holy Scriptures, which surely cannot fail one atom in point of truth, put that affair beyond all dispute in relating the story of that Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and an half in height; a most amazing stature! Besides, in the island of Sicily, several thigh and shoulder bones have been dug up, so large as to manifest that the persons to whom they belonged must have been huge giants, as tall as high towers; and this can be proved by mathematical demonstration: but nevertheless I will not pretend to ascertain the size of Morgante; though I believe he was not very tall, because I find in the history which gives a particular account of his exploits, that he often slept under a roof: now, if there was any house capacious enough to receive him, his magnitude could not be very extraordinary." "No, surely," said the curate; who, being diverted with his extravagant assertions, asked his opinion concerning the looks and persons of Reynaldo de Montalban, Don Orlando, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, who were all knights-errant. "With regard to Reynaldo," answered Don Quixote, "I will venture to say, he was broad-visaged, of a ruddy complexion, with large rolling eyes, full of punctilio, excessively choleric, and a friend to robbers and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, for he is mentioned in history by all these names, it is my opinion, and I affirm, that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bandy-legged, of a dark complexion and carrotty beard, hairy all over, with a frowning aspect, sparing of speech, though very affable and well-bred." "If Roldan was not more comely than you have represented him," replied the curate, "I do not wonder that

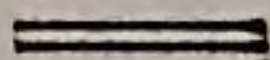
Angelica the Fair disdained and deserted him for the gallantry, mirth, and pleasantry, of the little smock-faced moor, to whose embraces she yielded ; and, surely, she was in the right to prefer the smoothness of Medoro to the roughness of Roldan." "That same Angelica, Mr. Curate," said the knight, "was an unsettled rambling young woman, that longed after novelties, and left the world as full of her impertinent actions as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand noblemen, a thousand valiant and discreet admirers, and contented herself with a yellow-haired page, who had neither fortune nor reputation, but that of being grateful to his friend. The renowned Ariosto, who sung the praises of her beauty, either not daring or not designing to rehearse what happened to her after her base intrigue, because he deemed it a theme not extremely honourable for his muse, dropped her at these lines :

Another bard may sing in loftier lay,
How he obtain'd the sceptre of Cathay.

And truly this was a sort of prophecy, for the poets are also called vates, which in the Latin signifies diviners, and it was plainly verified in the event ; an Andalusian bard having since that time sung in verse her tears and lamentation, as the most famous and sublime genius of Castile hath celebrated her beauty."

"Pray tell me, Signor Don Quixote," said the barber, "among all those authors who have written in her praise, hath not some one or other composed a satire against my lady Angelica ?" "I firmly believe," replied the knight, "that if Sacripante or Roldan had been bards, they would have made the damsel smart severely, it being natural and peculiar to poets, who are disdained and rejected by their false mistresses, whether real or imaginary, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons ; a resentment altogether unworthy of generous breasts ; but hitherto I have not met with any such defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, though she made strange confusion in the

world." "That is a wonder, indeed," said the curate; when hearing the housekeeper and niece, who had some time before quitted the company, bawling aloud in the yard, they ran out to see what was the occasion of such noise.



CHAP. II.

THE history relates, that the noise which Don Quixote, the curate, and barber, heard, was occasioned by the niece and housekeeper scolding at Sancho, who struggled to get in and see his master, while they defended the door. "What does the swag-bellied lurcher want in this house?" said the housekeeper: "get you home, brother: it was you, and none but you, that turned my poor master's brain, enticing him from his own home to stroll about the highways." To this apostrophe, Sancho replied, "Housekeeper of Satan! 'tis my brain that's turned; 'twas I that was enticed to stroll about the highways, and not my master; for he carried me a rambling: so that you have reckoned without your host. 'Twas he that wheedled me from my own house, with the promise of an island, which I expect to this good hour." "Devil choke thee with islands, thou cursed eormorant!" cried the niece; "and pray what is an island? Is it any thing to eat, thou gorbellied glutton, ha?" "No, not to eat, but to govern," answered Sancho, "and a fat government it is. Better than four cities, or the places of any four of the king's alcades." "Be that as it will," said the housekeeper, "thou shan't set thy foot in this house, thou bag of mischief and bundle of malice! go and look after thy own family, fatten thy hogs, and let us hear no more of these islands or oil-lands."

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but Don Quixote, fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and disburthen himself of some mischievous load of folly, by blab-

bing things not much to his credit, called him in, bidding the women hold their tongues, and give him entrance. Sancho, being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whose recovery they despaired of, seeing him so unalterably fixed in his folly, and so wholly possessed with the frantic spirit of knight-errantry. "You shall see, neighbour," said the curate to the barber, "that when we least think of it, this poor gentleman will make another sally." "That I make no doubt of," answered the barber, "but I don't wonder so much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who believes so devoutly in this island, that I think all the invention of man could not extract it from his skull." "God mend them!" replied the curate; "mean while, let us keep a strict eye over their behaviour, and observe the operation of their joint extravagance; for the madness of the master seems to have been cast in the same mould with the foolishness of the man, and in my opinion, the one without the other would not be worth a farthing." "True," said the barber, "and I should be glad to know what they are now talking of." "I dare say," replied the curate, "the niece and housekeeper will give us a good account of their conversation; for they are none of those who can resist the opportunity of listening."

In the mean time, Don Quixote having shut himself up in his apartment with Sancho, said, "It gives me much concern, Sancho, to hear thee say, as thou dost, that I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I, at the same time, quitted my own house: together we set out, lived, and travelled together; sharing the same fortune and the same fate. If thou hast been once tossed in a blanket, I have been bruised an hundred times, and this is the only pre-eminence I enjoyed." "And that's but reasonable," replied Sancho, "according to your worship's own remark, that misfortune belongs more to knights-errant than to their squires."

“There you are mistaken, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for the Latin adage says, ‘*Quando caput dolet,*’ &c.” “Nay,” quoth Sancho, “I understand no lingo but my mother tongue.” “The meaning,” said the master, “is, ‘When the head aches, all the members art affected.’ I, therefore, as thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou, as my servant, art a part of me; so that whatever mischief has happened, or may happen to me, ought to extend to thee likewise, in the same manner as I bear a share in all thy sufferings.” “So it ought to be,” said Sancho; “but when I, as a member, was tossed in a blanket, my head sat peaceably on the other side of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the least uneasiness; and since the members are obliged to ache with the head, I think it is but just that the head should ache with the members.” “How canst thou affirm, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “that I felt no pain while thou wast tossed in the blanket? Say, or think so no more; for I was at that time more afflicted in mind than thou in body.

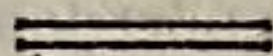
“But let us waive this subject for the present; and time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of considering it more maturely, and of setting every thing to rights: and tell me, friend Sancho, how am I spoke of in this place? what say the vulgar? what character do I bear among the gentry? and how am I treated by the knights? what is their opinion of my valour, exploits, and courteous behaviour? and how do they relish the design I have undertaken of raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? In short, Sancho, I desire that you will inform me of every thing thou hast heard on this subject, without adding to the good, or subtracting from the evil; it being the duty of faithful servants to represent the truth to their masters in its own native form, neither exaggerated by adulation, nor diminished by any other vain respect; and let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked truth was always conveyed to the ears of princes, undisguised by flattery, we should see better days, and other æras would

deserve the name of the iron age more than the present, which would be justly looked upon as the age of gold. Remember this advice, Sancho, and inform me with honesty and discretion of all that thou knowest in regard to what I have asked." "That I will with all my heart, sir," answered Sancho, "on condition that your worship won't be offended with the truth, since you desire to see it in its nakedness, just as it came to my knowledge." "I shall not be offended in the least," replied Don Quixote: "speak therefore freely, without going about the bush."

"Well, then," said the squire, "in the first place, you must know that the common people think your worship a stark staring madman, and me a most notorious fool: the better sort say, that, scorning the rank of a private gentleman, you have put Don before your name, and dubbed yourself knight, with a small garden, a few acres of land, and a doublet clouted on both sides. The knights forsooth are affronted that your small gentry should pretend to vie with them, especially those needy squires who sole their own shoes, and darn their black hose with green silk." "That observation," said Don Quixote, "cannot affect me; for I always wear good clothes, and never appear patched. My doublet may, indeed, be torn; but then it is by my armour, not by time." "Touching the valour, courtesy, adventures, and design of your worship," said Sancho, "there are different opinions. Some say he is mad, but a diverting madman: others allow that he is valiant, but unlucky; a third set observe that he is courteous, but impertinent; and in this manner we are handled so severely, that neither your worship nor I have a whole bone left." "You see, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that whenever virtue shines in an eminent degree, she always meets with persecution. Few or none of the celebrated heroes of antiquity could escape the calumnies of malice: Julius Cæsar, a most daring, wise, and valiant general, was accused of being ambitious, and not over-cleanly in his customs or apparel;

Alexander, who by his achievements acquired the name of Great, was said to be a drunkard: and Hercules, renowned for his labours, reported to have been lewd and effeminate: Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was grumbled at for being excessively quarrelsome; and Amadis himself ridiculed as an arrant whiner. Therefore, son Sancho, among so many aspersions thrown upon such great men, I may well overlook what is said against me, since it is no worse than what thou hast repeated." "That's the very thing, body of my father!" replied Sancho. "What, is there any thing more?" said his master. "More!" cried the squire, "the tail is yet unfleed. What you have heard is but cakes and gingerbread; but if your worship would know all the backbitings we suffer, I will this moment bring hither one, who can inform you of every circumstance, without losing a crumb; for last night the son of Bartholomew Carrasco arrived from Salamanca, where he has been at his studies, and got a bachelor's degree: and when I went to welcome him home, he told me there was a printed book of your worship's history, in which you go by the name of 'the ingenious squire Don Quixote de La Mancha;' and that I am mentioned in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, as well as my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things that passed between you and me only; at hearing of which I crossed myself through fear, wondering how they should come to the knowledge of the historian." "You may depend upon it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the author of our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing is hid from writers of that class." "How can he be a sage enchanter?" said Sancho, "when bachelor Sampson Carrasco (for that's the name of him who told me) says the author of our history is called Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly?" "That name is moorish," replied Don Quixote. "Very like," said the squire; "for I have often heard, that the moors are very fond of beans and jellies." "Thou must certainly be mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "in the surname of that Cid, which,

in Arabic, signifies Signor." "Very possible," answered the squire; "but if your worship desires to see the bachelor, I will bring him hither in a twinkling." "Thou wilt oblige me very much, my friend," said Don Quixote; "for what thou hast told me has bred such doubts and suspense within me, that I cannot eat a morsel with any satisfaction, until I am informed of the whole affair." "Then I'll go seek him," replied Sancho; who, leaving his master, went in quest of the bachelor, with whom he returned in a little time, and a most pleasant dialogue ensued.



CHAP. III.

DON Quixote remained extremely pensive, in expectation of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself in print, according to Sancho's information; though he could hardly persuade himself that there could be such a history extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had slain being scarce as yet dry upon the blade of his sword; and yet they would have his high achievements already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that some sage, either friend or foe, had cast them off by the power of enchantment: if a friend, in order to aggrandize and extol them above the most distinguished exploits of knight-errantry; if an enemy, to annihilate and depress them beneath the meanest actions that ever were recorded of any squire. "Although," said he within himself, "the deeds of squires are never committed to writing; and if my history actually exists, seeing it treats of a knight-errant, it must of necessity be pompous, sublime, surprising, magnificent, and true." This reflection consoled him a little; but he became uneasy again, when he recollected that his author was a moor, as appeared by the name of Cid, and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all false, deceitful, and chimerical. He was

afraid that his amours were treated with some indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, wishing for nothing more than a true representation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preserved, in refusing queens, empresses, and damsels of all ranks, thus keeping the impulse of his passions under the rein. Tossed, therefore, and fluctuating on these and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom the knight received with great courtesy.

The bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion, and excellent understanding; he was about the age of four-and-twenty; had a round visage, flat nose, and capacious mouth, all symptoms of a mischievous disposition, addicted to jokes and raillery; as appeared when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, saying, "Permit me to kiss your most puissant hand, Signor Don Quixote de La Mancha; for, by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have received no other orders than the first four, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that ever were, or ever will be, within the circumference of the globe! Blessed be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote the history of your greatness! and thrice blessed that curious person who took care to have it translated from the Arabic into our mother tongue, for the entertainment of mankind?" Don Quixote raising him up, said, "'Tis true then that there is a history of me, and that the sage who composed it is a moor." "So true, signor," said Sampson, "that to my certain knowledge there are twelve thousand volumes of it this day in print; let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed, contradict me if they can. It is even reported to be now in the press at Antwerp; and I can easily perceive that there is scarce a nation or language into which it will not be translated." "One of the things," said Don Quixote, "on this occasion, which ought to afford the greatest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to live

and see himself celebrated in different languages, and his actions recorded in print, with universal approbation; I say with approbation, because to be represented otherwise is worse than the worst of deaths." "In point of reputation and renown," said the bachelor, "your worship alone bears away the palm from all other knights-errant; for the moor in Arabic, and the Christian in his language, have been careful in painting the gallantry of your worship to the life; your vast courage in encountering dangers, your patience in adversity, your fortitude in the midst of wounds and mischance, together with the honour and chastity of your platonic love for my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."

Here Sancho interposing said, "I never heard my lady called Donna Dulcinea, but simply the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; so that there the history is wrong." "That is no material objection," answered Carrasco. "No sure," replied the knight; "but tell me, Mr. Bachelor, which of my exploits is most esteemed in this history." "As to that particular," said the bachelor, "there are as many different opinions as there are different tastes. Some stick to the adventure of the windmills, which to your worship appeared monstrous giants; others to that of the fulling-mills: this reader, to the description of the two armies, which were afterwards metamorphosed into flocks of sheep; while another magnifies that of the dead body, which was carrying to the place of interment at Segovia: one says, that the deliverance of the galley-slaves excels all the rest; and a second affirms, that none of them equals the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and your battle with the valiant Biscayner."

Here Sancho interrupting him again, said, "Tell me, Mr. Bachelor, is the adventure of the Yanguesiens mentioned, when our modest Rozinante*

* *Pedir cotufas en el golfo*, signifies to look for tartuffles in the sea, a proverb applicable to those who are too sanguine in their expectations, and unreasonable in their desires.

longed for green pease in December." "Nothing," replied Sampson, "has escaped the pen of the sage author, who relates every thing most minutely, even to the capers which honest Sancho cut in the blanket." "I cut no capers in the blanket," answered Sancho; "but in the air, I grant you, I performed more than I desired." "In my opinion," said Don Quixote, "there is no human history that does not contain reverses of fortune, especially those that treat of chivalry, which cannot always be attended with success." "Nevertheless," resumed the bachelor, "some who have read your history say they should not have been sorry had the author forgot a few of those infinite drubbings which in different encounters were bestowed on the great Don Quixote." "But in this consists the truth of history," said the squire.

Don Quixote observed, that they might as well have omitted them; for those incidents, which neither change nor affect the truth of the story, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. "Take my word for it," said he, "Æneas was not so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is exhibited by Homer." "True," said Sampson; "but it is one thing to compose as a poet, and another to record as an historian: the poet may relate or rehearse things not as they were, but as they ought to have been; whereas an historian must transmit them, not as they ought to have been, but exactly as they were; without adding to or subtracting the least tittle from the truth." "Since this moorish gentleman has told all the truth," said Sancho, "I don't doubt that, among the drubbings of my master, he has mentioned mine also; for they never took the measure of his shoulders without crossing my whole body: but at this I ought not to wonder, since, as he observes, when the head aches the members ought to have their share of the pain." "You are a sly rogue, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "and I find you don't want memory when you think proper to use it." "If I had all the mind in the world,"

said Sancho, "to forget the blows I have received, the marks, which are still fresh upon my carcase, would by no means allow me."

"Hold your peace, Sancho," said the knight, "and don't interrupt Mr. Bachelor, whom I intreat to proceed; and let me know what more is said of me in this same history." "Aye, and of me too," cried Sancho, "who, they say, am one of the principal personages of it." "You mean persons and not personages, friend Sancho," said Sampson. "What! have we got another reprimander of words?" said the squire; "since it is come to this, we shall never have done." "Plague light on me! Sancho," replied the bachelor, "if you are not the second person of the history; and there are many who would rather hear you speak than the first character in the book; though some there be also, who say you are excessively credulous, in believing there could be any foundation for the government of that island, which was promised to you by Signor Don Quixote, here present." "* There is no time lost," said Don Quixote; "while thou art advancing in years, Sancho, age will bring experience; and then thou wilt be more qualified and fit to govern than thou art at present." "'Fore God! sir," said Sancho, "the island which I cannot govern with these years, I shall never govern, were I as old as Methusalem: the mischief is, that this same island is delayed I don't know how; not that I want noddle to govern it." "Recommend it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to the direction of Heaven, which does all for the best, and may perhaps exceed your expectation; for not a leaf can move upon a tree without the permission of God." "True," said Sampson, "if it be the will of God, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands, much less one to govern." "I have seen governors in my time," quoth Sancho, "who, to my thinking, did not come up to the sole of my shoe, and

* *Aun ay sol en las bardas*—There is still sunshine on the wall—i. e. It is not yet too late.

yet they were called your lordship, and served in plate." "Those were not governors of islands," replied Sampson, "but of other governments more easily managed; for such as govern islands, ought at least to have some grammatical knowledge." "I know very well how to * cram," said Sancho; "but as to the matted cawl, I will neither meddle nor make, because I don't understand it: but leaving this government in the hands of God, who will dispose of me the best for his own service, I am, Mr. Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, infinitely pleased and rejoiced that the author of our history has spoke of me in such a manner as not to give offence; for, by the faith of a good squire! if he had said any thing of me, that did not become an old Christian as I am, the deaf should have heard of it." "That were a miracle indeed!" answered Sampson. "Miracle or no miracle," said Sancho, "let every man take care how he speaks or writers of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes into his jolter-head."

"One of the faults that are found with the history," added the bachelor, "is, that the author has inserted it in a novel intituled, The Impertinent Curiosity. Not that the thing itself is bad, or poorly executed; but because it is unseasonable, and has nothing to do with the story of his worship Signor Don Quixote." "I'll lay a wager," cried Sancho, "that this son of a cur has made a strange hodge-podge of the whole." "Now I find," said the knight, "that the author of my history is no sage, but some ignorant prater, who, without either judgment or premeditation, has undertaken to write it at random, like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered, 'Just as it happens;' and when he would sometimes scrawl out a mis-shapen cock, was fain to write un-

* Finding it impossible to translate the original pun or blunder, I have substituted another in its room, on the word grammatical, which I think has at least an equally good effect.

der it in Gothic letters, This is a cock ; and my history, being of the same kind, will need a commentary to make it intelligible." "Not at all," answered Sampson ; "it is already so plain, that there is not the least ambiguity in it : the very children handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud it : in short, it is so thumbed, so read, so well known by every body, that no sooner a meagre horse appears than they say, 'There goes Rozinante;' but those who peruse it most are your pages : you cannot go into a nobleman's antichamber where you won't find a Don Quixote, which is no sooner laid down by one than another takes it up, some struggling, and some intreating for a sight of it : in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen : for in the whole book there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic. "To write otherwise," said Don Quixote, "were not to publish truth, but to propagate lies ; and those historians who deal in such ought to be burnt like coiners of false money : but I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himself of novels and stories that did not belong to the subject, when he had such a fund of my adventures to relate : he doubtless stuck to the proverb, * So the gizzard is crammed it matters not how ; for truly, had he confined himself to the manifestation of my reveries, my sighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings, he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large, as all the works of † Tostatus bound together : really, Mr. Bachelor, according to my comprehension, it requires great judgment and a ripe understanding

* The original is *De paja, y di heno, el jergon lleno* ; i. e. The bed is filled, though it be with hay and straw.

† Alphonsus Tostatus, bishop of Avila, was said to have known every thing that could be known. He made a figure at the council of Basil ; wrote twenty-seven volumes ; and dying in the fortieth year of his

to compose histories, or indeed any books whatever ; for to write with elegance and wit is the province of great geniuses only : the wittiest person in the comedy is he that plays the fool ; for he must be no simpleton who can exhibit a diverting representation of folly. History is a sacred subject, because the soul of it is truth ; and where truth is, there the divinity will reside : yet there are some who compose and cast off books, as if they were tossing up a dish of pancakes."

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but you may find something good in it." "Doubtless," replied the knight ; "but it frequently happens that those who have deservedly purchased and acquired great reputation by their writings, lose it all, or at least forfeit a part of it, in printing them." "The reason," said Sampson, "is, that printed works are perused with leisure, consequently their faults easily observed ; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more severely are they scrutinized : men celebrated for their genius, great poets, and illustrious historians, are for the most part, if not always, envied by those whose pleasure and particular entertainment consists in criticising the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own. "That is not to be wondered at," said Don Quixote ; "for there are many theologists who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in discerning the faults and superfluities of those who preach well." "That is all true, Signor Don Quixote," said Carrasco ; "and I could wish that those censures were either a little more compassionate, or something less scrupulous, than to insist upon such blemishes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little spots in the sun, and as *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, consider how long the author watched, in order to display the light of his performance with as

age was interred in the church of Avila, with this epitaph :

Hic stupor est mundi, qui scibile discutit omne.

little shade as possible: perhaps too those things which disgust them are no other than moles, that sometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow: and therefore I affirm, that he who publishes a book runs an immense risk; because it is absolutely impossible to compose such an one as will please and entertain every reader." "I believe few will relish that which treats of me," said the knight. "Quite the contrary," answered Sampson; "for as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, the number of those who are delighted with your history is infinite; though some accuse the author's memory as false or faulty, because he has forgot to tell who the thief was that stole Sancho's Dapple, of whom there was not a word mentioned: we can only infer from the history that he was stolen; and by-and-by we find the squire mounted on the same beast, without knowing how he was retrieved; they say likewise, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with those hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau in Sierra Morena; and which are never mentioned, though many people desire to know what use he made of them; and this is one of the chief defects in the work."

"Mr. Sampson," answered the squire, "I am not in an humour at present to give accounts and reckonings in that affair; for I feel a certain qualmishness in my stomach, and if I don't recruit it with a couple of draughts of old stingo, I shall be in most grievous taking:* I have the cordial at home, and my dame waits for me; but when I have filled my belly, I will return and satisfy your worship and all the world in whatever they shall desire to ask, both with regard to the loss of my beast, and the spending of the hundred crowns." So, without expecting a reply, or speaking another word, he hied him home, while Don Quixote desired and intreated the bachelor to stay and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation,

* In Spanish, *Me pondra en la Espina de Santa Lucia*; i. e. Will put me on St. Lucia's thorn; applicable to any uneasy situation.

and staid ; a pair of pigeons was added to the knight's ordinary : he talked of nothing but chivalry at table, and Carrasco encouraged the discourse : the repast ended, they took their afternoon's nap, Sancho returned, and the former conversation was renewed.



CHAP. IV.

SANCHO, returning to his master's house, resumed the former conversation to gratify Mr. Sampson, who said he wanted to know when, in what manner, and by whom, his ass had been stolen : " You must know, then," said he, " that very night we fled from the holy brotherhood, and got into the brown mountain, after the misventuresome adventure of the galley-slaves, and the corpse that was carrying to Segovia, we took up our quarters in a thicket, where my master and I, being both fatigued, and sorely bruised in the frays we had just finished, went to rest, he leaning upon his lance, and I lolling upon Dapple, as if we had been stretched upon four feather-beds : I in particular slept so sound, that the thief, whosoever he was, had an opportunity of coming and propping me up with four stakes, fixed under the corner of my pannel, on which I was left astride ; so that he slipt Dapple from under me, without my perceiving it in the least." " And this is no difficult matter nor new device," said Don Quixote ; " for the same thing happened to Sacripante at the seige of Albraca, where, by this contrivance, his horse was stolen from between his legs by the famous robber Brunelo."* " When morning came," proceeded Sancho, " I no sooner began to stretch myself, than the stakes gave way, and down I came to the ground with a vengeance : I looked for my beast, and finding

* As related in the famous poem of *Orlando Inamorato*, composed by *Boyardo*, of which the *Orlando Furioso* of *Ariosto* is the continuation.

he was gone, the tears gushed from my eyes, and I set up a lamentation, which if the author of our history has not set down, you may depend upon it he hath neglected a very excellent circumstance : a good many days after this mischance, as I chanced to be travelling with my lady the Princess Micomicona, describing a person riding towards me in the habit of a gipsy, I immediately knew my own ass, and discovered the rider to be Gines de Passamonte, that impostor and notorious malefactor whom my master and I delivered from the galley-chain."

"The error lies not in that part of the history," replied the bachelor, "but consists in the author's saying that Sancho rode on the same ass before it appears that he had retrieved him." "As to that affair," said the squire, "I can give you no satisfactory answer : perhaps it was an oversight in the historian, or owing to the carelessness of the printer." "Doubtless it was so," replied Sampson ; "but what became of those hundred crowns ? were they laid up or laid out ?" "I laid them out," answered Sancho, "in necessaries for my own person, my wife, and children ; and those crowns were the cause of my gossip's bearing patiently my ramblings and roving in the service of my lord and master Don Quixote ; for if, after such a long absence, I had come home without my ass, and never a cross in my pocket, I might have expected a welcome the wrong way. Now, if you have any thing else to ask, here I am ready to answer the king in person ; and it matters not to any person whether I did or did not bring them home, or whether I spent them or lent them ; for if the blows I have received in our peregrinations were to be repaid with money, rated at no more than four maravedis a-piece, another hundred crowns would not quit one-half of the score : therefore, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not pretend to mistake an *hawk for a

* In the original, "Black for white."

hand-saw ; for we are all as God made us, and a great many of us much worse."

"I will take care," said Carrasco, "to apprise the author of the history, that if it should come to another edition, he may not forget to insert what honest Sancho observes, as it will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work." "Mr. Bachelor," said the knight, "did you in reading it perceive any thing else that ought to be amended?" "There might be some things altered for the better," replied Carrasco, "but none of such consequence as those already mentioned."

"And pray," resumed Don Quixote, "does the author promise a second part?" "Yes," said Sampson, "but he says he has not yet found it, nor does he know in whose possession it is ; so that we are still in doubt whether or not it will see the light : on that account, therefore, and likewise because some people say that second parts are never good, while others observe that too much already hath been written concerning Don Quixote, it is believed that there will be no second part ; though there is a third sort more jovial than wise, who cry, 'Quixote for ever ! let the knight engage, and Sancho Panza harangue ; come what will we shall be satisfied.'" "And how does the author seem inclined?" said the knight. "How," answered Carrasco, "to set the press a-going, as soon as he can find the history for which he is now searching with all imaginable diligence ; thereto swayed by interest, more than by any motive of praise." "Since the author keeps interest and money in his eye," said Sancho, "it will be a wonder if he succeeds ; for he'll do nothing but hurry, hurry, like a tailor on Easter-eve ; and your works that are trumped up in haste, are never finished with that perfection they require : I would have Mr. Moor take care, and consider what he is about ; for my master and I will furnish him with materials in point of adventures and different events, sufficient to compose not only one, but an hundred second parts. What ! I suppose the honest

man thinks we are now sleeping among straw; but let him lift up our feet, and then he will see which of them wants to be shod; all that I shall say is, if my master had taken my advice, we might have been already in the fields, redressing grievances and righting wrongs, according to the use and custom of true knights-errant."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when their ears were saluted by the neighing of *Rozinante*, which Don Quixote considered as a most happy omen, and determined in three or four days to set out on his third expedition: accordingly, he declared his intention to the bachelor, whose advice he asked with regard to the route he should take. Sampson said, that in his opinion he ought to direct his course towards the kingdom of Arrogan, and go to Saragossa, where in a few days was to be held a most solemn tournament on the festival of St. George; there he would have an opportunity of winning the palm from the Arragonian knights, which would raise his reputation above that of all the champions upon earth: he applauded his design as a most valiant and honourable determination, and begged he would be more cautious in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but the property of all those who had occasion for protection and succour in distress.

"That is the very thing I propose, Mr. Sampson," said the squire; "for my master thinks no more of attacking an hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of swallowing half a dozen * *pip-pins*: body of the universe! Mr. Bachelor, if there are times for attacking, there are also seasons for retreating: the cry must not always be *St. Jago! †* charge, Spain; especially as I have heard, and, if I remember aright, my master himself has often observed, that valour lies in the middle, between the

* Literally, *Badeas*, a kind of water melon.

† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.

extremes of cowardice and rashness: this being the case, I would not have him fly without good reason, nor give the assault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers: but, above all things, I give my master notice, that if he carries me along with him, it shall be on condition that he fight all the battles himself, and I be obliged to do nothing but tend his person, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him sweet and clean; in which case I will *jig it away with pleasure; but to think that I will put hand to sword, even against base-born plebeians, with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination: for my own part, Mr. Sampson, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant, but of being the best and loyalest squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my master, Don Quixote, in consideration of my great and faithful services, shall be pleased to bestow upon me one of those many islands which his worship says will fall in his way, I shall very thankfully receive the favour; and even if he should not keep his word, here stand I, simple as I am, and one man must not depend upon another, but trust in God alone; besides, the bread I eat, without a government, mayhap will relish better than the dainties of a governor; and how do I know but the devil may, in these governments, raise some stumbling-block, over which I shall fall and beat out my grinders. Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die; but nevertheless, if by the favour of Providence I could fairly and softly, without much risk or anxiety, obtain an island, or some such matter, I am not such a ninny as to throw it away; for, as the saying is, when the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope; and when good fortune comes to thy door, be sure to bid it welcome."

* *Baylar el agua delante*, is a phrase applicable to those who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that resembles dancing.

“ Brother Sancho,” said the bachelor, “ you have spoke like a professor ; but for all that, put your trust in God and Signor Don Quixote, who, instead of an island, will give you a whole kingdom.” “ The one as likely as the other,” answered Sancho ; “ though I dare venture to assure Signor Carrasco, that the kingdom which my master shall bestow upon me will not be put into a rotten sack ; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health sufficient to rule kingdoms and govern islands, as I have upon many other occasions hinted to my master.” “ Consider, Sancho,” said the bachelor, “ that honours often change the disposition ; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bore you.” “ That may be the case,” answered the squire, “ with those who were born among mallows ; but not with me, who have got four inches of old Christian suet on my ribs ; then if you come to consider my disposition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any person whatever.” “ God grant it to be so,” said the knight ; “ but this will appear when you arrive at the government, which methinks I have already in mine eye.”

He then entreated the bachelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses on his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and desired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, so that the initials being joined together, might make Dulcinea del Toboso. Carrasco, though he owned he was not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three* and an half, promised to compose such an acrostic as he desired, which, by the by, he foresaw would be no easy task, because the name consisted of seventeen letters, and, if he should make four stanzas of four lines each

* Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the *Aurucana* ; Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the *Austriada* ; Christopher Verves de Valentia, author of the *Montserrat* ; and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himself.

one must be left out; or should they be composed of five, called decimas or roundelays, three letters would be wanting to complete the number; however, he would endeavour to sink one letter as much as he could; so that in four stanzas the name Dulcinea del Toboso should be included. "That must be done at all events," said Don Quixote; "for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe that she was the subject of the poem." This affair being thus settled, as also the time of their departure, which was fixed at the distance of eight days, Don Quixote charged the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the curate, Mr. Nicholas, his niece, and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carrasco, having promised to observe this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him on every occasion with an account of his good or evil fortune, and Sancho went home to provide every thing necessary for their expedition.

CHAP. V.

THE translator says he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, because it represents Sancho Panza speaking in a style quite different from that which might be expected from his shallow understanding, and making such ingenious observations as he thinks it impossible he should know; but he would not leave it out, that he might punctually perform the duty of a faithful translator, and therefore proceeds in these words:

Sancho returned to his own house in such high spirits, that his wife perceived his gaiety at the distance of a bow-shot, and could not help saying, "What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you seem so joyful?" To this question the squire answered, "An' it pleased God, wife, I should be very glad if

I were not so joyful as I seem to be." "Truly, husband," replied * Teresa, "I don't understand you, nor conceive what you mean, by saying you should be very glad, an' it pleased God you were not so joyful; for simple though I be, I am always glad with what makes me joyful." "Mark me, Teresa," said the squire, "I am rejoiced because it is determined that I shall return to the service of my master, Don Quixote, who is going to make a third sally in quest of adventures, and I must accompany him in his expedition; for so my destiny will have it, together with the comfortable and lively hope of finding another hundred crowns like those I have expended: on the other hand, sorry am I to part with thee and my children; and if God would permit me to eat my bread dry shod at home, without dragging me over cliffs and cross-paths, (and this might be done at a small expense if he would only say the word) it is plain that my joy would be more firm and perfect; whereas that which I feel at present is mingled with the melancholy thoughts of leaving thee, my duck: wherefore I justly said I should be glad an' it pleased God I were less joyful." "Verily, Sancho," said his wife, "ever since you made yourself a member of knighterrantry, you talk in such a round-about manner, that there is no understanding what you say." "Let it suffice," answered the squire, "that I am understood by God, who is the understander of all things, and there let it rest; meanwhile take notice, gossip, it will be convenient for you to tend Dapple for these two or three days with special care; let his allowance be doubled, that he may be enabled to carry arms, and look out for the pannel and the rest of the tackle; for we are not going to a wedding, but to traverse the globe, and give and take dry blows with your giants, dragons, and hobgoblins, and hear nothing but hissing, roaring, bellowing, and bleating; and all this would

* Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now she is called Teresa.

be but flowers of lavender, were it not our doom to encounter with Yanguesians and enchanted moors." "I very well believe that squires-errant do not eat the bread of idleness," replied Teresa; "and therefore, husband, I shall continually pray to our Lord to deliver you from such misfortunes." "I tell thee wife," said Sancho, "if I did not expect to see myself in a little time governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot." "By no means, dear husband," cried Teresa, "let the hen live, though she have the pip; and I hope you will live, though the devil run away with all the governments upon earth: without a government did you come from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived to this good hour; and without a government shall you go, or be carried to your grave, in God's own time: there are many in the world who have no governments; and yet for all that they live, and are numbered among the people. Hunger is the best sauce; and as that is never wanting among the poor, they always relish what they eat: but take care, Sancho, if you come to a government, that you do not forget me and your children: consider, Sancho has already fifteen good years over his head, and that it is time for him to go to school, if in case his uncle the abbot has a mind to breed him to the church: consider too, that your daughter, Mary Sancha, will not break her heart if we marry her; for I am much mistaken if she does not long for a husband as much as you do for a government; and the short and the long of it is, you had better have your daughter ill buckled as a wife, than well kept as a concubine."

"Take my word for it," answered Sancho, "if by the blessing of God I come to any sort of government, I intend, my dear, to match Mary Sancha so high, that nobody shall come near her without calling her your ladyship." "Never think of that, Sancho!" cried Teresa, "match her with her equal, which will be more prudent than to raise her from clogs to patens, from good fourteen-penny hoyden grey to farthingales and petticoats of silk, and from Molly

and thou, to Donna and my lady such-a-one: the girl's head would be quite turned, and she would be continually falling into some blunder, that would discover the coarse thread of her home-spun breeding." Shut that foolish mouth of thine," said Sancho: "in two or three years practice, quality and politeness will become quite familiar to her; or if they should not, what does it signify? let her first be a lady, and then happen what will." "Meddle, Sancho, with those of your own station," replied Teresa, "and seek not to lift your head too high; but remember the proverb that says, When your neighbour's son comes to the door, wipe his nose and take him in. It would be a fine thing, truly, to match our Mary with a great count or cavalier, who would, when he should take it in his head, look upon her as a monster, and call her country wench, and clod-breaker's and hemp-spinner's brat: that shall never happen in my life-time, husband; it was not for that I brought up my child: do you find a portion, and as to her marriage, leave that to my care: there is Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's son, a jolly young fellow, stout and wholesome, whom we all know, and I can perceive that he has no dislike to the girl: besides, he being our equal, she will be very well matched with him; for we shall always have them under our eye, and the two families will live together, parents and children, sons-in-law, and grandsons, and the peace and blessing of God will dwell among us: wherefore you shall not match me her in your courts and grand palaces, where she will neither understand nor be understood." "Hark ye, you beast and yoke-fellow for Barabbas!" replied Sancho; "why wouldst thou now, without rhyme or reason, prevent me from matching my daughter, so as that my grandchildren shall be persons of quality? remember, Teresa, I have often heard my elders and betters observe, He that's coy when fortune's kind, may after seek but never find. And should not I be to blame, if, now that she knocks at my door, I should bolt it against her? Let us, therefore,

take the advantage of the favourable gale that blows."

It was this uncommon style, with what Sancho says below, that induced the translator to pronounce the whole chapter apocryphal.

"Can't you perceive, animal, with half an eye," proceeded Sancho, "that I shall act wisely, in devoting this body of mine to some beneficial government that will lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha according to my own good pleasure: then thou wilt hear thyself called Donna Teresa Panza, and find thyself seated at church upon carpets, cushions, and tapestry, in despite and defiance of all the small gentry in the parish; and not be always in the same moping circumstances, without increase or diminution, like a picture in the hangings: but no more of this; Sanchica shall be a countess, though thou shouldest cry thy heart out." "Look before you leap, husband," answered Teresa: "after all, I wish to God this quality of my daughter may not be the cause of her perdition: take your own way, and make her dutchess or princess, or what you please, but I'll assure you, it shall never be with my consent or good-will: I was always a lover of equality, my dear, and can't bear to see people hold their heads high without reason. Teresa was I christened, a bare and simple name, without the addition, garniture, and embroidery, of Don or Donna; my father's name is Cascajo, and mine, as being your spouse, Teresa Panza, though by rights I should be called Teresa Cascajo: but as the king minds, the law binds: and with that name am I contented, though it be not burthened with a Don, which weighs so heavy that I should not be able to bear it; neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, 'Mind, Mrs. Porkfeeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff, and went to mass with the tail of her gown about her head, instead of a veil; but now, forsooth, she has got her fine farthingales and jewels, and holds up her head, as if we did not

know her.' If God preserve me in my seven or five senses, or as many as they be, I shall never bring myself into such a quandary: as for your part, spouse, you may go to your governments and islands, and be as proud as a peacock; but as for my daughter and me, by the life of my father! we will not stir one step from the village; for, The wife that deserves a good name, stays at home as if she were lame; and the maid must still be a-doing, that hopes to see the men come a wooing. You and Don Quixote may therefore go to your adventures, and leave us to our misadventures; for God will better our condition, if we deserve his mercy; though truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don; I am sure neither his father nor his grandfather had any such title." "I tell thee wife," replied the squire, "thou hast certainly got some devil in that carcass of thine: the Lord watch over thee, woman! what a deal of stuff hast thou been tacking together, without either head or tail? What the devil has your Cascajos, jewels, proverbs, and pride, to do with what I have been saying? Hark ye, you ignorant beast; for such I may call thee, as thou hast neither capacity to understand my discourse, nor prudence to make sure of good fortune when it lies in thy way, were I to say that my daughter shall throw herself from the top of a steeple, or go strolling about the world, like the Infanta Donna Uraca, thou wouldst have reason to contradict my pleasure; but if, in two turnings of a ball, and one twinkling of an eye, our good fortune should lay a title across our shoulders, and, raising thee from the stubble, set thee in a chair of state, under a canopy, or lay thee upon a sofa, consisting of more velvet* almohadas, than there are moors in all the family of the Almohadas in Morocco; wherefore, wouldst not thou consent, and with me enjoy the good luck that falls." "I'll tell thee wherefore, husband," replied Teresa, "because, as the saying is, what covers, discovers thee: the eyes of people

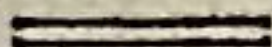
* Almohada signifies a cushion.

always run slightly over the poor, but make an halt to examine the rich; and if a person so examined was once poor, then comes the grumbling, and the slandering; and he is persecuted by backbiters, who swarm in our streets like bees."

"Give ear, Teresa, and listen to what I am going to say," answered Sancho; "for mayhap thou hast never heard such a thing in all the days of thy life; and I do not now pretend to speak from my own reflection, but to repeat the remarks of the good father who preached last Lent in our village: he said, if I right remember, that all objects present to the view exist, and are impressed upon the imagination, with much greater energy and force, than those which we only remember to have seen. (The arguments here used by Sancho, contributed also to make the translator believe this chapter apocryphal; because they seem to exceed the capacity of the squire, who proceeded thus :) From whence it happens, that when we see any person magnificently dressed, and surrounded with the pomp of servants, we find ourselves invited, and, as it were, compelled to pay him respect; although the memory should, at that instant, represent to us some mean circumstances of his former life, because that defect, whether in point of family or fortune, is already past and removed, and we only regard what is present to our view; and if the person, whom fortune hath thus raised from the lowness of oblivion to the height of prosperity, be well-bred, liberal, and courteous, without pretending to vie with the ancient nobility, you may take it for granted, Teresa, that nobody will remember what he was, but reverence what he now is, except the children of envy, from whom no thriving person is secure." "I really do not understand you," said Teresa: "you may do what you will; but seek not to distract my brain with your rhetoric and haranguing; for if you be revolved to do what you say—" "You must call it resolved, woman, and not revolved," cried Sancho. "Never plague yourself to dispute with me, husband," answered Teresa: "I speak as God pleases, and med-

dle not with other people's concerns. If you are obstinately bent upon this same government, I desire you will carry your son Sancho along with you, and from this hour teach him the art of that profession ; for it is but reasonable that the sons should inherit and learn the trade of their fathers." " As soon as I have obtained my government," said Sancho, " I will send thee money for him by the post, as by that time I shall have plenty ; for there are always people in abundance that will lend to a governor, who has no money of his own ; and be sure you clothe him in such a manner as to disguise his present condition, and make him appear like what he is to be." " Send you the money," answered Teresa, " and I will dress him up like any branch of palm."* " Well, then," said Sancho, " we are agreed about making our daughter a countess——" " That day I behold her a countess," cried the wife, " I shall reckon her dead and buried ; but, I tell you again, you may use your pleasure : for we women are born to be obedient to our husbands, though they are no better than blocks."

So saying, she began to weep as bitterly as if she had actually seen her daughter laid in her grave : Sancho consoled her, by saying, that although she must be a countess, he would defer her promotion as long as he could. Thus ended the conversation, and the squire went back to Don Quixote, to concert measures for their speedy departure.



CHAP. VI.

WHILE this impertinent conversation passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle ; for collecting, from a thousand symptoms that

* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in procession on Palm Sunday.

their master wanted to give them the slip a third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from his extravagant design: but all they could say was like preaching to the desert, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the housekeeper said to him, "As I hope to be saved, dear master, if your worship will not settle at home in your own house, but are resolved to stray about the mountains and valleys, like a troubled ghost, in quest of what you term adventures, but what I call mischances, I will complain in person, and raise up my voice to God and the king, that they may apply some remedy to your disorder." To this declaration the knight replied, "Mrs. Housekeeper, how God will accept of thy complaints I know not; neither can I guess in what manner his majesty will answer thy petition: this only I know, that if I were king, I would excuse myself from answering that infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily presented; for one of the greatest of the many fatigues that attend royalty, is that of being obliged to listen and reply to all petitions; therefore, I would not have his majesty troubled with any affair of mine." "Pray sir," said the housekeeper, "are there no knights at court?" "Yes, there are many," answered Don Quixote; "and it is reasonable, that there should be always a good number in attendance, to adorn the court, and support the pomp and magnificence of majesty." "Would it not be better, then, for your worship," replied the matron, "to be one of that number, and serve your king and master quietly and safely at court?" "You must know, good woman," said Don Quixote, "all knights cannot be courtiers; neither can or ought all courtiers to be knights-errant: there ought to be plenty of both, and though we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one sort and the other: your courtiers, without crossing the thresholds of their own apartments, travel over the world, in maps, gratis, and never know what it is to suffer

either heat, cold, hunger, or thirst, in their journey; whereas, we real knights-errant measure the whole globe with our own footsteps, exposed night and day, on horseback and a-foot, to the summer's sun and winter's cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather: we not only seek to see the picture, but the person of our foe, and on all emergencies and occasions attack him, without paying any regard to the trifling rules of challenges; whether, for example, his sword or lance be shorter or longer than our own; whether he wears about him any relic or secret coat of mail; or whether the sun and wind be equally divided; with other ceremonies of that nature, which are usually observed in duelling, and which, though I know them punctually, thou art little acquainted with: thou must also know, that a good knight-errant, though he sees ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but over-top the clouds, with legs like lofty steeples, and arms resembling the masts of vast and warlike ships; while each eye, as large as a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a glass furnace, is by no means confounded or abashed; but, on the contrary, with genteel demeanour and intrepid heart, approaches, assaults, and, if possible, vanquishes and overthrows them in a twinkling, though they are armed with the shell of a certain fish, said to be harder than adamant; and, instead of a sword, use a keen scymitar of damasked steel, or a huge club armed with a point of the same metal, as I have seen on a dozen different occasions. All this I have mentioned, good woman, that thou mayest see what difference there is between knights of different orders: and every prince ought, in reason, to pay greater respect to this second, or rather this first species of knights-errant, among whom, as we read in history, there have been some who were the bulwarks not only of one, but of many kingdoms."

"Ah, dear sir," cried the niece, interrupting him, "consider that all those stories of knights-errant are nothing but lies and invention; and every one of the books that contain them deserve, if not to be

burnt, at least to wear a * San benito, or some other badge, by which it may be known for an infamous perverter of virtue and good sense." "By the God that protects me!" cried the knight, "wert thou not undoubtedly my niece, as being my own sister's child, I would chastise thee in such a manner for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, that the whole world would resound with the example! How! shall a pert baggage, who has scarce capacity enough to manage a dozen lace-bobbins, dare to wag her tongue in censuring the histories of knights-errant? What would Signor Amadis say to such presumption? But, surely, he would forgive thy arrogance; for he was the most humble and courteous knight of his time, and, besides, the particular champion and protector of damsels: but thou mightest have been heard by another who would not treat thee so gently; for all are not affable and well-bred: on the contrary, some there are extremely brutal and impolite. All those who call themselves knights, are not intitled to that distinction; some being of pure gold, and others of baser metal, notwithstanding the denomination they assume. But these last cannot stand the touchstone of truth: there are mean plebeians, who sweat and struggle to maintain the appearance of gentlemen; and, on the other hand, there are gentlemen of rank who seem industrious to appear mean and degenerate: the one sort raise themselves either by ambition or virtue, while the other abase themselves by viciousness or sloth; so that we must avail ourselves of our understanding and discernment in distinguishing those persons, who, though they bear the same appellation, are yet so different in point of character." "Good God!" said the niece, "that your worship should be so learned, that even, if need were, you might mount the pulpit, or go a preaching in the streets, and yet remain in such woeful blindness and palpable folly, as to persuade the world that you are a valiant and vigorous righter of wrongs, when you are old, feeble,

* A dress put upon convicted heretics.

and almost crippled with age : but, above all things, to give yourself out for a knight, when you are no such thing ; for, though rich gentlemen may be knighted, poor gentlemen, like you, seldom are."

" There is a good deal of truth in what thou hast observed, cousin," replied Don Quixote ; " and I could tell thee such things, concerning families, as would raise thine admiration ; but these I suppress, that I may not seem to mix what's human with what's divine : take notice, however, my friends, and be attentive to what I am going to say : all the families in the world may be reduced to four kinds, which are these ; one, that from low beginnings, hath extended and dilated to a pitch of power and greatness ; another, that from great beginnings hath continued to preserve and maintain its original importance ; a third, that from vast beginnings hath ended in a point, diminishing and decaying from its foundation, into an inconsiderable point like that of a pyramid, which, in respect of its base, is next kin to nothing ; a fourth, and that the most numerous, had neither a good foundation, nor reasonable superstructure, and therefore sinks into oblivion, unobserved : such are the families of plebeians and ordinary people. The first, that from low beginnings hath mounted to power and greatness, which it preserves to this day, is exemplified in the house of Ottoman, that from an humble shepherd, who gave rise to it, attained that pinnacle of grandeur on which it now stands ? the second sort of pedigree, that without augmentation hath preserved its original importance, is exhibited in the persons of many princes, who are such by inheritance, and support their rank without addition or diminution, containing themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions : of those who, from illustrious beginnings, have dwindled into a point, there are a thousand examples in the Pharaohs and Ptolemys of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the tribe, if they may be so called, of our Median, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Barbarian princes, monarchs, and great men. All these

families and states, together with their founders, have ended in a very inconsiderable point; since, at this day, it is impossible to trace out one of their descendants, or, if we could, he would be found in some base and low degree. I have nothing to say of the plebeians, who only serve to increase the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or panegyric. From what I have said, I would have you infer, my precious wiseacres, that there is a great confusion of pedigrees, and that those only appear grand and illustrious, whose representatives abound with virtue, liberality, and wealth: I say, virtue, liberality, and wealth, because the vicious great man is no more than a great sinner; and the rich man, without liberality, a mere covetous beggar; for happiness does not consist in possessing, but in spending riches; and that not in squandering them away, but in knowing how to use them with taste: now a poor knight has no other way of signaling his birth, but the practice of virtue, being affable, well-bred, courteous, kind, and obliging, a stranger to pride, arrogance, and slander, and, above all things, charitable; for by giving two farthings cheerfully to the poor, he may shew himself as generous as he that dispenses alms by sound of bell: and whosoever sees him adorned with these virtues, although he should be an utter stranger to his race, will conclude that he is descended of a good family. Indeed, it would be a sort of miracle to find it otherwise; so that praise is always the reward of virtue, and never fails to attend the righteous. There are two paths, my children, that lead to wealth and honour: one is that of learning, the other that of arms: now I am better qualified for the last than for the first, and (as I judge from my inclination to arms) was born under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am as it were, obliged to choose that road, which I will pursue in spite of the whole universe: you will therefore fatigue yourself to no purpose, in attempting to persuade me from that which Heaven inspires, fortune ordains, reason demands,

and, above all things, my own inclination dictates: knowing, as I do, the innumerable toils annexed to knight-errantry, I am also well acquainted with the infinite benefits acquired in the exercise of that profession. I know the path of virtue is very straight, while the road of vice is broad and spacious; I know their end and issue is different: the wide extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death: while the narrow toilful path of virtue leads to happiness and life—not that which perisheth, but that which hath no end; and I know, as our great Castilian poet observes,

By these rough paths of toil and pain,
Th' immortal seats of bliss we gain,
Deny'd to those who heedless stray
In tempting pleasure's flow'ry way."

"Ah! woe is me!" cried the cousin, "my uncle is a poet too! he knows every thing, and can do every thing: I'll lay a wager, if he should turn bricklayer, he could build a house like any cage." "I do assure thee, niece," replied Don Quixote, "if those knightly sentiments did not wholly engross my attention, there is not a thing on earth that I could not make; nor a curiosity that should not go through my hands, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate, which, as they found upon inquiry, was made by Sancho; whose presence was no sooner intimated than the housekeeper ran away to hide herself, that she might avoid the sight of him whom she abhorred: the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his master came out to receive him with open arms: then, shutting themselves up together, another dialogue passed, no ways inferior to the former.

CHAP. VII.

THE housekeeper seeing that her master and Sancho were locked up together, immediately guessed the subject of the conversation ; and imagining, that the result of this consultation would be a third sally, she put on her veil, and full of trouble and anxiety, went in quest of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking, that as he was a well-spoken man, and her master's new friend, he might persuade him to lay aside such an extravagant design : accordingly, she found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees before him, in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. Carrasco seeing her appear with such marks of sorrow and consternation, said, " What is the matter, Mrs. Housekeeper ? what hath befallen you ? something seems to have harrowed up your very soul ! " " Nothing at all, dear Mr. Sampson," cried the housekeeper, " only my master is breaking out—he is certainly breaking out ! " " How breaking out ? " said Sampson, " is any part of his body unsound ? " " Where should he break out," replied the other, " but through the gate of his madness ? my meaning, dear bachelor of my soul ! is, that he is going to make another sally, (and that will be the third) searching up and down the world for what he calls adventures, though I cannot imagine why they should have that * name : the first time he returned so battered and bruised, that they were fain to lay him across an ass, like a sack of oats, because he could not sit upright : the second time he was brought home in a waggon, stretched and cooped up in a cage, in which he imagined himself enchanted, in such a woeful plight, that he could scarce be known by the mother that bore him, so lank and meagre, with his eyes sunk into the lowest pit of his brain ; so that before I could bring him into any

* The original, *ventura*, signifies good luck as well as adventures.

tolerable degree of strength, I expended more than six hundred new-laid eggs, as God and all the world know, as well as my hens, that will not suffer me to tell a lie." "That I verily believe," said the bachelor; "your hens are so good, plump, and well bred, that they would rather burst than say one thing and mean another: well then, Mrs. Housekeeper, nothing else hath happened, neither have you met with any other misfortune, but the apprehension of what your master Don Quixote will do?" "Nothing else," said she. "Give yourself no trouble, then," resumed the bachelor, "but go home a-God's name, and get ready something hot for my breakfast; and in your way, repeat St. Apollonia's prayer, if you can; I will follow in a little time, and then you shall see wonders." "Dear heart!" cried the housekeeper, "St. Apollonia's prayer, say you? that I should repeat if my master had the tooth-ache; but, lack-a-day! his distemper lies in his skull." "I know what I say," answered Sampson: "take my advice, Mrs. Housekeeper, and do not pretend to dispute with me; for I would have thee to know that I am a bachelor of Salamanca; there's no higher bacheloring than that." She accordingly moved homeward, while Sampson went to communicate to the curate that which will be in due time disclosed.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were closeted together, there passed between them a conversation, which the history recounts with great punctuality and truth. "Signor," said the squire, "I have at length traduced my wife to consent that I shall attend your worship wheresoever you please to carry me." "Say reduced, and not traduced, Sancho," replied the knight. "I have once or twice, if my memory serves me," said Sancho, "intreated your worship not to correct my words, if you understand my meaning; and when you can't make it out, I desire you would say, Sancho, or devil, I don't understand thee: then if I fail in explaining myself, you may correct me as much as you please; for I am so fossil—" "I do not understand thee now," cried

Don Quixote, "nor can I comprehend what thou wouldst be at, in saying I am so fossil." "So fossil," said the squire; "that is whereby, as how I am just so." "Nay, now thou art more and more unintelligible," replied the knight. "If your worship does not understand me now," answered Sancho, "I know not how to express it; for I am already at my wit's end, and Lord have mercy upon me." "O! now I conceive thy meaning," said the knight; "thou would'st say thou art so docile, gentle, and tractable, as to comprehend every thing I say, and retain whatsoever I shall teach thee." "I'll lay a wager," said the squire, "that from the beginning you knew my meaning by my mumping, but wanted to confound me by leading me into a thousand more blunders." "It may be so," said the knight, "but in reality what says Teresa?" "Teresa," answered Sancho, "says I must be sharp with your worship. Fast bind fast find: he that shuffles does not always cut; and that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; now I know that a wife's counsel is bad, but he that will not take it is mad." "So say I," replied Don Quixote: "proceed, friend Sancho, you speak like an oracle to-day." "Why then the case is this," resumed Sancho; "your worship very well knows we are all mortal, here to-day and gone to-morrow; for the lamb goes as fast as the dam; and no man in this world can promise himself more hours of life than God is pleased to grant him; because death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry, and will not be detained either by fair means or force, by sceptres or mitres, as the report goes, and as we have often heard it declared from the pulpit." "All this is very true," said the knight; "but I cannot guess what you drive at." "What I drive at," answered Sancho, "is, that your worship would appoint me a certain monthly salary for the time I shall serve you, to be paid out of your estate; for I don't chuse to depend upon recompenses that come late, or low, or never. God will protect me with my own. In short, I would

know what I have to trust to, whether little or much; for the hen clucks though but on one egg; many littles make a mickle; and he that is getting aught, is losing nought. True it is, if it should happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your worship can give me that island you have promised me so long, I am not so greedy or ungrateful, but that I will suffer my rent to be appraised, and my salary deducted in due portion." "To be sure, friend Sancho," said the * knight, "all portions ought to be proportioned." "I understand you," replied the squire, "I should have said proportion, instead of portion; but that is of no signification, since my meaning is comprehended by your worship." "Aye, and so thoroughly comprehended," said Don Quixote, "that I have penetrated into the inmost recesses of thy thoughts, and perceive the mark at which those innumerable shafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I would appoint thee a salary, if I could find in any history of knights-errant one precedent, by which I might discover, or have the least glimpse of, what they used to give monthly or yearly; but I have carefully perused all, or the greatest part of those histories, and cannot remember to have read that any knight-errant ever paid a certain salary to his squire. I only know, that all of them trusted to favour, and when it was least in their thoughts, provided their masters chanced to be fortunate, they found themselves rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, and, at least, were honoured with rank and title. If, with these hopes and expectations, you are willing to return to my service, do it a-God's name; but if you think I will unhinge and deviate from the ancient customs of chivalry, you are grievously mistaken: wherefore, friend Sancho, you may go home again, and declare my intention to your wife Teresa; and if she is pleased, and you are willing to depend upon my favour, *bene quidem*, if not, let us shake hands and part:

* I have substituted this play upon the word proportion, in lieu of Sancho's blundering on *Rata*.

while there are peas in the dove-house, I shall never want pigeons; and remember, my child, that it is better to be rich in hope, than poor in possession; and that a good claim is preferable to bad pay. I talk in this manner, Sancho, to shew that I can pour forth a volley of proverbs as well as you; and finally, I must and will give you to understand, that if you do not choose to serve me on those terms, and share my fortune, whatsoever it may be, I pray God may prosper and make a saint of you; for my part, I shall not want squires more obedient and careful, though less troublesome and talkative than your worship."

When Sancho heard this firm resolution of his master, the sky began to lower, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment; for he had believed that the knight would not set out without him, for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained pensive and dejected, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece, who was very desirous to hear with what arguments he would dissuade her uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, no sooner entered, than, embracing the knight, as at first, he pronounced with an audible voice, "O flower of knight-errantry, resplendent sun of arms, thou glory and mirror of the Spanish nation! may it please the Almighty, of his infinite power, that if any person or persons shall raise any impediment to obstruct thy third sally, they may never extricate themselves from the labyrinth of their desires, or accomplish what they so unjustly wish!" Then turning to the duenna, "Mrs. House-keeper," said he, "you need not now repeat St. Apollonia's prayer; for I know it is the precise determination of the stars, that Signor Don Quixote shall again execute his new and lofty plan: and I should greatly burden my conscience if I forbore to intimate, and desire, that this knight will no longer withhold and detain the force of his valiant arm, and the virtue of his heroic soul: because, by his delay, he retards the righting of wrongs, the protection of

orphans, the honour of maidens, the favour of widows, the support of wives, with many other things of that nature, which regard, concern, depend upon, and appertain to the order of knight-errantry. Courage! Signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; may your worship and grandeur set out before to-morrow morning; and if any thing be wanting to forward your expedition, here am I, ready to make it good with my person and fortune; and, if need be, to serve your magnificence in quality of squire; an office, in the execution of which I should think myself extremely happy."

Don Quixote hearing this proffer, turned to Sancho, saying, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I should not want for squires? Take notice who it is that offers to attend me; who, but the unheard-of bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the court-yards belonging to the Salamanca schools, sound of body, strong of limb, a silent sufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and endued with all those qualifications which are requisite in the squire of a knight-errant: but Heaven will not permit me, for my own satisfaction, to break and demolish this pillar of learning, this urn of sciences, and to hew down such an eminent branch of the liberal arts. No, let this new Sampson stay at home, and honour the place of his nativity, together with the grey hairs of his ancient parents; while I make shift with any sort of squire, since Sancho will not vouchsafe to go along with me."

"Y—yes, I do vouchsafe!" cried Sancho, blubbing, "it shall never be said of me, dear master, that when the victuals were eaten up, the company sneaked off; I am not come of such an ungrateful stock; for all the world, and especially my own townsmen, know what sort of people the Panzas were, of whom I am descended; besides, I have perceived, and am sensible, by many good works, and more good words, that your worship is actually inclined to do for me; and if I have haggled more than enough about my wages, it was to please my

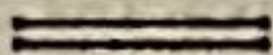
wife, who if she once takes in hand to persuade me to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the hoops of a barrel as she drives at her purpose, until she hath gained it ; but, after all, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman : now I, being a man every inch of me, when and wheresoever I please to shew myself, (that I cannot deny) I am resolved to be master in my own house, in spite of the devil, the world, and the flesh ; and, therefore, your worship has no more to do but to prepare your will, with the codicil, so as that it cannot be rebuked ; and then let us take our departure, that we may not endanger the soul of Mr. Sampson, whose conscience, he says, prompts him to persuade your worship to make a third sally through the world ; and here I promise again to serve your worship faithfully and lawfully, as well as, and better than all the squires that ever attended the knights-errant, either in past or present time."

The bachelor was astonished at hearing the manner and conclusion of Sancho's speech ; for, although he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed him so diverting as he is there represented ; but now, hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion of his being one of the most solemn simpletons of the present age ; saying within himself, two such madmen as the master and his squire, are not to be paralleled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each other ; and, in consequence of the opinion and assent of the great Carrasco, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they should depart in three days, during which they would have time to provide themselves with necessities for the journey, and find a complete helmet for the knight, who insisted upon carrying one along with him into the field. Sampson, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, saying, he could command an helmet that was in possession of a friend of his ; though the brightness

of the metal was not a little obscured by the rust and mould which it had contracted.

Innumerable were the curses which were vented against the bachelor by the housekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and scratched their faces; and, like the hired mourners formerly in use, lamented the departure, as it had been the death of their master. But Sampson's view, in persuading him to another sally, was to execute a design which he had concerted with the curate and barber; as will appear in the sequel. In short, during those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with every thing they thought they should have occasion for: the squire pacified his wife, the knight appeased his niece and housekeeper; and, on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living soul but the bachelor, who insisted upon accompanying them half a league out of town, they set out and took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote mounted on his trusty Rozinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well-lined with belly-timber, and a purse of money, which his master deposited in his hands, in case of accidents in their expedition.

Sampson, embracing the knight, intreated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or sympathize with him, as the laws of friendship require. Don Quixote assured him he would comply with his request; the bachelor returned to the village, and the other two pursued their way towards the great city of Toboso.



CHAP. VIII.

“BLESSED be the almighty Alla!” saith Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the beginning of this chapter; and this benediction he repeats three times, in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in

the field again; observing, that the readers of this agreeable history may assure themselves that, from this period, the exploits of the knight and his squire begin. He therefore persuades them to forget the former adventures of our sage hero, and fix their attention upon those which are to come; and which now begin in the road to Toboso, as the others took their origin in the field of Montiel; and truly his demand is but reasonable, considering the fair promise he makes. Thus therefore he proceeds:

Scarce had Sampson left Don Quixote and Sancho by themselves, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray most melodiously; a circumstance which was looked upon by both our adventurers as a fortunate signal and most happy omen; though, to deal candidly with the reader, the brayings of the ass exceeded in number the neighings of the horse; from whence Sancho concluded, his fortune would surmount and overtop that of his master. But whether or not he founded his belief on his knowledge in judicial astrology, I cannot determine, the history being silent on that subject: yet certain it is, he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he wished he had not stirred over his own threshold; for nothing was to be got by a stumble or fall but a torn shoe, or a broken bone; and, truly, simple as he was, he had some reason for making that observation.

“Friend Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the night is so far advanced, that we shall not be able to reach Toboso by day-light; yet thither I am determined to go before I engage in any other adventure, that I may receive the benediction and good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, by the help of which I shall certainly achieve, and happily perform, the most perilous exploits; for nothing in this life exalts the value of knights-errant so much as the favour of their mistresses.” “I am of the same way of thinking,” replied the squire; “but I believe your worship will find some difficulty in seeing her in a proper place for courtship, or indeed for re-

ceiving her blessing, unless she throws it over the pales of the yard, through which I saw her, for the first time, when I carried the letter that gave an account of the folly and mad pranks I left your worship committing in the heart of the Brown Mountain.” “Didst thou then actually imagine,” said Don Quixote, “that those were the pales of a yard, over or through which thou sawest that paragon of gentleness and beauty? Certainly they could be no other than galleries, arcades, or corridors, such as belong to rich and royal palaces.” “It may be so,” answered Sancho, “but either my memory fails me very much, or to me they seemed no better than the pales of a farmer’s yard.” “Be that as it will,” resumed Don Quixote, “thither we will go, and at any rate get sight of her; for be it through pales, windows, crannies, or the rails of a garden, so the least ray of that sun of beauty reach mine eyes, it will enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart in such a manner, that I shall remain the unequalled phoenix of valour and discretion.” “Truly, sir,” said the squire, “when I saw that same sun of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays at all; but the case was, the wheat that her ladyship was winnowing, as I told you before, raised such a cloud of dust about her, as quite darkened her countenance.” “Wilt thou still persist, Sancho,” replied the knight, “in saying, thinking, believing, and affirming, that my mistress Dulcinea was employed in such a mean office, so wide of all that is or ought to be practised by persons of rank, who are created and reserved for other exercises and amusements, that denote their quality at the distance of a bow-shot. Thou seemest to forget, O Sancho! those verses of our poet, in which he paints the labours that in their crystal bowers engrossed the four nymphs, who raising their heads above the waves of their beloved Tagus, sat down to work in the verdant meadow those rich and silken webs, which, as the ingenious poet describes, were with gold and pearls adorned and interweaved. In this

manner my mistress must have been employed when thou sawest her; but some wicked enchanter, envious of my happiness and fame, converts and perverts every thing that yields me pleasure into shapes and figures different from its real appearance; and in that history of my achievements, which they say is printed, if the author be some sage, who is an enemy to my success, I am afraid he hath confounded one thing with another, and clogged every fact with a thousand falsehoods: straying from this subject, to recount actions quite foreign to the skilful detail of a true history. O envy! thou root of infinite mischief, and canker-worm of virtue! The commission of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with some sort of delight; but envy produces nothing in the heart that harbours it but rage, rancour, and disgust." "So say I, master," answered Sancho: "and I suppose, in this legend, or history of us, which bachelor Carrasco says he has seen, my reputation goes like a jolting hackney-coach, and is tossed about, as the saying is, like a tennis-ball. Though in good faith, I never spoke an ill word of any enchanter whatsoever; nor am I rich enough to stir up envy in any living soul: true it is, I am a little waggish, and have a small spice of knavery at bottom: but all this is crowned and covered with the broad cloak of my simplicity, which is always natural and never affected: and if there was nothing else but my believing, as I always do, firmly and sincerely in God, as well as in all that is owned and believed by the holy Roman Catholic church; and my being a mortal enemy, as I certainly am, to the Jews; the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and use me tenderly in their writings: but let them say what they will, I naked was born, and naked remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain: though, provided I see myself mentioned in a book, and circulate through the world from hand to hand, I don't value what they can say of me a fig's end."

"That observation," said Don Quixote, "puts me in mind of what happened to a famous poet of this age, who having composed a severe satire against the

court ladies, omitted to insert one in particular, by name, so that it was doubtful whether or not she was implied in any part of the performance. The lady, thus neglected, complained to the poet, asking what he had seen in her character unworthy of being described among the rest, and desiring him to enlarge the satire, that she might be included in the supplement, or look to himself. The author complied with her request, lashing her in terms not fit to be named; and she was perfectly well satisfied with the fame of being infamous. Of a piece with this ambition was that reported of the shepherd who set fire to the celebrated temple of Diana, reckoned one of the wonders of the world, with no other view than to render his name immortal; and although there was a severe edict, prohibiting all persons whatever from making mention of his name, either by word or writing, that he might not accomplish his aim, it is very well known at this day, that his name was Erostratus. This likewise bears an affinity to that occurrence which passed at Rome, between that great emperor, Charles the Fifth, and a certain knight. The emperor went to visit the famous temple of the Rotunda, which was of old called the Pantheon, but is now more happily named the church of All saints, the most entire edifice that remains of heathen Rome, and which most of all evinces the grandeur and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the shape of half an orange, of a vast extent, and very well lighted, though it has but one window, or rather a round lanthorn at its top, from whence the emperor considered the inside of the structure, being attended by a Roman knight, who described the excellence and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable work; and after they had descended, said to him, 'Sacred sir, a thousand times was I seized with an inclination to clasp your majesty in my arms, and throw myself down from the lanthorn, in order to eternize my name.' 'I thank you,' replied the emperor, 'for having resisted such a wicked suggestion, and henceforward will never

give you an opportunity of repeating such a proof of your loyalty ; avoid my presence, and never presume to speak to me again.' But, notwithstanding this severe command, he conferred upon him some extraordinary favour. My meaning, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a most active principle in the human breast. What dost thou imagine was the motive that prevailed on Horatius to throw himself from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the river Tiber ? what induced Mutius to burn his hand and arm ? what impelled Curtius to dart himself into the flaming gulph which opened in the midst of Rome ? what prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, in spite of all the unfavourable omens that appeared ? and, to give you a more modern instance, what consideration bore the ships, and left on shore, encompassed with enemies, those valiant Spaniards in the new world, under the conduct of the most courteous Cortez ? All these, and many other great and various exploits are, were, and shall be performed, in consequence of that desire of fame, which flatters mortals with a share of that immortality which they deem the merited reward of their renowned achievements : although we Catholic Christian knights-errant ought to pay greater attention to that glory which is to come, and eternally survives within the etherial and celestial mansions, than to the vanity of that fame which is obtained in this present perishable state, and which, considered in its longest duration, must end at length with the world itself, which hath its appointed period. Wherefore, Sancho, our works must not exceed the limits prescribed by the Christian religion, which we profess. We must, in slaying giants, extirpate pride ; get the better of envy by benevolence and virtue ; resist anger with patience and forbearance ; conquer gluttony and sloth by temperance and watchfulness ; luxury and lewdness, by our fidelity to those whom we constitute mistresses of our inclination ; and idleness, by travelling through all parts of the world, in quest of opportunities to evince ourselves not only

Christians, but, moreover, renowned knights. Thus, Sancho, thou seest the means of acquiring that superlative praise which produces fame and reputation."

"All that your worship hath hitherto said," replied the squire, "I understand perfectly well; but for all that, I wish you would dissolve me one doubt, which hath this moment struck me in the noddle." "Thy meaning is resolve, Sancho," said the knight: "in good time, out with it, and I will give thee satisfaction, as far as my own knowledge extends." "Tell me then, signor," proceeded Sancho, "where now are all those Julys and Augusts, and adventuresome knights, who died so long ago?" "The heathens," answered Don Quixote, "are doubtless in hell; and the Christians, if they were good Catholics, either in purgatory or in heaven." "Right," said the squire: "let us next inquire if the tombs that contain the bodies of that sort of gentry are lighted with silver lamps; or the walls of their chapels adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, perriwigs, legs, and eyes, made of wax; if not, pray in what manner are they adorned?" To this question Don Quixote answered, "That the sepulchres of the heathen heroes were, for the most part, sumptuous temples: the ashes of Julius Cæsar were placed upon the top of a stone pyramid, of vast dimensions still to be seen at Rome, under the name of St. Peter's obelisk: the Emperor Adrian's tomb was a building as large as a good village, formerly called Moles Adriani, but at present the castle of St. Angelo; and Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a monument that was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these sepulchres, nor any other belonging to the heathens, were adorned with shrouds, offerings, or marks, to note the sanctity of the persons there buried." "So I perceive," said Sancho; "and now tell me whether it be more meritorious to slay a giant, or raise up the dead to life again?" "The answer is plain," replied the knight: "it is more meritorious to re-animate the dead." "Then I have caught you fairly," cried the squire: "he who revives the dead, restores sight to

the blind, straightens the crooked, heals the sick ; before whose tomb the lamps continually burn, whose chapels are filled with devout people, who adore his relics upon their knees : I say he shall have more fame in this world, and that which is to come, than all the heathen emperors and knights-errant that ever lived have left, or will leave behind them." "I am very sensible of the truth of what you allege," answered the knight. "Now this fame, this grace, this prerogative, or what you call it," resumed the squire, "is vested in the bodies and relics of the saints ; and with the approbation and licence of our holy mother-church, they have their lamps, tapers, shrouds, crutches, pictures, perriwigs, eyes, and legs, whereby the devotion of the people is increased, and their own Christian fame promulgated : the bodies and relics of saints are carried upon the shoulders of kings, who kiss the very fragments of their bones, with which they enrich and adorn their most precious altars and oratories." "What would'st thou have me infer from all this?" said Don Quixote. "My meaning," replied Sancho, "is, that we should turn saints immediately, and so with the greater dispatch acquire that fame which we are in search of ; and pray take notice, signor, it was but yesterday, or t'other day, as one may say in comparison, that they canonized and beautified two bare-footed friars ; and people now think it a great happiness to be allowed to touch and kiss the iron chains with which they girded and tormented their poor bodies, and which are in greater esteem than the sword of Orlando, which, as the report goes, is kept in the armoury of our lord the king, whom God in heaven bless ; wherefore, dear master, it is better to be an humble friar of any order whatever, than the most valiant knight that ever breathed ; for with God two dozen of disciplines will more avail than as many thousand backstrokes, whether they be bestowed on giants, dragons, or hobgoblins." "All this is very true," answered Don Quixote ; "but we cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven. Chivalry

itself is a religious order, and some that were knights are now saints in glory." "True," resumed the squire; "but I have often heard it observed, that there are more friars than knights in heaven." "The reason," said the knight, "is, because there is a greater number of monks than of the other order." "And yet there are many knights-errant," replied the squire. "There is indeed a good number," answered Don Quixote; "but very few that deserve the name."

In this and other such discourse they passed that night and the following day, without encountering any thing worthy of being mentioned; a circumstance that chagrined our knight not a little. Next day, however, in the twilight, they descried the great city of Toboso; at sight of which Don Quixote's spirits were exhilarated, and Sancho's depressed; because he did not know where to find the house of Dulcinea, whom he had never seen, neither had his master ever beheld this peerless princess: so that the one suffered perturbation from the desire of seeing her, and the other because he had not seen her; and indeed Sancho could not contrive how to manage the affair when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city in the dark; and with this view they tarried in a grove of oaks, not far from the gate, till the night was advanced, then entered the town, where they met with things which amount to things indeed.

CHAP. IX.

IT was midnight, or thereabouts, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving their covert, entered the city of Toboso, which was then in profound silence, all its inhabitants being asleep, and lying with out-stretched legs, as the saying is. The night was clear; though Sancho wished it otherwise, that in the darkness he

might find an excuse for his imposition ; and nothing was heard in the whole town but the barking of dogs, which thundered in Don Quixote's ears, and very much disturbed the heart of Sancho : yet, from time to time, they were saluted by the braying of asses, the grunting of hogs, and the mewling of cats ; which different notes being augmented by the stillness of the night, were considered as ill omens by the enamoured knight, who nevertheless said to his squire, " Son Sancho, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, whom perhaps we shall find awake." " Body of the sun !" cried Sancho, " what palace should I lead to ? when I saw her highness she was in a very small cottage." " Then she must have been retired," answered the knight, " to some small apartment of her castle, to divert herself with her damsels, according to the use and custom of princesses and ladies of rank." " Signor," said the squire, " since your worship, in spite of all that I can say, will have my Lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gate open ? and will it be decent for us to throw the whole family into confusion and uproar, by making a racket, and demanding entrance, at this time of night ? Do you think we are going to a bawdy-house, like your fornicators, who rap and knock, and enter at any hour of the four-and-twenty." " First of all, let us fairly find the castle," replied the knight, " and then I will tell thee what is to be done ; and take notice, Sancho, for either mine eye-sight fails me, or that great shadowy building before us is the palace of Dulcinea." " Advance then," answered Sancho ; " perhaps it may be so : and yet, though I should see it with mine eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it as much as I believe it is now twelve o'clock at noon."

Don Quixote, however, proceeded ; and having gone about two hundred paces, came up with the building that produced the shadow, and perceiving it an high steeple, found it was no castle, but in reality the principal church in town. " We are arrived at the cathedral, Sancho," said he. " So I perceive," replied the squire, " and God grant we be not

arrived at our graves ! for it is no good sign to be strolling about church-yards at these hours : besides, I have already told your worship, (if my memory serves me right) that my lady's house stands in a blind alley." "The curse of God light on thee for a blockhead as thou art !" cried Don Quixote, "where didst thou ever hear of castles and royal palaces built in blind alleys ?" "Signor," answered Sancho, "every country has its own customs ; and perhaps it is the custom here, in Toboso, to raise palaces and grand edifices in blind alleys ; I therefore humbly beseech your worship to let me search all the streets and alleys I shall meet with ; and who knows but in some corner I may light on this same castle, which I wish the dogs had devoured, before it had brought us to such perplexity and confusion ?" "Talk respectfully, Sancho, of those things that appertain to my mistress," said the knight ; "let us spend our holiday in peace, and not throw the helve after the hatchet." "Well, I will be pacified," answered the squire ; "though how can I endure your worship should expect that I, who have seen my lady's house but once, should know it always, and even find it out in the middle of the night, when you yourself are at a loss, though you must have seen it a thousand times." "You distract me, Sancho," cried Don Quixote : "hark ye, heretic, have I not told you a thousand times, that in all the days of my life I never saw the peerless Dulcinea, nor ever crossed the threshold of her palace, being only enamoured by hearsay, and the great reputation of her beauty and discretion." "I hear your worship say so now," replied Sancho ; "and tell you in my turn, that if you have not seen her, no more have I." "That is impossible," resumed the knight ; "at least you told me you had seen her winnowing wheat, when you brought back an answer to the letter with which I sent you to her habitation." "Truly, signor, you must not depend upon that," answered Sancho ; "for you must know my seeing her, and bringing back the answer, was also upon hearsay ; and I am as

incapable of giving any account of the Lady Dulcinea, as I am of pulling the moon by the nose." "Sancho! Sancho!" said Don Quixote, "there is a time for jesting, and a time when jokes are very unseasonable: though I say I have never seen, or spoke with the mistress of my soul, there is no reason for thy making the same declaration, which thou knowest is so contrary to the truth."

While they thus conversed together, they perceived a person passing that way with a couple of mules; and by the noise of a plough-share, which they dragged along, just concluded that he was a peasant who had risen before day to go to labour: they were not mistaken; it was actually a labourer, who went along singing the ballad of Roncesvalles;* which the knight no sooner heard than he exclaimed, "Let me die, Sancho! if any thing lucky will befall us to-night: don't you hear what that peasant is singing?" "Yes," said Sancho; "but what has the defeat at Roncesvalles to do with our affair? If he had sung the ballad of Calaynos, it would have been the same thing with regard to our good or evil fortune."

Don Quixote said to the peasant, who was by this time come up, "Can you tell me, honest friend, and the blessing of God attend you, in what part of this city stands the palace of the peerless Princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?" "Signor," answered the young man, "I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in town, in the service of a rich farmer, whose lauds I till; but in that house that fronts you live the curate and sexton of the parish, and either or both can give your worship an account of that same princess; for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso, though I believe there is no such thing as a princess in the whole place: there are indeed many ladies of fashion, and every one may be a princess in her own house." "She whom I ask for must be one of these," said the knight. "It may be so," answered the peasant; "but I shall be over-

* Like our Chevy-chase.

taken by the morning." So saying, he drove on his mules, without waiting for any more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and over and above dissatisfied, "Signor," said he, "day begins to break, and it will not be altogether convenient to let the sun find us here in the street: we had better quit the city, and look out for some wood in the neighbourhood, where your worship may enjoy the cool shade; and I will return by day, and search every hole and cranny in Toboso for this house, castle, or palace of my lady, and it will be very unfortunate indeed if I cannot find it; and if I have the good luck to meet with her ladyship, I will tell her where and how I have left your worship, in expectation of her contriving some means whereby you may visit her, without any prejudice to her honour and reputation." "Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "thou hast uttered a thousand sentences within the compass of a few words: the counsel thou hast given me I relish, and most willingly receive. Come, my son, let us go in quest of some thicket, where I may embower myself, while thou shalt return to seek, see, and talk with my mistress, from whose courtesy and discretion I hope to receive more than miraculous favours."

Sancho burned with impatience to see his master fairly out of town, that he might not detect the falsehood of the answer which he pretended to bring from Dulcinea, while he remained in the Brown Mountain: he therefore pressed him to depart, and about two miles from the city they found a thicket or wood, where Don Quixote took up his residence, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; and, in the course of his embassy met with adventures that demand new credit and fresh attention.

CHAP. X.

THE author of this stupendous history, when he comes to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he would have willingly passed it over in silence, because he was afraid it would not be believed; for here the madness of Don Quixote soars to the highest pitch of extravagance that can be imagined, and even by two bow-shots at least, exceeds all credit and conception: yet, notwithstanding this jealousy and apprehension, he has recounted it in the same manner as it happened, without adding to the history, or detracting one tittle from the truth, undervaluing the risk he runs of being deemed apocryphal: and surely he was in the right, for truth may bend, but will never break, and always surmounts falsehood, as oil floats above water. Wherefore he proceeds in the narrative, saying:

Don Quixote having taken his station in the forest, grove, or wood, near the great city of Toboso, ordered Sancho to go back to town, and not return to his presence before he should have spoken to his mistress, and begged in his name that she would be pleased to grant an interview to her captive knight, and deign to bestow upon him her blessing, through which he might expect the most happy issue to all his attempts and enterprises.

The squire having undertaken to execute this command, and to bring back as favourable an answer as he had brought the first time—"Go, my son," said the knight, "and be not confounded when you find yourself beamed upon by that resplendent sun of beauty which is the object of your inquiry: happy thou, above all the squires that ever lived! Be sure to retain in thy memory every circumstance of thy reception; observe if she changes colour, while thou art delivering my message; if she is discomposed, and under confusion at the mention of my name; whether she sinks upon her cushion, or happens at the time to be seated under the rich canopy of her authority: if she be standing,

take notice whether or not she sometimes supports herself on one foot, sometimes on the other; and if she repeats her answer more than once, changing it from kind to harsh, from sour to amorous; and if she lifts up her hand to adjust her hair, although it be not disordered: finally, son, mark all her gestures and emotions; and if thou bringest me an exact detail of them, I shall be able to divine her most abstruse sentiments, touching the concerns of my passion; for know, Sancho, if thou art still to learn, among lovers, the least gesticulation in their external behaviour, while the conversation turns upon their amours, is, as it were, a messenger that brings a most certain account of what passes within the soul. Go, friend, and enjoy thy fate, so much more favourable than thy master's; and return with much more success than that which I dread and expect in this solitude, where I now remain." "I go," replied Sancho, "and will return in a twinkling; therefore, good your worship, do encourage that little heart of yours, which, at present, must be no bigger than a hazle nut: and consider, as the saying is, a stout heart flings misfortune; where you meet with no hooks, you need expect no bacon; and again, the hare often starts, where the hunter least expects her. This I observe, because, though we did not find the palace and castle of my lady in the night; now that it is day, I hope to stumble upon it, when I least expect to see it; and if so be I once catch it, let me alone with her." "Sancho," said the knight, "God grant me better fortune in my desires than you have in the application of the proverbs you utter."

This was no sooner said, than Sancho, switching Dapple, quitted the knight, who remained on horse-back, resting his legs upon his stirrups, and leaning upon his lance, his imagination being engrossed by the most melancholy suggestions. Here let us leave him, and proceed with Sancho Panza, who parting from his master, in equal perplexity and confusion, no sooner found himself clear of the wood, than looking back, and perceiving that Don Quixote was not

in sight, he alighted from his ass, and sitting down at the root of a tree, began to catechise himself in these words: "Brother Sancho, be so good as to let us know where your worship is going? are you in search of some stray beast? No, truly! What then is your errand? Why really, I am going in search of a thing of nought, a princess, God wot, and in her, the sun, and the whole heaven of beauty. And pray where may you expect to meet with this that you mention, Sancho? Where but in the great city of Toboso. Well, and by whose order are you going upon this inquiry? By order of the renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, the righter of wrongs, who gives thirst to the hungry, and food to those that are dry. All this is mightywell: but do you know the house, Sancho? My master says, it must be some royal palace or stately castle. But have you never once seen this same princess? Neither I nor he ever set eyes on her. And do you think it will be well bestowed if the inhabitants of Toboso, getting notice that you are come with an intention to weedle away their princesses, and disturb their dames, should break every bone of your skin, and grind your ribs to a paste, with pure cudgelling? Verily they would not be much to blame, unless they considered that I do nothing but execute my master's command, and being only a messenger, am not in fault. Never trust to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and will not suffer themselves to be tickled by any person whatever. Ecod! if you are once smoked, you will come but scurvily off. Bodikins! since that be the case, why should I plague myself seeking a cat with three legs for another man's pleasure? Besides, you may as well seek for a magpye in Rabena, or a bachelor in Salamanca, as for Dulcinea in Toboso. The devil, and none but the devil, has sent me on this fool's errand!"

The result of this soliloquy was another, that broke out in these words: "There is a remedy for every thing but death, under whose yoke we must all pass, will we nill we, when this life is at an end.

This master of mine, as I have perceived by a thousand instances, is mad enough to be shackled among straw; and truly I am not much behind him in folly: nay, indeed, I am more mad than he, seeing I serve and follow him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says, 'Tell me your company, and I will tell you your manners:' and the other, 'Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are fed.' Now he being, as he certainly is, a madman, aye, and so mad as for the most part to mistake one thing for another, affirming white to be black, and black to be white; as plainly appeared when he took the windmills for giants, the mules of the friars for dromedaries, the flocks of sheep for opposite armies, and a great many other things in the same style; I say, it will be no difficult matter to make him believe the first country wench I shall meet with to be his mistress Dulcinea: and if he boggles at swallowing the cheat, I will swear lustily to the truth of what I affirm; and if he swears also, I will swear again; and if he is positive, I will be more positive; so that come what will, my obstinacy shall always exceed his. Perhaps, by this stubborn behaviour, I shall get rid of all such troublesome messages for the future, when he finds what disagreeable answers I bring; or perhaps, which I rather believe, he will think that one of those enchanters, who he says bear him a grudge, has transmographed her shape, in order to vex and disquiet him."

Sancho, having found out this expedient, was quite calm and satisfied in his mind, and thinking he had brought the business to a good bearing, remained where he was till the evening, that Don Quixote might think he had sufficient time to execute his orders, and return. Every thing succeeded so well to his wish, that when he got up to mount Dapple, he descried three country wenches riding from Toboso towards the place where he stood, upon three young he or she asses, for the author does not declare their sex: though in all likelihood they were of the female gender, as your village maidens commonly ride upon

she asses ; but this being a circumstance of small importance, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to ascertain it.

In short, Sancho no sooner perceived the wenches, than he rode back at a round trot to his master, whom he found sighing bitterly, and pouring forth a thousand amorous complaints : the knight seeing him arrive, " Well, friend Sancho," said he, " is this day to be marked with a white or black stone?" " Your worship," answered the squire, " had better mark it with red ochre, like the titles on a professor's chair, that it may be seen the better by those who look at it." " At that rate," replied Don Quixote, " thou bringest me good news." " So good," answered Sancho, " that your worship has nothing to do but to mount Rozinante, and gallop into the plain, where you will see my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso and two of her damsels coming this way to pay you a visit." " Gracious God !" cried the knight, " what is that you say, friend Sancho ? Take care how you deceive me, endeavouring by feigned joy to enliven my sadness." " What should I get by deceiving your worship?" said the squire ; " besides, you can easily be satisfied of the truth of what I say ; make haste, signor, come and see our mistress the princess, arrayed and adorned ; in short, as she ought to be : her damsels and she are all one flame of gold ; all covered with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and brocade, more than ten hands deep ; their hair flowing loose about their shoulders, like so many sun-beams waving with the wind : and, moreover, they are mounted on three pyed bellfreys, that it would do one's heart good to see them." " Palfreys you mean Sancho," said the knight. " There is no great difference," answered the squire, " between palfreys and bellfreys ; " but, be that as it will, they are the finest creatures one would desire to see, especially my Lady Dulcinea, who is enough to stupify the senses." " Come then, my son," replied Don Quixote, " and as a gratuity for bringing this piece of news, equally welcome and unexpected, I bestow upon thee the

spoils of the first adventure I shall achieve ; and if thou art not satisfied with that recompense, I will give unto thee the foals that shall this year be brought forth by my three mares, which thou knowest we left with young upon our town common." "I stick to the foals," cried the squire, "for as to the spoils of our first adventure, I question whether or not they will be worth accepting."

By this time they were clear of the wood, and in sight of the three country maidens ; when the knight lifting up his eyes, and surveying the whole road to Toboso, without seeing any thing but them, began to be troubled in mind, and asked Sancho if the ladies had got out of town when he left them. "Out of town?" said Sancho. "What! are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you don't see them coming towards us, glittering and shining like the sun at noon?" "I see nobody," replied the knight, "but three country wenches riding upon asses." "God deliver me from the devil!" cried the squire, "is it possible that three belfrys, or how-d'ye call-ums, white as the driven snow, should appear no better than asses in your worship's eyes? By the Lord! I'll give you leave to pluck off every hair of my beard if that be the case." "Then I tell thee, Sancho," said his master, "they are as certainly he or she-asses as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza, at least so they seem to me." "Hold your tongue, signor," replied Sancho, "and never talk in that manner, but snuff your eyes, and go and make your reverence to the mistress of your heart, who is just at hand."

So saying, he advanced towards the damsels, and alighting from Dapple, seized one of their beasts by the halter ; then fell upon his knees before the rider, to whom he addressed himself in this manner : "Queen, princess, and dutchess of beauty, will your highness and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who sits there, stupefied to stone, utterly confounded and deprived of pulse, at seeing himself in presence of your magnificence : I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is the per-

plexed and down-trodden knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, alias the knight of the Rueful Countenance."

By this time Don Quixote, having placed himself on his knees by Sancho, gazed with staring eyes and troubled vision upon the object which the squire called queen and princess; and perceiving nothing but a country wench's visage, and that none of the most agreeable, for it was round and flat-nosed, he remained in the utmost confusion and surprise, without daring to open his lips. The other two damsels were equally astonished at seeing a couple of such different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained; but she, breaking silence, pronounced in a most ungracious and resentful manner: "Get out of the way, and let us pass, for we are in a hurry." To this apostrophe Sancho replied, "O princess and universal lady of Toboso! do not your magnificent bowels yearn, to see upon his marrow-bones before your sublimated presence, the very pillar and prop of knight-errantry?" One of the other two hearing this pathetic remonstrance, bawled aloud, "Would I had the currying that ass's hide of thine: mind, forsooth, how your small gentry come and pass their gibes upon us country folks; as if we could not give them as good as they bring; go about your business, friend, and leave us to mind our'n, and so God b'w'ye."

Here the knight interposing, said, "Rise, Sancho, I can plainly perceive that fortune, not yet tired of persecuting me, hath barred every avenue by which any comfort could arrive at the miserable soul that this carcase contains: and thou! the essence of every thing that is desirable in nature, thou sum of human perfection, and sole remedy of this afflicted heart, by which thou art adored! although that malicious enchanter, my inveterate enemy, hath spread clouds and cataracts before mine eyes, to them and them only changing and transforming thy unequalled beauty into the appearance of a poor country wench; if he hath not also altered my figure into that of some frightful spectre horrid to thy view, deign to look upon me with complacency and love: because thou mayest

perceive, by this submissive posture I have assumed, even before thy person thus disguised, the humility with which my soul adores thy charms." "You may go kiss my grannam," cried the damsel, "I'm a fine madam, truly, to hear such gibberish; we should be more obliged to you if you would get out of our way, and let us go about our own affairs."

Sancho accordingly quitted his hold, leaving her free to go whither she would, and highly pleased with the issue of his stratagem. The suppositious Dulcinea no sooner found herself at liberty, than pricking her palfrey with a goad, which was in the end of a stick she had in her hand, the creature galloped across the field with great speed, and feeling the application more severe than usual, began to plunge and kick in such a manner, that my lady fell to the ground. Don Quixote perceiving this accident, ran with great eagerness to raise her up, and Sancho made haste to adjust and gird on the pannel, which had got under the ass's belly. This affair being set to rights, the knight went to lift his enchanted mistress in his arms, and place her on her seat again; but she, starting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for, retreating a few paces backward, she made a small run, and clapping both hands upon the crupper, leaped upon the pannel as nimble as a falcon, seating herself astride like a man.

"By St. Roque!" cried Sancho, "my lady mistress is as light as a hawk, and can teach the most dexterous horseman to ride; at one jump she has sprung into the saddle, and without spurs make her palfrey fly like any zebra: and truly, her damsels are not a whit behind: for they go scouring along as swift as the wind." This was actually true; for Dulcinea was no sooner remounted than the other two trotted after her, and at last disappeared, after having gone more than half a league, at full speed, without once looking behind them.

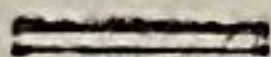
Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, until they vanished; then turning to his squire, "Sancho," said he, "thou seest how I am persecuted by enchanters, and mayest perceive how far the malice and

grudge they bear me extends ; seeing they have deprived me of the pleasure I should have enjoyed at the sight of my mistress in her own beauteous form. Surely I was born to be an example of misery ; the very mark and butt for all the arrows of misfortune ; nay, thou art also to observe, Sancho, that those traitors were not contented with a simple metamorphosis of my Dulcinea, but have transformed and changed her into the base and homely figure of that country wench ; robbing her, at the same time, of that which is so peculiar to ladies of fashion—I mean that sweet scent which is the result of their living among flowers and perfume : for know, my friend, when I went to lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou sayest it was, though to me it seemed neither more nor less than a she-ass, I was almost suffocated and poisoned with a whiff of undigested garlic !”

“ O ! ye miscreants !” cried Sancho, “ O ! ye malicious and mischievous enchanters ! would to God I could see you all strung by the gills, like so many haddocks ! much you know, much you can, and much more will you still be doing. Was it not enough, ye knaves, to change the pearls of my lady’s eyes into a couple of cork-tree galls, and her hair of shining gold into the bristles of a red cow’s tail ; and in short, to transmogrify every feature of her countenance without your meddling with the sweetness of her breath, by which we might have discovered what was concealed beneath that bark of homeliness ; though, to tell the truth, I saw not her homeliness but beauty, which was exceedingly increased by a mole upon her upper lip, something like a whisker, consisting of seven or eight red hairs, like threads of gold, as long as my hand.” “ According to the correspondence which the moles of the face have with those of the body,” said Don Quixote, “ Dulcinea must have just such another on the brawny part of her thigh, of the same side ; but hairs of such a length are, methinks, rather too long for moles.” “ I do assure your worship,” answered Sancho, “ they seemed as if they had come into the world with her.” “ I very well believe what

you say, my friend," replied the knight; "for nature hath bestowed nothing on Dulcinea but what is perfectly finished; wherefore, if thou hadst seen an hundred such moles, in her they would be so many moons and resplendent stars: but tell me, Sancho, that which you adjusted, and which to me seemed a pannel, was it a plain pad or a side-saddle?" "It was a great side-saddle," answered the squire, "so rich, that half the kingdom would not buy it." "And why could not I see all this," said the knight. "I say again, Sancho, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men."

The rogue Sancho, finding his master so dexterously gulled, and hearing him talk in this mad strain, could scarce refrain from laughing in his face; in fine, a good deal more of this sort of conversation having passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and took the road to Saragossa, where they expected to arrive time enough to be present at the solemn festival yearly celebrated in that famous city; but, before they accomplished their journey, they met with adventures which, for their variety, novelty, and greatness, deserve to be read and recorded, as in the sequel.



CHAP. XI.

DON Quixote jogged along exceedingly pensive, his thoughts being engrossed by the scurvy trick which the enchanter had played him, in transforming his mistress Dulcinea into the disagreeable figure of a country wench; and he could not conceive what remedy he should find for restoring her to her former shape. So much was he absorbed in this reflection, that he insensibly dropped the reins upon the neck of Rozinante, who being sensible of the liberty he enjoyed, at every two steps turned aside to take a pluck

at the inviting pasture with which those fields abounded. At length Sancho Panza roused him from this fit of musing, saying, "Signor, melancholy was not made for beasts, but for men; and yet if men encourage melancholy too much, they become no better than beasts: good your worship be contented, mind what you're about, take hold of Rozinante's reins, rouse up, awake, and shew that gaiety which all knights-errant ought to have. What the devil is the meaning of all this faint-heartedness? Sare you don't know whether we are here or in France! Let Satan rather run away with all the Dulcineas upon earth; for the health of one single knight is of more value than all the enchanted persons or transformations that ever were known." "Peace, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, with a voice that was none of the faintest, "Peace, I say, and utter not such blasphemies against that enchanted lady, of whose disgrace and misfortune I am the sole cause; for, from the envy of my wicked foes, her mischance hath sprung." "So say I," answered Sancho: "for he that hath seen her before, let him look at her now, and her fortune deplore." "Well mayest thou make that observation, Sancho," said the knight, "seeing thou sawest her in the full perfection of her beauty; as the enchantment did not extend so far as to disturb thy vision, or conceal her charms from thy view: no! against me alone, and my longing eyes, was the force of its poison directed! Yet, nevertheless, Sancho, I cannot help observing, that you made but an indifferent picture of her beauty; for if I rightly remember, you likened her eyes to pearls: now eyes resembling pearls are more peculiar to dead whittings than to living beauties; and, in my conjecture, Dulcinea's must be rather like green emeralds, arched over with two celestial rainbows: those pearls, therefore, must be compared to her teeth, which, without doubt, you have mistaken for her eyes." "Nothing more likely," answered the squire, "for I was much confounded by her beauty as your worship by her ugliness; but let us recommend this whole business to God, who

fore-ordains every thing that is to happen in this vale of tears ; in this evil world of our's, where scarce any thing is to be had without a mixture of falsehood, knavery, and sin. One thing, dear sir, of all others, gives me the greatest pain, and that is, to think what method is to be fallen upon, when your worship, after having vanquished some giant or knight, shall command him to go and present himself before the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea ; where will this poor giant, or this poor miserable object of a vanquished knight, find out the person to whom he is sent ? Methinks I see them strolling up and down, and gaping about through the streets of Toboso, in quest of my Lady Dulcinea ; and if they should stumble upon her in their way, they would no more know her than they would know my father." " Sancho," resumed Don Quixote, " perhaps the enchantment will not extend so far as to disguise Dulcinea to the eyes of those vanquished giants and knights who shall present themselves before her ; and in one or two of the first whom I shall conquer and send thither, we will make the experiment, commanding them to return and give me an account of what shall happen to them with regard to that affair." " Truly, signor," said Sancho, " I heartily approve of your worship's scheme, because by this artifice we will soon learn what we want to know ; and if so be that she is only concealed from your worship, you are the most unfortunate person of the two : for as my Lady Dulcinea enjoys good health and satisfaction, we will comfort ourselves, and make the best of a bad bargain, going about in quest of adventures, and leaving the rest to time, who is the best physician for these and other greater calamities."

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the appearance of a sort of waggon that crossed the road, full of the strangest figures that can be imagined, and conducted by a frightful dæmon that drove the mules. The cart being altogether open, without tilt or cover, the first figure that struck the eyes of Don Quixote was death itself in

human shape; next to which appeared an angel, with broad painted wings: on one side stood an emperor, with a crown (seemingly) of gold upon his head; and hard by death was the god Cupid, with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but without the bandage on his eyes: there was likewise a knight armed cap-a-pee, except that he wore neither helmet nor head-piece, but a hat adorned with a plume of variegated feathers. Besides these, there were other personages of different countenances and dress; so that the whole group appearing of a sudden, discomposed our hero a little, and filled the heart of Sancho with fear; but Don Quixote soon recollected himself, and rejoiced, because he looked upon it as some new and perilous adventure. On this supposition, and with an effort of courage capable of encountering the greatest danger, he placed himself before the wain, and with a loud and threatening voice pronounced, "Driver, coachman, devil, or whatsoever thou art, tell me straight whither thou art going, and who those people are whom thou drivest in that carriage, which looks more like Charon's bark than any modern vehicle." The devil, stopping his waggon, very courteously replied, "Signor, we are players belonging to the company of Angulo el Malo, and have this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, been representing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, the piece called 'The Parliament of Death,' which we are going to act over again this very evening in that other village now in sight; we, therefore, travel in our habits, to save ourselves the trouble of undressing and dressing anew: this young man plays the part of death, that other represents an angel; the woman, who is the author's wife, acts the queen; he, with the plume of feathers, is our hero; the emperor you may distinguish by his gilded crown; and I am the devil, which is one of the best characters in the performance; for I myself am the chief actor of this company. If your worship is desirous of knowing any thing else concerning our affairs, question me freely, and I will answer with the utmost

punctuality; for being a devil I understand every thing."

"By the faith of a knight-errant!" said Don Quixote, "when I first descried the waggon, I thought myself on the eve of some great adventure; and now I affirm, that a man ought to examine things with more senses than one, before he can be assured of the truth: proceed, my honest friends, a God's name, in order to exhibit your entertainment, and if I can serve you in any respect, you may command my endeavours, which shall be heartily and freely exerted for your advantage; for from my childhood I have been a great lover of masks and theatrical representations."

While this conversation passed between them, they chanced to be overtaken by one of the company, dressed in motley, hung round with a number of morrice-bells, with a pole in his hand, to the end of which were tied three blown ox-bladders. This merry-andrew advancing to Don Quixote, began to fence with his pole, beating the ground with his bladders, and skipping about, so that his bells rang continually; till at length Rozinante, being disturbed at the uncommon apparition, took the bridle between his teeth; and the knight being unable to restrain him, began to gallop across the plain with more nimbleness than could have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho, seeing his master in danger of falling, leaped from Dapple, and ran with all dispatch to give him all possible assistance; but, before he came up, the knight was thrown close by Rozinante, who had come to the ground with his lord; and this was the usual end and consequence of all his frolicsome adventures. Scarce had Sancho quitted his beast, to run to the assistance of his master, when the bladder-shaking devil jumped upon Dapple, and began to belabour him with his rattle; so that being frightened at the noise, rather than with the smart of the application, he took to his heels, and flew towards the village where they intended to perform. Sancho seeing, at the same time, the career of Dapple, and his master's fall,

scarce knew which of these misfortunes he ought first to remedy : but at length, as became a loyal servant and trusty squire, his love for his master prevailed over his tenderness for the beast ; though every time he saw the bladders raised aloft, and discharged upon Dapple's buttocks, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and would rather have received every thwack upon the apple of his own eye, than have seen it fall upon the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this state of perplexity and tribulation, he arrived at the place where Don Quixote lay, in a very indifferent plight, and helping him to mount Rozinante, "Signor," said he, "the devil has run away with Dapple." "Which devil?" cried the knight. "He with the bladders," answered the squire. "I will retrieve him," replied Don Quixote, "even if he should conceal him in the darkest and deepest dungeon in hell; follow me, Sancho, the waggon moves slowly, and the mules shall atone for the loss of Dapple."

"There is no occasion for putting ourselves to that trouble," said the squire: "good your worship, be pacified! for I see the devil has quitted my ass, and returned to the rest of his crew."

This observation was actually true; Dapple and his new rider had come to the ground, in imitation of the knight and Rozinante: upon which the devil trudged on foot to the village, and the ass returned to his right owner. "For all that," said Don Quixote, "it will not be amiss to punish the troop for that devil's incivility, though it should be in the person of the emperor himself." "I hope your worship's imagination will harbour no such thoughts," answered Sancho: "take my advice, and never meddle with players, who are a set of people in such high favour with the public, that I have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet escape scot free; your worship must know, that being the ministers of mirth and pleasure, they are favoured, protected, assisted, and esteemed by every body; especially if they belong to the king's company, or to some

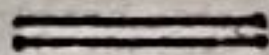
grandee; in which case all, or most of them, look like princes in their manners and dress." "Nevertheless," replied the knight, "that farcical devil shall not escape unpunished, or applaud himself for what he has done, though all mankind should appear in his favour."

So saying, he rode towards the waggon, which was by this time pretty near the village, and called aloud, "Stay, my merry men; halt a little, and I will teach you how to treat the asses and cattle belonging to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote hallooed so loud as to be heard and understood by the people in the waggon, who judging by his words the intention of the speaker, death instantly jumped out of the cart, and was followed by the emperor, the devil driver, and the angel, with the queen and Cupid in their train: in short, the whole company armed themselves with stones, and drawing up in order of battle, stood without flinching to receive the assailant at point of pebble.

The knight perceiving them arranged in such a formidable squadron, their arms lifted up in a posture that threatened a powerful discharge of stones, checked Rozinante, and began to consider in what manner he should attack them, with least hazard to his person. During this pause, Sancho came up, and seeing him bent upon assaulting such a well-compacted brigade, "it will be the height of madness," said he, "to attempt any such adventure: consider, dear sir, that there is no kicking against the pricks; and that there is no armour sufficient to defend your body from such a shower, unless your worship could creep into a bell of brass: you ought also to remember, that it savours more of rashness than of true valour, for one man to attack a whole army, in which death and emperors fight in person, being aided and assisted both by good and evil angels; and if that consideration will not prevail upon you to be quiet, you ought to be diverted from your purpose by knowing certainly that among all those enemies, in the appearances of kings, princes, and emperors, there is not so much as one single knight-errant." "Now, in-

deed," cried Don Quixote, "thou hast hit upon the sole reason that can and ought to dissuade me from my determined design: I neither can nor ought to draw my sword (as I have told thee on many other occasions) against any person who hath not received the honour of knighthood: to thee, Sancho, it belongs, if so thou art inclined, to take vengeance for the injury done to Dapple, while I from hence will assist and encourage thee with salutary advice." "Signor," answered the squire, "there is no occasion to take vengeance of any person whatever; for it is not the part of a good Christian to revenge the wrongs he hath suffered: besides, I will prevail upon my ass to leave the affair to my inclination, which is to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall grant me in this life." "Since that is thy determination," replied the knight, "honest Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian and sincere Sancho, let us leave these phantoms, and go in quest of adventures more dignified and substantial; for this country seems to promise a great many, and those very extraordinary too."

He accordingly turned his horse, Sancho went to catch Dapple, while death, with his whole flying squadron, returned to their waggon, and proceeded on their journey. Thus was the dismal adventure of the waggon of death happily terminated by the wholesome advice which Sancho Panza gave to his master; who next day met with another, equally surprising, in the person of an enamoured knight-errant.



CHAP. XII.

THE night that followed the rencontre with death, Don Quixote and his squire passed among some tall and shady trees; the knight, by Sancho's persuasion, having eaten of what was found in the store that Dapple carried. During this meal, Sancho said to

his master, "What a fool should I have been, signor, if I had chosen, by way of gratification, the spoils of your worship's first adventure, instead of the three foals. Verily, verily, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." "But for all that," answered Don Quixote, "hadst thou suffered me to attack them, as I intended, thou would'st have enjoyed among the spoils the emperor's golden crown, with Cupid's painted wings, which I would have stripped off against the grain, and put into thy possession." "The sceptres and crowns of your stage emperors are never made of pure gold, but of tin or tinsel," replied the squire. "True," said the knight, "the ornaments of comedy ought not to be rich and real, but feigned and artificial, like the drama itself, which I would have thee respect, Sancho, and receive into favour, together with those who represent and compose it; for they are all instruments of great benefit to the commonwealth, holding as it were a looking-glass always before us, in which we see naturally delineated all the actions of life; and no other comparison whatever represents to us more lively what we are, and what we ought to be, than comedy and her attendants: for example, hast thou never seen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, knights, ladies, and many other characters were introduced? One acts the ruffian, another the sharper, a third the merchant, a fourth the soldier, a fifth the designing fool, and a sixth the simple lover; but the play being ended, and the dresses laid aside, all the actors remain upon an equal footing." "Yes, I have seen all this," answered Sancho. "Then the very same thing," said the knight, "happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, where one meets with some people playing the parts of emperors, others in the characters of popes, and finally, all the different personages that can be introduced in a comedy; but when the play is done, that is when life is at an end, death strips them of the robes that distinguished their stations, and they become all equal in the grave." "A brave comparison," cried Sancho, "though not

so new but I have heard it made on divers and sundry occasions, as well as that of the game of chess, during which every piece maintains a particular station and character ; but when the game is over, they are all mixed, jumbled, and shaken together in a bag, like mortals in the grave." "Sancho," resumed the knight, "every day you become less simple and more discreet." "Yes," said the squire, "some small portion of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me ; as lands which are, in their own nature, sapless and barren, being well dunged and cultivated, come to yield excellent fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation hath fallen like dung upon the barren desert of my understanding, which being cultivated by the time of my service and communication, will I hope produce blessed fruit, such as shall not disgrace nor stray from the path of that good breeding, which your worship hath bestowed on my narrow capacity."

Don Quixote could not help smiling at the affected terms in which Sancho delivered himself, though what he said of his own improvement was actually true ; for at certain times he talked to admiration ; and yet, when he attempted to argue, or speak in a polite style, his efforts always, or for the most part, ended in precipitating himself from the pinnacle of simplicity to the depth of ignorance ; this chief talent lying in his memory, which never failed to furnish him with proverbs that he lugged into his discourse, whether they were pat to the purpose or not, as may be seen and observed through the whole course of this history.

In this, and other such conversation, the greatest part of the night elapsed, when Sancho began to be inclined to let fall the portcullices of his eyes, as he termed it, when he wanted to go to sleep ; he therefore unpannelled Dapple, to let him graze among the rich pasture with which the place abounded ; but Rozinante's saddle he would not remove, in consequence of his master's express order, which was never to unsaddle his steed while they were in the field, or did not sleep under cover ; it being an an-

cient established custom observed by all knights-errant in these cases, to take the bridle out of the horse's mouth, and hang it upon the pommel of the saddle, but to leave the saddle itself untouched. This expedient was accordingly practised by Sancho, who turned Rozinante loose with Dapple; and between these two animals such a strict reciprocal friendship subsisted, that, according to tradition from father to son, the author of this true history wrote particular chapters on this very subject; but, in order to preserve the decency and decorum which belongs to such an heroic composition, omitted them; though sometimes he seems to neglect this precaution, and writes that these two friends used to approach and scrub each other most lovingly; and after they had rested and refreshed themselves, Rozinante would stretch his head more than half a yard over Dapple's neck, while the two were wont to stand in this posture, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, three whole days together: at least till they were parted, or compelled by hunger to go in quest of sustenance: nay, it is confidently reported, that the author hath compared their mutual attachment to the friendship of Nisus and Euryalus, or that which subsisted between Pylades and Orestes. If this be the case, we may with admiration conceive how firm the fellowship of those two pacific animals must have been; to the utter confusion of mankind, who so little regard the laws of friendship and society, according to the common saying, "There is no trust in profession:" "the staff will turn into a spear," and as the song goes,* "The modes of the court so common are grown, that a true friend can hardly be met." Let no man imagine the author went out of his road, in comparing the friendship of brutes with that of the human species; for men have received valuable hints, and

* As the original quotation is a fragment that will not complete the sense, I have taken the liberty to make the allusion altogether English.

learned many things of importance from beasts, such as the clyster from storks, gratitude and the use of vomits from dogs, vigilance from the crane, foresight and frugality from the ant, honesty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horse.

In fine, Sancho went to sleep at the root of a cork tree, and Don Quixote began to slumber under an oak; but being in a very little time awaked by a noise behind, he started up, and employing both eyes and ears to distinguish whence it proceeded, he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom letting himself drop, as it were, from the saddle, said to the other, "Alight, my friend, and unbit the horses; for this place seems to abound with pasture for them, and with silence and solitude which are the necessary food of my amorous thoughts." He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he threw himself upon the ground, and his armour rattled as he fell, furnishing Don Quixote with a manifest proof of his being a knight-errant; he, therefore, approached Sancho, who was asleep, and shaking him by the arm, with no small difficulty brought him to himself; saying, in a low voice, "Brother Sancho, here is an adventure." "God grant it may be a good one," answered the squire; "and pray, signor, whereabouts may her ladyship be?" "Where?" said Don Quixote, "turn thine eyes this way, and behold lying upon the grass a knight-errant, who, by what I have already observed, cannot be over and above easy in his mind? for I saw him throw himself upon the ground with evident marks of vexation, and heard his armour clatter in his fall." "But how has your worship found that this is an adventure," replied the squire. "I will not positively say that it is altogether an adventure," answered the knight, "but rather the beginning of one; for thus they usually commence: but hark! he seems to tune a lute or rebeck, and by his hawking and hemming, I suppose he is going to sing." "In good faith, it is even so," said Sancho, "and he must be some knight-errant in love." "All knights-errant are so," resumed Don

Quixote, "but let us listen, and by the thread of his song discover the clue of his thoughts; for from the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh."

Sancho would have made some reply, but was prevented by the voice of the knight of the wood, which was neither very sweet nor disagreeable; and listening with surprise, they heard him sing the following song:

I.

Subjected to thy sov'reign will,
Ah, cruel maid! my fate decree:
The sentence, tho' inhuman still,
Shall never be declined by me.

II.

Say, that my death thy joy would move,
My breath with freedom I'll resign—
Or wouldst thou listen to my love,
The god himself shall whisper mine.

III.

This heart thy vassal whilst I live,
Like ductile wax, and diamond hard,
Thy stamp will yieldingly receive,
And keep th' impression unimpair'd.

The knight of the wood finished this complaint with an ah! that seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his soul, and soon after exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone, "O thou most beautiful and ungrateful woman upon earth! is it possible that the most serene Casildea de Vandalia, has doomed this her captive knight to consume and exhaust himself in continual peregrinations, in harsh and rugged toils? Is it not enough that I have established the fame of thy beauty above all comparison, by the extorted confession of all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Tartesia, Castile, and finally, of La Mancha?

"Not so neither," cried Don Quixote interposing, "for I, who am of La Mancha, never made any such acknowledgment; neither could I, or ought I, to make a confession so prejudicial to the beauty of my

own mistress: therefore, Sancho, this knight must certainly be disordered in his judgment; but let us listen, perhaps he will explain himself." "Very like," answered the squire, "he seems to be in the humour of complaining for a whole month."

But this was not the case; for the knight of the wood, hearing people talk so near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but starting up, called with a courteous and sonorous voice, "Who is there? are you of the number of the happy or afflicted?" "Of the afflicted," replied Don Quixote. "Come hither, then," resumed the stranger, "and depend upon it you will find the very essence of sorrow and affliction."

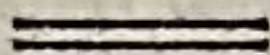
Don Quixote, hearing him speak in such civil and pathetic terms, went towards him, with Sancho at his back, when the complaining knight took him by the hand, saying, "Sit down, sir knight, for that you are one of those who profess knight-errantry I am convinced by finding you in this place, accompanied by solitude and the dews of night, which are the peculiar companions of those who belong to our order."

To this address Don Quixote replied, "I am a knight of that order you mention; and though melancholy, mischance, and misfortune, have taken up their habitation in my soul, they have not been able to banish from it that compassion which I feel for the unhappy. From the soliloquy you just now uttered, I gather that your misfortunes are of the amorous kind; I mean, that they proceed from the passion you entertain for that beautiful ingrate whom you named in your complaint." While this conversation passed, they sat down together upon the grass, with all the marks of amity and good fellowship, as if at break of day they had not been doomed to break each other's head. "Perchance, Sir Knight," said the stranger, "you are in love?" "By mischance I am so," answered Don Quixote, "though the vexation that proceeds from well-placed affection ought rather to be deemed a benefit than misfortune." "True," said the knight of the wood, "if your judgment and reason are not disturbed by dis-

dain, which if exerted severely seems akin to revenge." "I never was disdained by my mistress," replied Don Quixote. "No, indeed," cried Sancho, who stood hard by, "my lady is as meek as a lamb, and as soft as butter."

The stranger knight asked if that was his squire, and the other answering in the affirmative, "I never saw a squire," said he, "that like him durst intrude upon his master's conversation: at least, I can say so much for mine, who, though as tall as his father, was never known to open his lips when I was engaged in discourse." "In good faith," cried Sancho, "I have spoke, and will speak again, before as good a man as—but let that rest—the more you stir it, the more it will—."

Here the other squire took hold on Sancho by the arm, saying, "Let you and I go somewhere, and talk our bellies full in our own way, and leave our masters at liberty to recount their amours; for sure I am, the night will be spent before they are done." "With all my heart," replied Sancho, and I will tell your worship who I am, that you may see whether or not I am qualified to be ranked among your talking squires." They accordingly retired together, and between them passed a conversation every bit as merry as that of their masters was grave."



CHAP. XIII.

THE knights and their squires being thus parted, the first entertained each other with the story of their loves, while the last indulged themselves with a reciprocal account of their own lives; but the history first of all records the conversation of the domestics, and then proceeds to relate what passed between the masters. The squires, therefore, having chosen a situation at a convenient distance from the knights, he of the wood accosted Sancho in these words: "Signor, this is a troublesome life that we squires to

knights-errant lead : in good sooth, we earn our bread with the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses that God denounced against our first parents." "It may also be said," replied Sancho, "that we earn it with the frost of our bodies; for no creatures on earth suffer more heat and cold than the miserable squires of knight-errantry; and even that would be more tolerable, if we had any thing good to eat; for hearty fare lightens care, as the saying is; but we often pass a whole day, nay sometimes two, without ever breaking our fast, except upon the winds of heaven." "All this," said the other, "may be endured, with the hope of reward; for if the knight errant is not extremely unfortunate, his squire must, in a very little time, see himself recompensed with the handsome government of some island, or with the possession of a profitable earldom." "For my own part," answered Sancho, "I have already told my master, that I shall be satisfied with the government of an island, which he has been so noble and generous as to promise me, divers and sundry times." "And I," said the stranger, "am contented with a canonship, which my master has already bespoke for me, on account of my faithful services." "It seems then, your master must be an ecclesiastical knight," replied Sancho, "seeing he can provide for his squire in the church: but as for mine, he is a mere layman; though I remember, that certain very wise persons (and yet, I believe, not very honest at bottom) advised him to procure for himself an archbishopric; but he would be nothing but an emperor; and I was then in a grievous quandary, for fear he should take it in his head to be of the church; in which case, I should not have been qualified to hold a benefice; for your worship must know, though I look like a man, I am no better than a beast at church-matters." "Verily," said he of the wood, "your worship mistakes the matter quite: your governments of islands are not at all desirable; some are vexatious; some are beggarly; others attended with much melancholy and fatigue: in

short, the most creditable and orderly brings along with it a load of care and inconvenience, that lies heavy on the shoulders of the unhappy person whose lot it is to bear it: it would be abundantly better for us, who undergo this accursed slavery, to return to our own homes, and there amuse ourselves with more agreeable pastime: such, for example, as hunting or fishing; for what squire is there on earth, so poor as to want a horse, a couple of hounds, and a fishing-rod wherewith to entertain himself at his own habitation?"

"For my own part," answered Sancho, "I want none of these conveniences: true it is, I have not a horse, but then, I am in possession of an ass, which is worth my master's steed twice over: God let me never see a joyful Easter, if I would truck with him for four bushels of barley to boot; you may laugh, if you will, at the price I set upon Dapple (for that is the colour of my beast); then, I should never be in want of hounds; for there are plenty and to spare in our town, and you know nothing is so relishing as to hunt at another's expense." "Really and truly, signor squire," resumed the stranger, "I am fully resolved and determined to quit these knights-errant, with all their crazy pranks, and betake myself to my own town, where I will bring up my children; for, thank God, I have three, like as many oriental pearls." "And I have a couple," said Sancho, "that may be presented to the pope in person; especially my daughter, whom I breed up to be a countess, by the blessing of God, though it be contrary to her mother's inclination." "And of what age may this young lady be, whom you are breeding for a countess?" said the squire of the wood. "Fifteen years, or thereabouts," answered Sancho; "but she is as tall as a spear, fresh as an April morn, and strong as a porter." "These are qualifications not only for a countess, but even for the nymph of the green-wood tree," said the other: "ah the whoreson baggage! what a buxom jade she must be." Sancho, nettled at this epithet, replied, "She is no whore; neither

was her mother before her ; nor shall either of them be so, an please God, whilst I live : so I think you might talk more civilly ; for considering your worship has been bred among knights-errant, who are, as it were, courtesy itself, methinks your words might be better chosen." " How little are you acquainted with the nature of commendation, signor squire ?" answered he of the wood : " don't you know, that when any cavalier at a bull-feast wounds the bull dexterously, or when any person behaves remarkably well, the people exclaim, How cleverly the son of a whore has done it ? and that which looks like reproach, is, on such occasions, a notable commendation. Take my word, signor, you ought to renounce all children, if their behaviour does not intitle the parents to such praise." " I do renounce them," answered Sauchó : " at that rate, and for that reason, your worship may call my wife and daughter as many whores as you please ; for both in word and deed, they richly deserve the name ; and that I may see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from this mortal sin, which will be the case, if he delivers me from this dangerous employment of squire, which I have incurred a second time, being seduced and enticed by a purse of one hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the Brown Mountain ; and the devil continually sets before mine eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of doubloons, which, at every step, methinks I have fast in my clutches, hugging it in my arms, and carrying it home to my own house, where I purchase mortgages and estates, and live like any prince ; and while I please myself with these notions, I bear, without murmuring, all the toils and fatigues I undergo in the service of the wiseacre my master, who I know is more of a madman than a knight."

" So that, according to the proverb," replied the stranger, " 'covetousness bursts the bag.' But if you talk of wiseacres, there is not a greater in the universe than my master, who is one of those, concerning whom people say, He is burthened, like an

ass, with another man's load : for, truly, he is turned mad, that another knight may turn wise, and is going about in quest of that which, when he hath found it, may hit him in the teeth." " And pray, is he in love?" said Sancho. " Yes," replied the other, " he is enamoured of one Casildea de Vandalia, the most fickle dame that ever was seen ; but her cruelty is not the foot that he halts upon at present : he has got other crotchets of greater importance grumbling in his gizzard, which ere long will more plainly appear." " There is no road so smooth," resumed Sancho, " but you'll meet with rubs and hollows in it. Other people use beans, but I boil whole kettles full. Madness is always more accompanied and followed after than discretion ; but, if it be true, as it is commonly alleged, that company in affliction lessens the weight of it, I shall comfort myself by reflecting that your worship serves a master who is as distracted as mine." " Distracted, I grant you," said he of the wood, " but valiant, and still more mischievous than valiant or distracted." " That is not the case with my master," replied Sancho, " he has nothing at all mischievous about him ; on the contrary, is as dull as a beetle, and knows not what it is to harm man, woman, or child, or to harbour the least malice, but seeks to do good unto all mankind. A child may persuade him that it is night at noon ; and, indeed, for that very simplicity I love him as my own bowels, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, notwithstanding all the mad pranks he is guilty of." " But for all that, signor and brother of mine," said the stranger, " if the blind lead the blind, they are both in danger of falling into the ditch : we had much better retire fair and softly, and return to our own habitations ; for they who go in search of adventures do not always find them to their liking."

About this time Sancho began to hawk a kind of dry spitting, which being observed by the charitable squire of the wood, " Methinks," said he, " we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths ; but I have got something that will agreeably

moisten them at my saddle-bow." He accordingly got up, and going aside to his horse, soon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pie half a yard long : and this is really no exaggeration ; for it contained a whole fed rabbit, so large that, when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat, or a large kid at least, crying, as soon as he perceived it, " How ! does your worship usually carry such provision as this about with you ? " " What d'ye think ? " answered the other : " d'ye take me for a hackney squire ? * I carry a better cupboard on my horse's crupper than e'er a general on his march."

Sancho fell to, without staying for intreaty, and swallowed in the dark huge mouthfulls, with as much ease as if it had been flummery, saying between whiles, " Yes, indeed, your worship is a true and loyal squire, well dammed and gristed, as the saying is, grand and magnificent withal, as plainly appears from this banquet, which, if it did not come hither by the art of enchantment, at least seems so to have done ; this is not the case with such an unlucky poor devil as me who carry nothing in my bags but a piece of cheese, hard enough to knock out a giant's brains, accompanied by three or four dozen of carrobes, and as many hazle-nuts ; thanks to the niggardliness and opinion of my master, and the rule he observes, by which knights-errant must maintain and support themselves with nothing but dried fruits, and the herbs of the field." " In good faith, brother !" resumed he of the wood, " my stomach was not made for your sweet thistle, wild pear, and mountain roots : let our masters please themselves with their own opinions and rules of chivalry, and live according to their meagre commands : for my own part, I always carry some cold pasty, happen what will, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-

* Literally, " a squire of wool and water," an allusion to a custom among the Spaniards, who sometimes have domestics to attend them to mass, and sprinkle them with holy water : these are generally shabby fellows, who have very poor appointments.

bow, which I love so devoutly that I kiss and embrace it almost every minute." So saying, he handed it to Sancho, who lifting it up to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars a whole quarter of an hour; and when his draught was out, he hung his head on one side, pronouncing with a long sigh, "Ah whoreson! how catholic it is!" "You see now," said he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whoreson, "how you have praised the wine, by giving it such a title." "I am sensible," replied Sancho, "and confess that it is no disparagement to any body to be called the son of a whore, when it is understood in the way of commendation: but tell me, signor, by the life of what you best love, is not this wine from Cividad Real?"

"You have an excellent taste," answered he of the wood, "it comes from no other part, I'll assure you; and has, moreover, some good years over its head." "Let me alone for that," said Sancho, "you'll never catch me tripping in the knowledge of wine, let it be never so difficult to distinguish: is it not an extraordinary thing, signor squire, that I should have such a sure and natural instinct in the knowledge of wine, that, give me but a smell of any sort whatever, and I will tell you exactly its country, growth, and age, together with the changes it will undergo, and all other circumstances appertaining to the mystery? But this is not to be wondered at; for, by my father's side, I had two kinsmen, who were the most excellent tasters that La Mancha hath known for these many years; as a proof of which, I will tell you what once happened to them: a sample of wine was presented to them out of a hogshead, and their opinions asked concerning the condition and quality, that is the goodness or badness of the liquor to which it belonged: one of them tasted it with the tip of his tongue; the other did no more but clap it to his nose: the first said the wine tasted of iron; the other affirmed it had a twang of goats leather: the owner protested that the pipe was clean, and the contents without any sort of mixture that could give the liquor either the taste of iron, or the smell of goats leather: never

theless, the two famous tasters stuck to the judgment they had given; time passed on, the wine was sold, and when the pipe came to be cleaned, they found in it a small key, tied to a leathern thong. By this your worship may perceive whether or not one who is descended from such a race may venture to give his opinion in cases of this nature." "Therefore I say," replied the stranger, "that we ought to quit this trade of going in quest of adventures, and be contented with our loaf, without longing for dainties: let us return to our own cottages, where God will find us, if it be his blessed will." "I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa," said Sancho, "and then we shall come to a right understanding."

In fine, the two honest squires talked and drunk so copiously, that sleep was fain to tie up their tongues, and allay their drought, which it was impossible to remove: each, therefore, grasping the bottle, which by this time was almost empty, fell asleep, with the morsel half chewed in his mouth. In this situation we will leave them for the present, and relate what happened between the knight of the wood, and him of the Rueful Countenance.



CHAP. XIV.

IN the course of the conversation that passed between the two knights, the history relates, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, "Finally, sir knight, you must know, my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to place my affection on the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she has no equal, either in point of stature, quality, fortune, or beauty. Now this lady, in return for all my virtuous inclination, and amorous desires, like the stepmother of Hercules, employs me in many various toils and dangers, promising, at the conclu-

sion of each, that with the next my cares shall be finished; but thus she goes on, stringing one labour to another, without number, and I know not which will be the last that is to produce the accomplishment of my wishes. At one time she commanded me to go and challenge that famous giantess of Seville, called * Giralda, who is so valiant and strong, (her body being made of brass) and who, without shifting her station, is the most changeable and fickle female in the whole world: I came, saw, and conquered, fixing her motionless to one point for during a whole week; the wind blew from the north. Another time, she ordered me to weigh the ancient figures called the valiant bulls of † Guisando; an enterprize more suitable to porters than to knights: nay, she even commanded me to throw myself headlong into the gulf of Cabra, an adventure equally new and dangerous, and bring to her a particular account of what is contained in that dark and deep abyss. I fixed the inconstant Giralda, weighed the bulls of Guisando, precipitated myself into the gulf, and brought to light the secrets of its abyss; and yet my hopes are dead—ah how dead! while her cruelty and disdain are still alive—ah how much alive! In short, to conclude, she ordered me to traverse all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to confess that she is preferable, in point of beauty, to all the women upon earth; and that I am the most valiant and amorous knight in the world. In consequence of this command, I have travelled over the greatest part of Spain, and vanquished many knights who have presumed to contradict my assertion: but I value and applaud myself chiefly for having con-

* A brass statue on a steeple at Seville, serving for a weather-cock.

† These are stone statues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guisando, a town in Castile: all the inscriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Consul II.

quered, in single combat, that so renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. Now, in that single conquest, I deem myself superior to all the knights in the universe; for that same Don Quixote hath vanquished all his cotemporaries; and I, in conquering him, have transferred and conveyed to my own person all his honour, glory, and reputation, the victor being always honoured in proportion to the fame of his vanquished foe; wherefore, the innumerable achievements of the said Don Quixote are placed to my credit, as if they were the effects of my own personal prowess.'

Don Quixote was astonished at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner, and was a thousand times tempted to give him the lie: nay, yon lie was at the very tip of his tongue; but repressing his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the stranger's own tongue convict him of falsehood, he replied very calmly, "That your worship, sir knight, may have vanquished the greatest part of the knights-errant in Spain, and even in the whole world, I do not pretend to question; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de La Mancha, I doubt very much: perhaps it might be another who resembles him, though there are few such." "How! not conquer him?" cried he of the wood; "now, by yon canopy of heaven, under which we sit, I engaged, overcame, and subjected that very individual Don Quixote: he is a tall, meagre, long-legged, lanthorn-jawed, stalking figure; his hair inclining to grey, his nose hooked and aquiline, with long, straight, black mustachios: in his excursions he assumes the name of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; and is attended by a peasant, called Sancho Panza, who serves him in quality of squire: he presses the loins, and governs the reins of a famous steed hight Rozinante; and in fine, he avows, as the mistress of his heart, one Dulcinea del Toboso, formerly known by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo: in like manner, my own mistress, whose name is Casildea,

being a native of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the appellation of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these proofs are not sufficient to evince my veracity, here is my sword, which shall make a convert of incredulity itself."

"Have a little patience, sir knight," said Don Quixote, "and give ear unto what I am going to say. You must know, that same Don Quixote you mention, is the dearest friend I have upon earth; so that I may say, I love him as well as my own individual person; now your description of him is so punctual and exact, that I should never doubt but he is actually the person you have vanquished, did I not see with my eyes, and as it were, feel with my hands, the impossibility of the fact; and yet, as divers enchanters are his enemies, particularly one who persecutes him incessantly, some one among them may have assumed his figure, and allowed himself to be overcome, in order to defraud the knight of that fame which his gallant exploits had collected and acquired through the whole known world; in confirmation of this conjecture, I must also tell you that, about two days ago, those perverse enchanters transformed the shape and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into that of a mean and plebeian country wench: so that Don Quixote must have also undergone a transformation. And if all this is not enough to ascertain the truth of what I say, here is Don Quixote himself, who will maintain it by force of arms, on horseback or on foot, or in any shape you please."

So saying, he started up, and grasping his sword, stood waiting for the resolution of the knight of the wood, who with great deliberation replied: "A good paymaster needs no pawn, Signor Don Quixote: he who could vanquish you when you was transformed, may well hope to reduce you in *propria persona*; but as it is unseemly for knights to perform their exploits in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for day, that the sun may shine upon our works; and let this be the condition of our combat, that the vanquished shall comply with the will of

the victor, and do every thing that he shall desire, provided his commands be such as a knight-errant can decently obey."

Don Quixote assured him, that he was extremely well satisfied with the condition and proviso; upon which, they went in quest of their squires, who were found snoring in the very same attitudes in which sleep had surprised them. They wakened, and ordered them to get their horses ready; for by sun-rise they intended to engage in a most unparalleled and bloody single combat. Sancho was astonished and confounded at this piece of news, despairing of his master's safety, when he recollected what the other squire had told him concerning the valour of the knight of the wood. The two squires, however, without pretending to make any words, went to look for their cattle, and found the three steeds, with Dapple (for they had smelled each other out) very sociably met together. While they were thus employed, "Brother," said he of the wood to Sancho, "you must know that it is customary with your warriors of Andalusia, when they are god-fathers in any quarrel, not to stand idle, with their arms across, while their godsons are engaged. This I hint, by way of apprising you that, while our masters are at it, we must exchange a few dry blows too." "That custom, signor squire," answered Sancho, "may pass current with those ruffians and warriors you mention; but that it prevails among the squires of knights-errant, I can by no means believe; at least, I have never heard such a custom mentioned by my master, who knows all the ordinances of chivalry by rote. Besides, granting it to be fact, and expressly ordained, that the squires must go to loggerheads while their masters are engaged, I will by no means comply with it, but pay the penalty incurred by peaceable squires, which I am sure cannot exceed a couple of pounds of wax; and that will not cost me so much as the pence I should expend in the cure of my head, which I should lay my account with having split and divided into two halves; and, moreover, it is

impossible that I should fight, because I have got no sword, and never wore one in my born days." "I know a very good remedy for that inconvenience," said the stranger: "here are a couple of linen bags, of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and play away upon each other with equal arms." "With all my heart," answered Sancho; "that sort of exercise will serve to dust our jackets, without hurting our skins." "Not quite so neither," resumed the other, "for, that the bags may not flap in the air, we will clap into each half a dozen clear, smooth pebbles, of equal weight and magnitude; so that we may thwack one another, without hurt or damage." "Body of my father!" cried Sancho, "mind what sable furs and flakes of carded cotton he would line the bags withal, to prevent them from grinding our skulls, and making a paste of our bones! Hark ye, master of mine, I'll have nothing to do with them, though they were stuffed with balls of silk; let our masters fight as they think proper, but for our parts, let us drink and live quietly; for old father Time will take care to rid us of our lives, without our seeking occasions to throw them away before the appointed season, at which, being ripe, they drop off of their own accord."

"But for all that," replied he of the wood, "we must have a bout, if it should not last half an hour." "By no means," said Sancho. "I shall not be so uncivil and ungrateful as to have any difference, let it be never so small, with a person at whose cost I have both eaten and drank: besides, who the devil do you think can fight in cool blood, without any sort of anger or provocation?" "I know how to remove that objection," resumed the stranger: "before we begin the battle, I will come up fairly and softly, and give your worship two or three such hearty boxes on the ear, as will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it should sleep sounder than a dormouse." "Against that expedient," answered Sancho, "I know another twice as good; for I will lay hold on a good cudgel, and, before your worship comes to awaken my

choler, give your own such a lullaby of dry beating, that it shall never wake but in the next world, where you'll have reason to know that I am not a man who will suffer his nose to be handled by any person whatsoever; wherefore, let every one look to his own affairs. Though it would be the wisest course for every man to let his own choler lie still and sleep: for nobody knows the heart of his neighbour, and some who go out for wool, come home quite shorn. God himself bestowed his blessing upon peace, and curse upon contention; for if a cat that is confined, provoked, and persecuted, turns into a lion, the Lord knows what I, who am a man, may turn into: I therefore, signor squire, give your worship notice, that all the mischief and damage which shall proceed from our quarrel must be charged to your account." "Mighty well," replied the stranger, "we shall see what is to be done when God sends us morning."

Now a thousand kinds of painted birds began to warble from the trees, and in their various and sprightly notes seemed to welcome and salute the fresh and joyous morn, which already, through the gates and balconies of the east, disclosed her beautiful visage; while from her hair distilled an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which delicious liquor the herbs being bathed, seemed to sprout and rain a shower of seed-pearl upon the earth. The willows shed savoury manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows adorned themselves at her approach.

But scarce had the light of day rendered objects distinguishable, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the nose of his brother squire, which was so large as almost to overshadow his whole body. It is actually said to have been of excessive magnitude, crooked in the middle, and studded all over with warts of a mulberry colour, like the fruit called berengena; and it hung down two fingers breadth below his mouth. The size, colour, warts, and curvature of this feature, rendered the face so frightful and deformed,

that Sancho no sooner beheld it, than he began to shake in every limb, like a child troubled with convulsions; and resolved in his heart to endure two hundred buffetings, before his choler should be awaked, so as to fight with such an hobgoblin.

Don Quixote, surveying his antagonist, found his vizor already down, and closed in such a manner as effectually concealed his face; but he perceived him to be a muscular man, of a middling stature. Over his arms he wore a loose coat or cassock, to all appearance of the finest cloth of gold, powdered with a number of small moons, formed of the brightest looking-glass, which had a most magnificent, gay, and shewy effect. Over his helmet waved a great quantity of green, yellow, and white plumes; and his lance, which leaned against a tree, was excessively long and large, armed with above an hand's breadth of pointed steel. All these particulars were observed and considered by Don Quixote, who concluded, from what he saw and observed, that the said knight must be a person of Herculean strength. Nevertheless, far from being afraid, like Sancho Panza, he with the most gallant intrepidity, thus addressed himself to the knight of the mirrors: "I intreat you, by your courtesy, sir knight, if your eager desire of fighting hath not destroyed that quality, to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether or not the grace of your countenance corresponds with the gallantry of your demeanour." "Signor cavalier," replied he of the looking-glasses, "whether you are victor or vanquished in this enterprize, you will have time and opportunity more than sufficient to consider my visage: my reason for not satisfying your desire at present is, that I should deem it a notable injury to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to spend so much time as it would take to lift up my beaver, before I compel you to confess what you know I pretend to maintain." "Yet while we mount our steeds," said Don Quixote, "you may easily tell me if I am that same Don Quixote whom you pretend to have overcome." "To that question I answer," said he of the mirrors, "that you are as

like the knight I overcame, as one egg is like another : but as you say you are persecuted by enchanter, I will not venture to affirm whether or not you are the same person. "That is enough," replied Don Quixote, "to convince me that you are mistaken: nevertheless, to persuade you beyond all possibility of doubt, let us have recourse to our horses, and in less time than you would have taken to lift your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I shall see your face; and you will see I am not that conquered Don Quixote whom you suppose me to be."

Thus breaking off the conversation, they mounted their horses; and Don Quixote turned Rozinante, in order to take a sufficiency of ground for returning to encounter his antagonist, while he of the mirrors took the same precaution. But the first had not proceeded twenty paces when he was called back by the other, and the two meeting again half-way, "Take notice, sir knight," said he of the looking-glasses, "the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I have already observed, must be at the discretion of the conqueror." "I know it," answered Don Quixote, "provided the commands imposed upon the vanquished be such as do not transgress the bounds of chivalry." "So I understand the conditions," answered he of the mirrors.

At that instant the strange nose of the squire presented itself to the eyes of Don Quixote, who was no less astonished than Sancho at the sight; inasmuch that he took him for some monster, or new-fashioned man, such as are not commonly found in this world. Sancho, seeing his master set out, in order to take his career, would not stay alone with nozzle, being afraid that one flirt of such a snout in his face would determine the quarrel, and lay him stretched along the ground, either through fear or the severity of the blow: he therefore ran after his master, and laying hold of one of Rozinante's stirrups, when he saw him ready to turn, "I beseech your worship, dear master," cried he, "before you turn to begin the combat, help me in climbing this

cork-tree, from whence I may behold, more to my liking than from the ground, your worship's gallant encounter with that same knight." "I rather believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thy motive for clambering up is to see the bull-fight from a scaffold, without any danger to thyself." "The truth is," answered Panza, "the outrageous nose of that squire fills me with such astonishment and affright, that I dare not tarry along him." "It is such, indeed," replied the knight, "that were I any other than what I am, I should be scared at its appearance: come therefore, and I will help thee to ascend to the place you mention."

While Don Quixote stopped until Sancho should get up into the cork-tree, the knight of the mirrors took as much ground as he thought necessary, and imagining that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or other signal, he turned his horse, which was not a whit superior to Rozinante, either in fleetness or appearance, and at his full speed, which was a middling trot, rode forwards to encounter his antagonist; but seeing him busy in the exaltation of Sancho, he pulled in the reins, and halted in the middle of his career: a circumstance that gave infinite joy to his steed, which was already so tired, that he could not move another step. Don Quixote, perceiving his enemy approaching with such speed, drove his spurs stoutly into the meagre flanks of Rozinante, and made him spring forwards in such a manner, that the history says, this was the only occasion on which he was ever known to gallop; for at all other times his swiftest pace was no other than a downright trot; and with this hitherto unseen fury, he arrived at the spot where the knight of the mirrors sat, thrusting his spurs rowel-deep into the sides of his horse, without being able to move him one finger's breadth from the place where he had made his halt. In this confusion and dilemma Don Quixote found his antagonist embroiled with his horse, and embarrassed with his lance, which, either through want of knowledge or of time, he had not as yet

fixed in the rest. Our Manchegan, who never minded these incumbrances, safely, and without the least danger to his own person, encountered him of the mirrors with such vigour as to bring him, very much against his inclination, to the ground, over the crupper of his horse, with such a fall, that he lay without sense or motion, to all appearance bereft of life.

Sancho no sooner saw him unhorsed, than sliding down from the cork-tree, he ran down to his master, who having alighted from Rozinante, stood over the knight of the mirrors, untying his helmet, in order to see whether or not he was actually dead, and to give him air, in case he should be alive. Then it was he saw—who can relate what he saw, without creating admiration, wonder, and affright, in those who hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigy, the very perspective, of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and this he no sooner beheld, than raising his voice, he cried, “Come hither, Sancho, and behold what thou shalt see, but not believe; quick, my child, and contemplate the power of magic: here thou wilt see what those wizzards and enchanters can do.” Sancho accordingly approached, and seeing the face of bachelor Carrasco, began to cross and bless himself a thousand times.

Meanwhile the overthrown knight giving no signs of life, Sancho said to Don Quixote, “In my opinion, master, right or wrong, your worship should thrust your sword through the jaws of this miscreant, who seems to be the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and in him perhaps you may slay one of those enchanters who are your enemies.” “That is no bad advice,” said the knight; “for the fewer enemies the better.” So saying, he drew his sword, in order to put in execution the advice and counsel of Sancho, when the squire belonging to the knight of the mirrors, came up without his frightful nose, and cried aloud, “Take care what you do, Signor Don Quixote; he who lies at your feet is your friend the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and I am his squire.”

Sancho seeing him without his original deformity, "And the nose?" said he. "I have it here," replied the other, who putting his hand in his right side pocket, pulled out a pasteboard nose, covered with varnish, such as we have already described. Sancho having considered him more and more attentively, broke out into a loud exclamation of wonder, crying, "Blessed virgin, watch over me! sure this is not my neighbour and gossip, Tommy Cecial!" "The very same," answered the unsnouted squire; "Tummas Cecial I am, your own friend and gossip, Sancho Panza, and I will presently tell you by what round-about conduits, tricks, and mischievous stories, I have been brought hither: in the mean time, supplicate and beseech your master's worship not to treat, maltreat, wound, or slay the knight of the looking-glasses, who now lies at his feet; for without all doubt he is no other than our townsman, the inconsiderate and ill-advised bachelor Sampson Carrasco."

About this time the knight of the mirrors came to himself; and Don Quixote, perceiving he had recovered the use of his senses, clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, saying, "Knight, you are a dead man, if you do not instantly confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia in beauty; and, in the next place, you must promise (provided you escape with life from this contention and overthrow) to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her in my name, that she may dispose of you according to her good pleasure; and if she leaves you at your own disposal, you shall return in quest of me; for the tracts of my exploits will serve as a guide to conduct you to the place where I shall be, and give me an account of what hath passed between you; these conditions being conformable to what we agreed upon before the combat, and not deviating from the customs of knight-errantry." "I confess," said the vanquished knight, "that the clouted dirty shoe of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, excels the dishevelled though shining locks of Casildea: I promise to go and return from her to

your presence, and give you a full and particular detail of what you demand." "You must in like manner confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight whom you overcame neither was, nor could be, Don Quixote de La Mancha, but some other who resembled him; as I confess and believe, that although you appear to be the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, you are not really he, but another clothed in his appearance, with which my enemies have invested you, in order to arrest my arm, and restrain the impetuosity of my rage, so as that I may bear the glory of my conquest with moderation." "I confess, judge, and perceive, in all respects, as you believe, judge, and perceive," answered the discomfited knight; "and I beseech you allow me to rise, if the severity of my fall, which hath put me in a miserable plight, will permit me to get up."

He was accordingly assisted in rising by Don Quixote and his own squire, Tommy Cecial, from whose person Sancho could not withdraw his eyes, while he asked a thousand questions; the answers to which manifestly shewed, that he was really and truly the individual Tommy Cecial, whom he pretended to be; but the apprehension which Sancho had conceived from what his master said, touching the enchanter, who had metamorphosed the knight of the mirrors into the bachelor Carrasco, hindered him from giving credit to the truth of what he saw with his own eyes. Finally, both master and man remained under the influence of that deception, while he of the mirrors, with his squire, in exceeding bad humour and evil plight, took his leave of Don Quixote and Sancho, to go in quest of some place where he might be-plaster and be-splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to the prosecution of their journey, in which the history leaves them, to explain the mystery of the knight of the looking-glasses and his snouted squire.

CHAP XV.

DON Quixote went on his way rejoicing ; he gloried, he triumphed in the importance of his conquest, imagining the knight of the mirrors to be the most redoubtable of all knights that had yet ever appeared ; and what afforded him likewise great matter of comfort was, that this knight, having engaged himself by the ties of honour, from which he could not deviate, without forfeiting his title to the order, he conceived hopes of hearing soon from Dulcinea, and of being certainly informed whether the enchantment of that princess still continued ; though indeed it happened that he and the knight of the mirrors thought at that time differently upon this subject ; inasmuch as the latter was solely intent upon thinking how he should repair the damage done to his carcase.

And here the historian informs his readers, that when Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume the profession of knight-errantry, it was in consequence of mature consultation between him, the curate, and the barber, when they deliberated upon the means of keeping him in peace and quiet at home, so that his brains for the future should not be disturbed in pursuit of those wild extravagancies ; the result of which was, that the only way to cure the frenzy of this unhappy man, was at present not to check his ungovernable obstinacy, but to humour it, and encourage him to go out again, as they saw it was impossible to prevent him ; that Sampson should arm himself, and take an opportunity of meeting and challenging him as a knight-errant ; that he should settle the terms with him ; that the vanquished should be at the disposal of the conqueror ; that, in consequence of this agreement, Don Quixote, when overcome, (which they looked upon as a matter of little doubt and difficulty) should be ordered to return home, and not to pass the bounds of his own village for the space of two years, without the good-will and permission of the other ; that no doubt this he would

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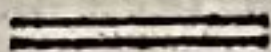
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religiously comply with, as not daring to violate the laws of the order ; and that there might be hopes he would either, in that space of time, be naturally cured of those extravagant follies, or they might find out some method of diverting his mind from the farther pursuit of them. Carrasco undertook the affair very readily ; and this Thomas Cecial, an intimate friend and companion of Sancho, and a queer sort of fellow, proffered his service to go upon the expedition, in the quality of squire. Sampson got himself accoutred in the manner you have read, and Cecial appeared in the terrors of that tremendous pasteboard nose, to disguise himself from Sancho ; and being thus equipped, they followed him so close, that they were very near coming up with him at the adventure of the waggon of death ; they met him, however, in the wood, where ensued what the attentive reader must already be acquainted with ; and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's heated imagination, which hurried him into the belief that the bachelor was not the bachelor, Signor Sampson Carrasco would have been effectually stopped in the progress of his university degrees, and would not even have found a nest where he expected a flight of sparrows.

Thomas Cecial, finding the unhappy success that attended their undertaking, said, " Mr. Carrasco, I cannot in my conscience see why we ought to complain ; it is one thing to undertake, but another thing to finish : we looked upon Don Quixote as mad, and ourselves as hugely wise : but behold the end ! we take our march back again, both from a fool's errand, and you most handsomely drubbed to boot, while he pursues his journey in safety and triumph : and I should really be curious to know which is the greatest fool, he who is made so by nature, or he who makes himself one ? " " There is this difference," replied the bachelor, " between a natural and a wilful fool, that the former will always remain so, the latter may cease to be so when he has a mind." " As this is the case," said Thomas, " I think I have been a monstrous fool in coming here to attend

you as your squire ; and therefore, that I may be so no longer, I will this instant hie me to my own habitation." " In that particular you may do what seems good unto you," replied Sampson ; " but as for me, I see not the place of my dwelling, until I shall have taken bodily vengeance upon Don Quixote : 'tis not now from motives of charity or benevolence ; no, 'tis revenge, and the anguish of my ribs, that prompt me to persevere in attempting the work of his reformation."

They entertained one another in this manner till they came to a village, where they had the good fortune to find a bone-setter, who put the bachelor's ribs somewhat to rights ; and Cecial took the route for his own village, leaving Carrasco deep in his meditations, projecting schemes of revenge. In due time the history will again mention him ; but at present let us share with Don Quixote in the transports of his joy.



CHAP. XVI.

DON Quixote, as we have observed, went on his way, glorying in his success. From that day he dated himself the most renowned and invincible of all knights that had ever yet gone through a course of labours on this our earth : he looked upon all dangers, all difficulties that possibly could come in his way, as already vanquished, already overcome : he now valued not a rush the machinations of the most powerful enchanter. The very traces of former misfortunes, those drubbings out of number he had undergone, in discharging the functions of knighthood, were now quite obliterated from his memory. He thought no more of the shower of stones which had so sorely afflicted his jaw-bones, nor the mortifying ingratitude of the galley-slaves ; nor did he think any more of the pack-staves of the Yanguesian carriers, who had the hardiness to make his sides resound like

the dusting of a carpet: in short, the idea he conceived of his own felicity was so great, that "Could I," said he to himself, "but accomplish the great point of delivering my celestial princess from the power of enchantment, I should not envy the glory that ever was or will be purchased by any knight in the universe."

He was lost in these reveries, when Sancho interrupted him—"Signor, you will hardly believe what a fool I am; but it is an actual truth, that I cannot keep myself from thinking on that horrid and unmeasurable nose of my neighbour, Tom Cecial." "And dost thou really believe," replied the other, "that the knight of the mirrors was Sampson Carrasco: and that thy old companion, Thomas Cecial, was his squire?" "As to that affair, I can say nothing to it," answered Sancho, "only one thing I am positive in, that no one but himself could have given me such an account of my house, my wife, and my children; and as to his face, when that nose was slipt off, it was the very individual face of Thomas Cecial, just as I have beheld it many a time, when we were next door neighbours in our village: and as for his voice, I will take my oath it is the same to a tittle." "Come, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "let us reason coolly upon this head: what probability is there that Sampson Carrasco should come as a knight-errant, armed cap-a-pee, to offer me combat? Am I his enemy, or did I ever give him occasion to bear resentment against me? Do you imagine I am his rival, or that he has entered into the profession of chivalry, as envying the glory I have acquired by arms." "But then, sir," answered Sancho, "what account can we give of the resemblance of that same knight and his squire to Sampson Carrasco, and my old friend, Thomas Cecial? And if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world but them whose likeness they could assume?" "It is all design," answered the other, "and the contrivance of those cursed enchanters that persecute me, who easily foreseeing I should be victorious in the combat, changed the form of the vanquished knight into that

of the bachelor, that the friendship I have for him might check the fury of my sword, and shield him against the effects of my just indignation; and by that means save the life of him who, by treachery and artifice, had attempted to take away mine. But what further proof need there be of the power of those enchanters to change the appearance of human countenances, the fair into the deformed, and the deformed into the fair, than what thou thyself hast lately found by certain experience? Thou, who not two days since beheld the peerless Dulcinea in all the charms and lustre of perfect beauty, while at the same time she appeared to me an ugly rustic wench, with bleared eyes and stinking breath: and doubtless if the wicked magician could effect such a diabolic enchantment as that, it is not to be wondered at if he did the like by Carrasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my victory; however, this is my consolation, that the prowess of my arm hath prevailed against my enemy, whatever shape he has assumed." "It is God alone who knows the truth of all things," answered Sancho, who well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was the effect of his own enchantments, upon that account was not quite convinced by his master's arguments; but durst not mutter the least word, lest something should have dropped from him by which he might have betrayed himself.

While they were discoursing in this manner, a gentleman, mounted in the jockey-fashion, on a fine flea-bitten mare, came up with them, dressed in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunting-cap of the same; his furniture of a piece, murry-coloured and green; he had a belt of green and gold, at which hung a moorish scimitar, and his buskins were wrought in the same manner: his spurs were not gilt, but so finely varnished with green, that, as they were more of a piece with the rest of his dress, they looked better than if they had been pure gold. When this gentleman overtook them, he saluted them with great politeness, and

was spurring on, in order to pass them, when Don Quixote calling to him, said, "Signor, if you are not in haste, and are going this way, I should be exceeding glad to join company with you." "Sir," answered the other, "I should not have been in such haste to pass you, but was afraid your horse might be unruly in the company of my mare." "If that be all," answered Sancho, "you may stop your mare when you please, with great safety; ours is the most sober and discreet horse in the world, and has more breeding than ever to let his naughtiness get the better of him on such occasions, and never transgressed in this particular but once, and then my master and I both suffered severely in the flesh for it: I say once more your worship may stop; for if your mare was served up in a dish, our steed would not so much as smell to her." Upon this assurance, the gentleman stopped, and looked with amazement at the air and appearance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which hung like a wallet before Sancho, at the pommel of his ass's pannel: and, on the other hand, Don Quixote beheld him with no less attention, conceiving him to be some person of figure and distinction. The traveller seemed to be a man about fifty; he had some, though few grey hairs; his features were sharp, and in his looks appeared neither levity nor moroseness: in short, his appearance bespoke him a man of consequence. He looked with a kind of astonishment at Don Quixote, as having never beheld such a phenomenon before; the lankness of the horse, and the tall stature of the person that rode him, the sepulchral meagreness of his aspect, his solemn gravity, the strangeness of his armour, all together forming such a composition as perhaps had never before been seen in that country.

Don Quixote observed with what attention the traveller considered him, and by the surprise he saw him in, guessing what he wanted to know, as he was himself the very flower of civility, and of excessive complaisance, he was resolved to be before-hand with him, and save him the trouble of asking any

question : "Signor," said he, "I am not at all surprised to find, that with amazement you contemplate this my appearance, so new to you, and so different from that of other mortals ; but your wonder will cease, when I have told you that I am of the fraternity of those knights whom people distinguish by the title of adventure-hunters. I have left my native home, mortgaged my all, bid adieu to ease and pleasure, and cast myself upon fortune to dispose of me as she shall think proper ; my design being to awaken the lost and decayed spirit of knight-errantry : it is now some time since I entered upon the resolution of accomplishing this aim, during which period I have suffered a variety of fortune, tossed about from one adventure to another, sometimes triumphant, at other times not so successful, until I have in a great measure fulfilled my design, having relieved many disconsolate widows, afforded protection to many distressed damsels, and been of aid and assistance to divers married women and fatherless children, the true duty and intent of our order ; so that by numberless exploits, becoming a Christian hero, I am now celebrated in print through almost all the nations of the habitable globe. Thirty thousand copies of my renowned history are already in the hands of the public, and if Heaven does not think proper to put a stop to it, in all likelihood there will be a thousand times as many more. In one word, sir, I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwise styled the Knight of the Rueful Countenance ; and though I own it is illiberal to sound one's own praises, yet am I sometimes obliged to do it ; but then never unless when no one is by to do it for me : so that, signor, after what I have told you, neither my lance nor my shield, my horse nor my squire, the wanness of my countenance, nor the lankness of my person, and all my whole composition together, ought any more to affect you with surprise, since you know the profession I am of, and the order I belong to."

There Don Quixote stopped to give the traveller an opportunity of reply ; but he was so long before

he opened his mouth, that it seemed as if he could make no answer; however, after a long pause, "Sir knight," said he, "you was not mistaken, when, by the surprise you saw me in, you guessed the desire I had to be informed; but I am still as much surprised as ever, and though what you say may be right, that my knowing who you are ought to have made my wonder cease, it is yet far from having that effect upon me: can it be possible, that there are indeed now in the world knights-errant really existing, and that there are published accounts of real adventures? I should never have once dreamed that there was such a thing upon earth as one who assisted married women and orphans, relieved widows, and protected damsels, if I had not had this opportunity of being convinced by now seeing you; and Heaven be praised, that this noble history of your real and glorious achievements is in print, as it must efface and discredit those numberless romances about knights-errant, who never had being, and with which the world was so pestered and abused, to the apparent corruption of the mind of the readers, and the discredit of real and true history." "As to that circumstance, sir, there is much to be said, and you must not be too rash in believing that the histories of knight-errantry are all fable." "Is there any one," answered the traveller, "who makes a doubt of it?" "I do, for one," answered Don Quixote; "but we will drop that subject for the present, as I doubt not but, if we continue any time travelling together, I shall be able, by the blessing of God, to convince you of your error, and to shew you that you are prejudiced only by the number of those who have entertained a notion that such are fictitious."

These last words of Don Quixote gave the gentleman in green a suspicious idea of his understanding; he had a notion that he must be disordered in his senses, and was expecting some other proof of it; but, without entering into farther discourse, Don Quixote desired his companion to let him know who he was, as he himself had given an account of his

life and situation. To which request the gentleman replied, "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I am a gentleman, born in a village where, if it pleases God, we shall all dine to-day; my fortune is better than moderate, and my name Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my time cheerfully with my wife, my children, and my friends; my usual diversions are fishing and hunting; but I neither keep hounds nor hawks; all I have are some decoy-partridges, and a good ferret. My library consists of about some six dozen of Spanish and Latin books; some are books of history, others of piety; for as to books of chivalry, I have not yet allowed them to come under my roof: I am more inclined to the reading of profane than religious authors, if the subjects they treat of are of an innocent nature, if the style is engaging, and the incidents affecting and surprising; but, indeed, Spain produces mighty few performances of this sort. I live in terms of good neighbourhood with all about me; sometimes I go to their houses, sometimes I invite them to mine; my table is neat and clean, and sufficiently affluent without extravagance. I slander no one, nor do I allow backbiters to come near me; my eyes pry not into the actions of other men, nor have I any impertinent curiosity to know the secrets of their lives. I go to mass every day, and the poor man partakes of my substance; I make no ostentation in the good I do, that I may defend myself against the attacks of hypocrisy and vain-glory, well knowing, that the best fortified heart is hardly proof against these sly deceivers. As far as I have an opportunity, I am a reconciler of differences among my neighbours; I particularly pay my devotions to the Blessed Mother, and have an entire dependance on the mercies of God our Saviour."

Sancho had listened with uncommon attention to what the gentleman in green said; and this discourse seemed to him of such exalted piety and virtue, that he immediately conceived such a man must be endowed with the power of working miracles: fully persuaded of the truth of this supposition, he threw

himself off his ass, ran up to the gentleman, seized his right stirrup, and with a heart overflowing with devotion, and eyes full of tears, fell a-kissing his feet. Which humility, when the traveller perceived, "What is the matter, friend," said he, "what is the meaning of these embraces?" "Pray let me alone," said Sancho; "for in my life before, excepting your worship, did I never know a saint mounted on horseback." "I have no title to be thought so," answered the gentleman; "on the contrary, I am a miserable sinner; but the simplicity of your behaviour, my friend, shews that you yourself must be a very good man." Upon this declaration Sancho quitted him, and again remounted Dapple, having, by his behaviour, unbended the solemn gravity of his master into a smile, and increased the wonder of Don Diego.

Don Quixote then made inquiry into the number of children he had, informing him, at the same time, that the ancient sages, who were not enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, reckoned the gifts of fortune and nature, abundance of friends, and increase of dutiful children, as constituting part of the supreme happiness. "Sir," answered Don Diego, "I have one son; and if I had none, should, peradventure, think myself happier than I am, not that he is very bad, but because he does not come up to what I would wish him to be. He is now eighteen years of age, six of which he has spent at Salamanca, studying Greek and Latin; and when I would have him apply to something else, I found him so dipt in poetry, if that deserves the name of science, that I could not prevail upon him to take to the study of the law, which was what I wanted he should do; nor would he apply to divinity, the first and noblest of all sciences. I was desirous to make him the honour and ornament of his family, as we live in an age, and under a monarch, where useful and virtuous learning is so amply recompensed; for what is learning without virtue? No better than pearls on a dung-hill. He will spend whole days in examining whether such a verse in Homer's Iliad be expressed with propriety,

whether such an epigram of Martial is to be construed into a lewd sense or not, and whether such a verse in Virgil will bear this or that meaning. In a word, these authors, with Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, engross the whole of his time and conversation. As to the modern authors of his own country, he seems to have no great relish for them, though, notwithstanding his seeming disregard, he is now busied in making a kind of commentary upon four verses, which I believe are designed as a subject for a prize in the schools."

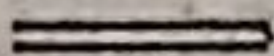
To this information the other answered, "Signor, children are to be considered as part of the bowels of the parents, and, be they good or bad, we must treat them as such, and cherish them accordingly. It is incumbent upon parents to lead them betimes into the paths of decency and virtue, to instil into them sound principles, and train them up in Christian discipline, that by these means they may be the stay of their declining years, and an honour to their own descendants. I am not against using persuasion to incline them either to the study of this or that science, but look upon using force as altogether unwarrantable; more especially as the young gentleman does not study in view of getting his livelihood, he being so fortunate as to have that secured by inheritance: then I think he should be indulged in pursuing whatever his genius or inclination mostly prompts him to; and though in poetry there is more pleasure than utility, it generally does honour to the person who has a vein for it. I liken poetry to a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many other virgins, that is, all the other sciences, are assiduous to ornament, enrich, and embellish; now as she makes use of them all, so likewise does she reflect a lustre upon them all. But then this tender virgin is not to be handled roughly: she is not to be dragged through the streets, exposed in public places, or stand as a prostitute at the gates of palaces. She is a kind of alchymy of such rare virtue, that whoever knows the nature of her composition may change her into pure gold of inestimable value:

whoever would keep her must narrowly look after her: she must not be indulged in the indecency of obscene satire, nor allowed to run into insipid sonnets. And though she may enjoy the profits arising from heroic poetry, weeping tragedy, or laughing comedy, yet the muse must not be venal: no buffoons must have any thing to do with her, and she must be kept sacred from the unhallowed multitude, who neither know nor esteem those hidden treasures she carries about her. And think not that by the multitude I only mean the common rank of men; no, under that class I number all who are strangers to real knowledge, be they peers or be they princes. But, whoever is possessed of those qualifications I have been mentioning, and with them attempts the study and execution of poetry, I say, his name will be famous, and held in veneration wherever politeness extends its influence. As to what you say of your son's not esteeming the poetry of his own country, I don't think he is quite right in that opinion, and for this reason: the mighty Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, for the same reason that he was a Roman; and in general, every one of the ancient poets wrote in the language of his own country, and did not seek for another to clothe the majesty of his ideas. As this is the case, I think it should be a prevailing maxim in all countries; nor should we undervalue the German poet for writing in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his; but, perhaps, your son does not dislike Spanish poetry, but Spanish poets, as being destitute of the knowledge of other languages or sciences, that might contribute to cultivate, assist, and enliven, their own natural genius; and even this prejudice may be carried too far: for the maxim, that a poet is born with his talent, is certainly just; that is, a real poet comes forth a poet into the world, and with this natural endowment, implanted in him by his Creator, produces, without the help of study or cultivation, such things as verify that of the poets when they say, *Est Deus in nobis*. One so born a poet, if he cul-

civates his genius by the assistance of art, must be much better, nay, greatly preferable to him who, without natural fire, attains to the knowledge of the rules only ; for it is obvious, that as art does not exceed nature, but serves to polish and bring it to perfection, so art assisting nature, and nature so assisted by art, form the accomplished poet. To conclude, signor, my advice is, that your son should be allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination ; and as he must be already an exceeding good scholar, having mastered the learned languages, which may be looked upon as having mounted the first steps in his progress to the seat of the sciences, by the assistance of that knowledge he will be able, without more help, to climb to the top of human literature, which as much adorns and sets off a gentleman as a mitre does a bishop, or the long robe the counsel learned in the law. If you find him writing satires injurious to private characters, burn his works, and rebuke him : but if he composes discourses that comprehend for their subject of satire vice in general, as Horace did with so much elegance, then commend him ; for, though it be unlawful to mark and single out particular persons, it is allowable to write against particular vices ; for example, to write against envy, or to lash the envious, and so of others. Here are some poets, indeed, who, rather than baulk their fancy of saying a smart thing, will risk being sent to the isles of Pontus. As the manners, so will the verses be ; if the former are chaste, the latter will be so likewise : writing is the interpreter of the mind, which will always produce what is consonant to its own native conceptions ; and when kings, and the great men of the earth, once see this wonderful gift of poetry employed on subjects of wisdom, virtue, and dignity, they bestow marks of honour, esteem, and munificence, upon the poet ; they crown him from the leaves of that tree, which is proof against the glancing thunderbolt, emblematically denoting, that such as wear that crown ought to be secure against all hurt or offence."

The traveller wondered so much at Don Quixote's

discourse, that he began to be staggered in his mind whether he was a madman or not. But as this conversation did not altogether hit Sancho's taste, he had in the midst of it, gone out of the road, to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were milking ewes hard by; and the gentleman in green, who seemed very fond of the good sense and ingenious conversation of Don Quixote, was going to renew their dialogue, when the Don, suddenly lifting up his eyes, saw a carriage with the king's colours meeting them upon the road, and taking this for some new adventure, called to Sancho to bring his helmet. Sancho, hearing the voice of his master, left the shepherd in great hurry, and mounting Dapple, arrived where Don Quixote was, to whom there happened a very terrible and tremendous adventure.



CHAP. XVII.

THE history then proceeds to inform us, that when Don Quixote called upon Sancho to bring him his helmet, he, Sancho, was deep in bargain with the shepherds about some curds; and finding himself summoned in such violent haste by his master, was at a prodigious loss what to do with them, for he had paid for them, and could not bear the thoughts of losing his purchase: in this extremity he had recourse to his master's helmet, in which he safely stowed them, and hugging himself in this lucky thought, away he trotted to receive the commands of his lord and master, who desired him to deliver his helmet—"For," said he, "if I know aught of adventures, that which I descry yonder will prove such a one as will oblige me to have recourse to arms."

Don Diego, upon hearing this declaration, looked about him every where, but could discover nothing, except a carriage coming towards them, with two or

three flying flags, by which he guessed the carriage might be loaded with some of the king's money, and mentioned this observation to Don Quixote, who minded not what he said, his brain wandering upon adventures, that every thing must be one, and nothing but series of one adventure upon the back of another ; he therefore answered the gentleman to this effect : " Sir, fore-warned and fore-armed is half the day ; I am not now to learn that I have enemies of all kinds, visible and invisible ; neither know I the time, the place, the hour, nor under what appearance they will attack me." With these words, turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho, who not having time to disengage the curds from it, was obliged to deliver it, with that lining in the inside, to his master, who took it, and, without farther examination, clapped it in a great hurry upon his head, which pressing and squeezing the curds, the whey began to ooze down his beard ; and this circumstance so startled him, that he called out to Sancho, " What can this mean ? Is my skull softening, or my brains melting, or do I sweat from head to foot ? Surely, this I can say, that if I do sweat, it is not through fear, though I am fully persuaded this will prove a most terrible adventure. If you have got any thing, let me have it to wipe me ; for this deluge of sweat blinds my eyes." Sancho replied not, but gave him a cloth, and with it sent up his thanks to the Almighty, that his master had not found out what it was. Don Quixote, after rubbing himself, took off his helmet, to see what it was that sat so cool upon his head, and, perceiving something white and clotted, put it to his nose, and snuffed at it." " By the life of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso," cried he, " thou hast put curds into my halmet, thou traitor, thou ill bred squire !" To which apostrophe Sancho answered, with great unconcern and tranquillity, " If they are curds, let me have them to eat ; but the devil ought rather to eat them, for I am sure it must be he who put them there. I offer to defile your worship's helmet ! in good troth, I can perceive, by the help of that understanding God has given me, that I am not

without my enchanters too, who are at me, as a sort of member and limb of your worship; and, I'll be sworn, have put that nastiness there, to instigate your worship to wrath against me, and stir up your worship to anoint my ribs in the manner your worship was wont to do. But this time they have missed their aim, I trow, as I can depend upon the just sentence of my master, who will easily weigh with himself, that I had neither curds, cream, nor any such stuff; and that if I had, it was more likely I should have crammed them into my own guts than put them into his worship's helmet." "All this is possible," cried Don Quixote: and all this the other gentleman saw, and saw with astonishment, more especially when our hero, after having cleaned his head, beard, chops, and helmet, clapped the latter upon his skull, and fixing himself in his seat, tried whether or not his sword could be easily drawn; then grasping his spear, "Now," cried he, "happen what will happen, here am, I determined for the combat, should the prince of the evil spirits set himself in battle array against me."

By this time the carriage with the streamers was come up, attended only by the driver, (who rode one of the mules) and a man who sat upon the fore-part of it. Don Quixote wedged himself directly in their way, and called out, "Whither, my brethren, are you bound? what carriage is this? what does it contain? what ensigns are those displayed?" To which interrogations the waggoner replied, "The carriage itself belongs to me, and within are two savage lions, which the general of Oran sends to court to his majesty: the streamers are the ensigns of our lord the king, to shew that what is here contained belongs to the crown." "Are these lions large?" answered Don Quixote. "So large," replied the man, who sat upon the fore-part of the waggon, "that lions of a more monstrous size never came from Barbary into this kingdom. I am their keeper, and have had several under my charge before now, but never any so big as they: there is

a male and a female: the he is in the first cage, and the female in the other; they are now ravenous with hunger, having had no food to-day, and therefore I must entreat you to get out of the way, as we must make haste to the place where they are to be fed." To which entreaty Don Quixote answered, with half a smile, "What are your lion whelps to me, and at this time of day too! are lion whelps brought against me! I'll make those who sent them hither, yes—by the holy God! I'll make them see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Come, honest friend, get off; and as you are their keeper, open the cages and turn them out; for in the midst of this plain will I make the savage beasts of the wilderness know who Don Quixote de La Mancha is, in defiance of the enchanters who have sent them against me."

"Ah! ah!" said Don Diego to himself, "I think our knight of the Rueful Countenance has now given us a pretty incontestible sample of what he is: these curds have certainly soaked his skull, and suppurated his brains." Then Sancho came up to Diego, and said, "For God's sake, signor, take care that my master's worship does not encounter these lions, or belike we shall all of us be tore to pieces." "What," answered he, "is your master then really so much out of his wits, that you believe and dread he will engage these savage monsters?" "He is not out of his wits," replied Sancho, "but prodigious bold."

"I'll make him give over," answered the other: then going up to Don Quixote, who was pressing the keeper to open the cages, he said, "Signor, gentlemen of the order of knights-errant ought to go upon adventures that have a probability of success, not such as are quite desperate; for that courage which is almost temerity, savours rather of madness than true fortitude. Besides, these lions do not come with any hostile design against you; no, they think of nothing less; they are going to be presented to the king, and as they are on their way to court, I think they should not be stopped in their journey." "Pray, good signor," said Don Quixote, "if you

will please to get away from hence, and look after your ferrets and decoy partridges, do, and leave every one to mind his own business: this is my business, and it behoves me to know whether or not these lions come against me." Then turning to the keeper, "Sirrah," said he, "if you do not immediately open the cages, I swear by the living God, I will this instant pin you to the place where you sit."

The carter, seeing the obstinate resolution of this armed phantom who addressed him, begged for the sake of charity he would let him take off his mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions were uncaged, "For should my cattle be slain," said he, "I am undone for ever, having nothing to depend upon for bread but this cart and these mules." "Man of little faith," said Don Quixote, "alight; take off thy mules, and do what thou wilt; but thou shalt quickly see thou hast laboured in vain, and that thou mightest have spared thyself this unnecessary trouble."

The carter then got off, and unharnessed in great hurry, and the keeper spoke aloud, "I call all present to witness that I am forced, against my will, to open the cages, and let loose the lions; and I here declare that this gentleman is chargeable with, and answerable for, all the harm they shall do, as also for my salary and perquisites over and above. And now, gentlemen, pray take care of yourselves, and get out of the way: for, as to me, I know they will do me no harm." Don Diego again urged him to forbear attempting so extravagant an action, alleging it was tempting of God to think of going about such a desperate undertaking. The other replied, that he knew what he did; and Don Diego once more desired him to think well of what he was about, as he was certain that he deceived himself. "Signor," said Don Quixote, "if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will be a tragical adventure, set spurs to your mare, and provide for your own safety." Sancho, upon this inti-

mation, fell a blubbering, and earnestly besought him not to think of entering upon this adventure; "For, in comparison of this," said he, "the windmills, the terrible adventure of the fulling-mill hammers, nay, all the exploits your worship has performed during the course of your life, are but custards and puff-paste. Consider sir," continued he, "that there can be no enchantment in this cage, I myself have peeped through the cage, and there I saw the claw of a real living lion; and sure I am, that the beast that owns such a claw, must be bigger than a mountain." "Be he large or small," answered Don Quixote, "thy fear would magnify him to the bigness of one half of the globe. Begone, leave me: if I die, you know our old agreement—repair to Dulcinea. I say no more." He spoke several other things, which shewed he was determined on what he was about, and that all attempts to dissuade him were in vain.

Don Diego would willingly have stopped him, but had neither weapons nor armour equal to the other's, and, besides, did not think it prudent to engage with a man who was frantic; for, by this time, he was convinced that Don Quixote was so in all respects; who still pressing the keeper, and repeating his threats, Don Diego clapped spurs to his mare, Sancho applied his heels to Dapple, the carter put forward his mules, and all endeavoured to get as fast out of the way as they could, before the beasts were let loose. Sancho deplored the fate of his master, who he believed was just going to be sacrificed by the lions: he bewailed his own hard fortune, and cursed the hour when he thought of serving him again: however, amidst the intenseness of his grief, he ceased not to punch and jog on his ass, that he might get from the cart as far as possible. The keeper, seeing that these runaways were now safe at a sufficient distance, renewed his expostulations with Don Quixote, who said, "I hear you, friend; but give yourself no more trouble with arguments or entreaties, it will all signify nothing, and therefore I desire you will make haste."

While the keeper protracted the time in opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether he had best alight for the combat, or continue on the back of Rozinante; and determined, at last, to fight on foot, lest his steed might take fright at the sight of the lions. Accordingly he leaped upon the ground, threw away his lance, braced his shield, and drew his sword; in which attitude, approaching with great steadiness, he placed himself just before the cart, recommending himself, with great devotion, first to the protection of the Almighty, and then to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

We must observe, that at this place the author of this history breaks out into pathetic exclamations, expressing himself to this purpose: "O Don Quixote de La Mancha renowned for fortitude, brave beyond human expression; thou mirror, in which all heroes of the earth may contemplate their own perfections! thou second and other Don Manuel de Leon, glory and ornament of Spanish knights! how shall I find words worthy to relate this matchless achievement: by what power of argument shall I make it gain credit among future generations? for what encomiums ever so exalted, even beyond the hyperbole, can there be, but what thou deservest? On foot thou stoodst, collected within thy magnanimous self, with a sword far from being sharp, with a shield far from bright and shining; there, I say, didst thou stand waiting and expecting two of the fiercest lions that were ever yet engendered in the dens of Lybia. I want words wherewithal to embellish thy great achievements: let thy own exploits then be the harbinger of thy praises, O heroic Manchegan!"

The author here breaks off his exclamation, and proceeds in the recital of the history, saying:

The keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, and finding himself under a necessity of letting loose the lion, to avoid the resentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the first cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monstrous bigness and terrifying aspect: he imme

diately turned himself round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and stretched himself at full length, yawned and gaped with great composure, and then with a tongue of above half a yard long, cleaned his face and eyes : after which he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared around him with eyes like fire-brands ; a sight sufficient to have struck a damp into the most intrepid heart : but Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wishing for the minute he would leap out of the cart, that he might engage and cut him in pieces ; to such an unaccountable degree had his frenzy worked up his disturbed imagination. But the lion, naturally generous, and more inclinable to be gentle than rough, heeded not his bravadoes or flourishing : on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have observed, turned about, and shewing our hero his backside, with great composure and tranquillity laid himself down again to rest ; which circumstance Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouse him by blows, and oblige him to come forth : “ Nay, that I wont,” answered he ; “ for, should I enrage him, he would immediately tear me to pieces : come, sir knight, be contented with what you have done, which is all that can be expected from any man’s courage, and give over tempting fortune any more. The door of his cage is open, and he may come forth or not as he pleases ; but as he has not come out now, he will not all day. The intrepidity of your worship’s valour is sufficiently vouched : I apprehend the bravery of no combatant needs do more than challenge his adversary, and await him in the field ; and, if the enemy wont meet him, the imputation of cowardice lies with him, and the crown of victory devolves upon the other.” “ You say true,” said Don Quixote ; “ shut the door, my friend, and let me have, under your hand, in the best manner you are able to draw it, a certificate of what you have now seen ; for I think it is highly fitting mankind should know that you opened the lion’s cage ;

that I waited for him, and he came not out; that I waited for him again, and he came not out; and that again he laid himself down. I am not bound to do any more; so enchantments avaunt, and God prosper truth, justice, and noble chivalry: shut the door, therefore, and I will wave a signal for those who have run off to return, and have an account of this action from your own mouth."

The keeper obeyed; and Don Quixote clapping upon the point of his lance the cloth Sancho had given him to wipe off the curds, called out to them who were still pursuing their flight, and at every step, all in a body, turning about their heads, and Don Diego leading them on; but Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the linen cloth, "I'll be bound to be crucified," said he, "if my master has not got the better of the lions; for he now calls to us." They all stopped, and perceived it was Don Quixote who made the sign; upon which the violence of their terrors somewhat abated, and they approached nearer and nearer by degrees, till they could distinctly hear the voice of Don Quixote calling to them: at last they came back to the cart, and Don Quixote said to the carter, "Harness your mules again, my friend, and go on in your journey; and, Sancho, give him and the keeper two crowns of gold, as a recompense for the time I have detained them." "That I will most willingly do; but where are the lions, dead or alive?" Then the keeper very circumstantially, and dividing his discourse with great propriety, gave an account of the issue of this adventure, exaggerating, with all his might, and all the power of rhetoric he could muster up, the courage of Don Quixote; "At sight of whom," said he, "the lion, over-awed, would not, or rather durst not, venture out of the cage, though I held the door open a considerable time; and that upon remonstrating to the great knight, that it was tempting of God to provoke the lion so far as to oblige him to come out by force, as he wanted him to have done, and was going to make him do, whether he

would or not, his honour had suffered the cage-door to be shut." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "what dost thou think now? can enchantments avail aught against true courage? They may indeed, and with ease, stand in the way of my good fortune; but of valour and resolution they never can deprive me." Sancho gave the crowns to the people, the carter harnessed his mules, and the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hand for his liberality, and promised when he arrived at court he would give an account of this heroic achievement to his majesty himself. "Should the king," said Don Quixote, "perchance inquire who performed it, tell him it was the Knight of the Lions; for I am determined that, from this time forward, the title I have been hitherto distinguished by, of Knight of the Rueful Countenance, shall be changed, bartered, and sunk, into that of Knight of the Lions; and in this alteration I imitate the example of knights-errant of old, who, as they pleased, altered their designations as it best suited their purposes."

The carriage went forward, Don Quixote, Sancho, and the traveller in green, pursued their journey; and during all this time Don Diego de Miranda was so attentive to remark and observe the actions of Don Quixote, that he had not opened his mouth; but looked upon him as a man whose good sense was blended with a strange sort of madness; the reason was, he knew as yet nothing of the first part of his history: had he read that, his amazement at the knight's words and actions would have vanished, as it would have cleared up to him the nature of his frenzy; but as he knew not that, he was at times divided in his opinion, sometimes believing him to be in his senses, and at other times thinking him frantic; because what he spoke was sensible, consistent, and genteelly expressed; but his actions discovered all the symptoms of wildness, folly, and temerity. "For what greater sign of disorder," said he to himself, "can there be, than for a man to clap on a helmet full of curds, and then take it into his head that some

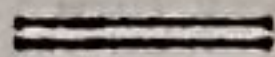
magician had liquified his skull; and what more certain proof of fool-hardiness, and wild frenzy, than for a person, in spite of all that can be said to him, to resolve to engage lions?"

Don Quixote interrupted these reflections and soliloquy of his fellow-traveller, by saying, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, I don't doubt but that, in your judgment, I must pass for an extravagant madman; and indeed no wonder: for, to be sure, my actions would seem to declare me such: but, at the same time, I must beg leave to say to you, that I am not so dishonoured, or so bereft of understanding, as to you I may have seemed. The gay cavalier, who in burnished armour, before the ladies, prances over the lists, makes a gallant appearance. The adventurous knight, too, shews off to great advantage, when in the midst of the spacious square, in view of his prince, he transfixes the furious bull. And a noble appearance make those knights who, in military exercises, or such like, are the life, spirit, and even honour, of their prince's court. But a much more noble figure than all these makes the knight-errant, who, in the solitudes of the desert, through the almost impervious passages of the forest, and over the craggy mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, to bring them to a successful issue, and that only to obtain glory, honour, and an immortal name. A knight-errant, I say, makes a more glorious appearance when he assists the widow in some solitary plain, than the courtier knight, when he lavishes his gallantry on a town-lady. All cavaliers have their different spheres, in which they act: let the courtier pay his attendance to the ladies, adorn the court of his prince with the splendour of his equipage, entertain gentlemen of inferior fortunes with the hospitality of his sumptuous table; let him propose matches of different exercise, and direct the jousts and tournaments; let him shew himself splendid, liberal, and munificent; and, above all, approve himself a good Christian; in acting thus, he will discharge the duties that belong to him. But for the knight-errant, let him explore the most hidden re-

cesses of the universe, plunge into the perplexities of the labyrinths; let him at all times not be afraid of even impossibilities; in the barren, wasteful wilderness, let him defy the scorching rays of the solstitial sun, and the piercing chillings of nipping frost. Lions must not frighten him, phantoms must not terrify him, nor dragons dismay him; for in searching after such, engaging with, and getting the better of all difficulties, consists his true and proper occupation. It being my fortune then to be of this last order, I cannot, consistent with that, avoid engaging in whatever I deem to be part of the duty of my calling: and for these reasons, though I know that encountering the lions was in itself an act of the greatest temerity, yet it immediately belonged to my profession: I am very sensible that true fortitude is placed between the two extremes of cowardice and fool-hardiness; but then, it is better valour should mount even to an over-daring hardiness, than be debased to pusillanimity; for as the prodigal is more likely to become truly generous than the miser, so will the over-courageous sooner be brought to true valour, than the coward to be courageous at all; and in undertaking adventures, I assure you, Don Diego, it is much better to overdo than underdo, and much better does it sound in the ear of him to whom it is related, that a knight is daring and presumptuous, than that he is pusillanimous and faint-hearted."

"Signor Don Quixote," answered Diego, "I think all you have said is consonant to the rule of right reason; and I am of opinion, that if the laws and statutes of true chivalry were lost, they would be found deposited and faithfully recorded in your breast; but if you please, we will put on, for it grows late: let us get towards my house and village, that you may have some rest, and taste of some refreshment after your late fatigue, which, if it does not weary the body, must be heavy upon the mind, the labours of which often affect the body likewise." "I accept of your invitation, Don Diego," said the other, "as a favour and mark of politeness." And hastening for-

ward a little quicker than they had done before, they arrived about two in the afternoon at the habitation of Diego, on whom Don Quixote bestowed the appellation of the Knight of the Green Surtout.



PART II.—BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

DON Quixote found that Diego's house, like the houses of most country gentlemen, was large and roomy; with the arms of the family over the great gates, cut out in rough stone; the buttery was in the yard, the cellar was under the porch, and around were placed divers jars, which jars being of the manufactory of Toboso, recalled the memory of the metamorphosed and enchanted Dulcinea; upon which, without reflecting what he said, or before whom he poured out his sighs and tears: "O dearest pledges," said he, "which now I find in bitterness of sorrow, but sweet and ravishing when Heaven's high will ordained it so! O jars of Toboso, which have recalled into my mind the dear idea of my greatest sorrow!" This exclamation was overheard by the young poet, Diego's son, who, along with his mother, had come down to receive Don Quixote. Both mother and son were struck with his uncouth figure; and he, alighting from Roznante, with great good breeding, begged leave to kiss the lady's hands. To which intreaty Don Diego added, "Madam, receive with your usual politeness Signor Don Quixote de La Mancha, knight-errant, whom I here introduce to you as a gentleman of the brightest parts and most intrepid courage of any in the world." Donna Christina (for that was the lady's name) received him with all the marks of respect and esteem, and Don Quixote over-

paid them in polite and mannerly acknowledgments: the same kind of intercourse passed between him and the young scholar, whom he took by his conversation to be a gentleman of vivacity and acuteness.

The author here minutely describes Don Diego's house, gives an inventory of the furniture usually contained in the house of a rich country gentleman: but the translators of this history have thought it advisable not to mention these and such other particular matters, as being rather foreign from the main scope of this history, in which truth has more energy than needless and languid digressions.

Don Quixote was conducted into a hall, where Sancho disarmed him; after which, he remained in his other accoutrements, a pair of wide waloön breeches, and a shamoy-leather doublet, stained with the rust of his armour; his band was collegian, neither starched nor laced, his buskins of the colour of dates, and his shoes of waxed leather: he girded upon his thigh his trusty sword, which hung at a belt of seal's skin, for it is believed he had been for some years troubled with an imbecility in his loins: and over all these was a long cloak of good grey cloth; but before he stirred any further, he applied to his face five or six pitchers (the precise number not being exactly ascertained) of fair water, which nevertheless still ran off, exhibiting a whey colour; and it was undoubtedly owing to the irregular appetite of Sancho, and his having made the bargain for these nasty curds, that his master was now scoured so white and so clean. In this equipment, as here described, and with a gallant air and address, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the young gentleman of the house was waiting to receive and entertain him till dinner should be got ready; for as to the Lady Donna Christina, she was busy in ordering matters so, upon the arrival of this noble guest, as to let it be seen she knew what reception to give those who came to visit under her roof.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (that was the name of Diego's son) took the opportunity of that leisure time to ask his father who that

knight was he had brought home to them ; “ For,” said he, “ his name and his uncouth figure, and your telling us at the same time that he is a knight-errant, puzzle both my mother and me prodigiously.” Said Don Diego, “ I know not what answer to make you ; all I can say is, I never saw a madman act more frantically, and have heard him talk so very sensibly, as gave the lie to all his actions : but I would have you enter into conversation with him, and sound the depth of his understanding ; you have sense enough, and therefore I would have you form a judgment according to your own observation : to say the truth, I myself am more inclined to believe him distracted than otherwise.”

Upon this intimation, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as we have mentioned, who, among other discourse, said to Lorenzo, “ Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father has been pleased to inform me a little of your great genius and good judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet.” “ A poet in some sense I may be,” said Lorenzo ; “ but a great one did I never so much as dare, even in my own imagination, to think myself true it is, I am a little fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets ; but don’t at all for that reason merit the title my father has been pleased to bestow upon me.” “ I love your reserve,” said Don Quixote ; “ for poets are usually far removed from modesty, each thinking himself the greatest in the world.” “ No rule holds univervally,” answered Lorenzo, “ and there may be one who is really a great poet, and yet does not think himself so.” “ There must be very few such,” answered the other ; “ but pray sir,” continued he, “ what verses are those you are about, which your father says make you so anxious and studious ? for if it be commenting upon some theme, I know somewhat of the art of paraphrasing, and should be glad to see what your performance is ; and if they are designed as a poetical prize, let me advise you to obtain the second, for the first is decreed in view of interest, or in favour of the great quality of some person ; but merit carries the second ; so that, ac-

according to the general practice of our universities, the third becomes the second, and the first the third: but, notwithstanding this acceptation, the name of the first makes a great shew." "So far surely," said Lorenzo to himself, "this gentleman shews no sign of a disturbed understanding; but we'll go on: Your worship, I presume, has been long at the schools; pray, sir, what sciences have you addicted yourself to?" "That of knight-errantry," replied Don Quixote; "a science equally sublime as your poetry, and, in my humble opinion, even mounted a few steps above it." "That science," answered Lorenzo, "I am hitherto a stranger to; it has not yet come within the extent of my knowledge." "It is a science," answered the other, "that includes in itself virtually most, if not all, the other sciences in the world; for he who professes it must be a civilian, and know the laws both of distributive and commutative justice, to determine with equity and propriety, what lawfully and properly belongs to every individual: he must be a good divine and casuist, that he may, with clearness and precision, defend the principles of the Christian faith, which he professes, as often as he shall be required so to do; he ought to be a physician, and particularly a botanist, that in the midst of deserts and wildernesses he may know those herbs that are of efficacy in curing wounds; for a knight-errant cannot at every turn have recourse to a surgeon. He ought to be an astronomer, to distinguish by the stars the time of the night, together with the climate and part of the globe on which he chances to be: he must be learned in the mathematics, for which he will frequently have occasion; and besides being adorned with all the theological and cardinal virtues, he ought to descend to other minute branches of science: I say, for example, he must know how to swim like an herring, to shoe an horse, to mend a saddle and bridle. And, returning to what we have observed above, he must preserve his fealty to God and his mistress: he must be chaste

in thought, decent in speech, liberal in action, valiant in exploits, patient in toil, charitable with the needy; and, finally, an asserter of truth, even though the defence of it should cost him his life. Of all these great and small qualities is a good knight-errant composed; so that Signor Don Lorenzo may judge whether it be a snivelling science which is learned and professed by a knight-errant; and whether it may not be compared with the sublimest which are taught in colleges and schools." "If that be the case," replied Don Lorenzo, "I affirm that it has the advantage over all others." "How!" cried Don Quixote, "if that be the case!" "What I would say," resumed Lorenzo, "is, that I doubt whether there ever were or are knights-errant adorned with so many virtues." "I have often said what I am now going to repeat," answered Don Quixote, "that the greatest part of the world believes there never were knights-errant; and, in my opinion, if Heaven does not work a miracle to prove that they both did and do exist, whatever trouble may be taken will fail of success, as I know by repeated experience: I will not, therefore, spend time at present in refuting and rectifying the error in which you and many others are involved; but my intention is to pray that Heaven will extricate you from your mistake, and give you to understand how advantageous and necessary knights-errant have been to the world in past ages, and how useful they might be to the present, were it the custom to solicit their assistance: but now, for the sins of mankind, idleness, sloth, gluttony, and extravagance, prevail and triumph." Here Don Lorenzo said within himself, "Now hath our guest given us the slip; but, nevertheless, he is a whimsical madman, and I should be an idle fool if I thought otherwise."

In this place their discourse was interrupted by a call to table; and Don Diego asked his son what he had fairly extracted from the genius of his guest? To this question he replied, "All the best physicians

and writers that the world contains, will not extract him fairly from the blotted sheet of his madness; but he is a party-coloured maniac, full of lucid intervals." They sat down to eat, and their repast was such as Don Diego had said upon the road he was wont to bestow upon his friends whom he invited, neat, plentiful, and savoury! but what yielded more satisfaction to Don Quixote, was the wonderful silence that prevailed over the whole house, which, in this particular, resembled a monastery of Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired that Don Lorenzo would repeat the verses designed for the literary contest; and the young gentleman answered, "Rather than appear one of those authors who, when they are requested to rehearse their works, refuse to grant the favour; and, on the other hand, disgorge them upon those who have no inclination to hear them, I will repeat my gloss, from which I expect no reward, as I composed it solely with a view to exercise my genius." "It was the opinion of an ingenious friend of mine," said Don Quixote, "that no man ought to fatigue himself in glossing upon verses; because, as he observed, the gloss could never come up to the text; and very often, or indeed almost always, the gloss was foreign to the original proposition: besides, the laws of the gloss were extremely narrow, restricting the paraphraser from the use of interrogations; and, 'said he,' or, 'I will say;' as well as from changing verbs into nouns, and altering the sentiment; with other ties and shackles incurred by those who try their fortune in this way, as you yourself undoubtedly know." "Verily, Signor Don Quixote," cried Don Lorenzo, "I am very desirous of entrapping your worship in false Latin; but it is not in my power, for you slip through my fingers like an eel." "I do not know," answered the knight, "what you mean by saying I slip through your fingers." "I will explain myself some other time,"

replied Don Lorenzo, "meanwhile your worship will be pleased to hear the paraphrase and the text, which run thus:—"

THE TEXT.

COULD I the moments past renew,
Though fate should other joys deny;
Or bring the future scenes to view,
In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

THE GLOSS.

AS all things perish and decay;
So did that happiness I mourn
On silent pinion fleet away:
Ah! never—never to return.
At fortune's feet forlorn I lie:
Would she again propitious strew
Her favours, who more blest than I,
Could I the moments past renew.
No pleasure, palm, or wreath I claim,
No wealth or triumph seek to find;
For all my wish and all my aim
Is to retrieve my peace of mind.
Ah, fortune! thy returning smile
Would change to bliss my destiny,
And ev'ry gloomy thought beguile,
Though fate should other joys deny.
Fond wish! impossible and vain,
No pow'r on this terrestrial ball
Can time's unwearied foot detain,
Or his accomplish'd flight recall.
He forward flies, nor looks behind;
And those miscarriage will pursue
Who hope the fugitive to bind,
Or bring the future scenes to view.
Perplex'd with hopes and fears I live,
Though death at once would ease my pain:
What folly then for me to grieve,
Who can that easy cure obtain?

No! yet a wiser course I'll steer,
 Resolv'd my fortune still to try,
 Until those happier days appear,
 In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

Don Lorenzo no sooner concluded his paraphrase than Don Quixote starting up, took the young gentleman by the right hand, and raising his voice even almost to a halloo, pronounced, "Now by the heaven of heavens! noble youth, you are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or Gaeta, as an author said, whom God pardon, but by the academy of Athens, did it now subsist, and by those of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca, which are still in being. Heaven grant that those judges who deny you the first prize may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the muses may never deign to cross the thresholds of their doors. Signor, let me hear, if you please, some of your more majestic verses, that I may be thoroughly acquainted with the pulse of your admirable genius." Is it not diverting to observe, that Don Lorenzo was pleased with the applause of Don Quixote, although he considered him as a madman? O influence of flattery, how far dost thou extend! and how unlimited are the limits of thy agreeable jurisdiction! This truth is verified in the behaviour of Lorenzo, who in compliance with the desire and intreaty of the knight, repeated this sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

SONNET.

FAIR Thisbe's charms what bulwarks could withstand!
 They pierc'd even to her gallant lover's soul;
 And Cupid hasten'd from the Cyprian strand,
 To view the narrow pass by which they stole.
 Here silence spoke, and through that narrow breach,
 Which ev'n the timid voice durst not essay,
 Th' intrepid souls to perfect union stretch;
 Inspir'd, empower'd, by love's almighty sway.

Th' ill-fated pair to death untimely came,
With flow'ry pleasure's tempting bait entic'd,
By the same poignard, monument, and fame,
At once destroy'd, enclos'd, immortaliz'd.

"Blessed be God!" cried Don Quixote, when he had heard the son of Don Lorenzo, "that amidst the infinite number of consumptive poets that now exist, I have found one consummate, as your worship has plainly evinced yourself, by the art and execution of those stanzas."

The knight was sumptuously regaled in the house of Don Diego for the space of four days; at the expiration of which he thanked his entertainer for the noble treatment he had received from his hospitality, and begged leave to depart: for as it did not become knights-errant to devote much time to ease and banqueting, he was desirous of fulfilling the duty of his profession in seeking adventures, with which he understood that country abounded, and in which he hoped to employ the time till the day of the tournament of Saragossa, whither he was bound: but, first of all, he was resolved to enter the cave of Montesinos, about which so many strange stories were recounted all over that neighbourhood, that he might investigate and discover the origin and real springs of the seven lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son applauded the glorious design, and desired he would supply himself with whatever their house or fortune could afford; for they would, with the utmost good-will, perform that service, which they equally owed to his personal valour and honourable profession. At length arrived the day of his departure, as joyful to the knight as dismal and unfortunate to Sancho Panza, who had lived so much at his ease, amidst the plenty of Don Diego's house, that he could not, without reluctance, return to the hunger that prevails in dreary forests, and to the poverty of his ill-provided bags, which, however, he now took care to fill and stuff with what he thought most necessary for his occasions.

At parting, Don Quixote, addressing himself to

Don Lorenzo, "I know not," said he, "whether I have already told your worship, but if I have, let me now repeat the intimation, that when you are inclined to take the shortest and easiest road to the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have no more to do but to leave on one side the path of poetry, which is pretty narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which, though the narrowest of all others, will conduct you to the throne of empire in the turning of a straw." With this advice did the knight, as it were, sum up the process of his madness, which, however, was still more manifest in this addition. "Heaven knows what pleasure I should feel in the company and association of Don Lorenzo, whom I would teach, by my own example, to spare the fallen, and trample the haughty under foot; virtues annexed to the order I profess: but as his tender years do not require such tutorage, nor would his laudable exercises permit him to pursue my steps, I shall content myself with assuring his worship, that being a poet, he may certainly acquire renown, if he will conduct himself rather by the opinion of others, than his own; for, no parent ever thought his own offspring ungly, and this prejudice is still more strong towards the children of the understanding."

Both father and son admired anew the strange medley of Don Quixote's discourse, in which so much discretion and madness were jumbled together; and were astonished at the wilfulness and obstinacy with which he was so wholly bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures, that constituted the very aim of all his desires. Nevertheless, they repeated their offers of service and civility, and with the good leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho set out on Rozinante and Dapple.

CHAP. II.

A LITTLE way Don Quixote had travelled from the habitation of Don Diego, when he was joined by two persons dressed like ecclesiastics, or students, and a couple of labouring men mounted upon asses: behind one of the students was a bundle wrapped up in green buckram, seemingly consisting of some linen and two pair of coarse thread stockings; while the other was encumbered with nothing but a couple of new black fencing foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which discovered and gave notice that they were on their return from some great town, where they had made a purchase, and were bringing it home to their own village; and they, as well as the students, were seized with that admiration which was incident to all those who for the first time beheld Don Quixote; indeed they burned with curiosity to know what sort of a creature he was, so different in appearance from other men.

The knight saluted them courteously, and understanding their road was the same route that he designed to follow, made a proffer of his company, at the same time begging they would slacken their pace, as their beasts travelled faster than his horse. In order to facilitate their compliance with his request, he briefly told them who he was, made them acquainted with his office and profession, which was chivalry, and observed that he was going in quest of adventures through all parts of the world; giving them to understand, that his proper name was Don Quixote de La Mancha, and his appellative, the Knight of the Lions.

All this information was Greek, or gibberish, to the countrymen, but not to the students, who immediately discovered the weakness of Don Quixote's brain; nevertheless, they beheld him with admiration, and one of them, in a respectful manner accosted him thus: "If your worship, sir knight,

follows no determined road, as those who go in quest of adventures seldom do, be so good as to accompany us, and you will be an eye-witness of one of the most splendid and opulent weddings that ever was celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues around."

When Don Quixote asked if it was the marriage of any prince, which he so highly extolled, the other replied, "It is no other than the bridal of a farmer and a country maid; he the richest of all this neighbourhood, and she the comeliest that ever man beheld. The preparations are new and extraordinary; for the marriage is to be celebrated in a meadow adjoining to the village of the bride, who, by way of excellency, is called Quiteria the Beautiful, and the bridegroom is known by the appellation of Camacho the Rich: she is but eighteen, and he turned of twenty, so that they are extremely well matched; though some curious persons, who remember all the pedigrees in the world, are pleased to say, that her family has in that respect the advantage of Camacho's: but now-a-days these circumstances are altogether overlooked; for wealth is able to repair a number of flaws. In a word, Camacho is liberal, and has taken it in his head to overshadow and cover the whole meadow in such a manner, that the sun will find some difficulty in penetrating, so as to visit the verdant plants with which the ground is adorned. He has likewise bespoke choice dancers, both with swords and morrice-bells; for there are people in the village who can jingle and snap to perfection; not to mention your shoe-slappers, a power of whom are summoned to the nuptials: but none of those things I have mentioned, or of a great many circumstances I have left untold, are likely to render the marriage so memorable as the behaviour which is on this occasion expected from the rejected Basilius.

"This Basilius is a neighbouring swain, and townsman of Quiteria, and there is nothing but a partition-wall between his house and that of her parents, whence Cupid took occasion to renew the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basilius

became enamoured of Quiteria, even from his tender years, and she smiled upon his passion with all manner of honourable indulgence ; insomuch that the love of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, furnished entertainment and discourse for the whole village. As their age increased, Quiteria's father resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access he had to his house ; and, to free himself from all sorts of jealousy and suspicion, proposed a match between his daughter and the rich Camacho, thinking it would not be so well to give her away to Basilius, to whom fortune had not been so kind as nature ; though, to tell the truth, without envy or affection, he is the most active young man we know, an expert pitcher of the bar, an excellent wrestler, and great judge of hand-ball : he runs like a deer, leaps nimbler than a goat, plays at nine-pins as if he used enchantment, sings like a sky-lark, touches the guitar so as to make it perfectly speak, and handles a foil like the best fencer in the world." " For that sole accomplishment," cried Don Quixote, " the young man deserves not only to be married to the beautiful Quiteria, but even to Queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot, and all those who should endeavour to oppose the match." " Let my wife alone for that," said Sancho Panza, who had hitherto travelled in silent attention ; " she, good woman, would have every body match with his equal, sticking to the old proverb, that says, ' Let every goose a gander choose.' What I would willingly see is the marriage of this worthy Basilius ; for he has already got my good-will, with that same Lady Quiteria ; and God grant them peace and plenty, and rest their souls in heaven (his meaning was quite the reverse) who prevent lovers from marrying according to their inclinations." " If that was always the case," replied Don Quixote, " parents would be deprived of that election and jurisdiction they possess, to marry their children when and how they shall think proper ; and if every daughter was at liberty to indulge her own inclination in the

choice of an husband, one would perhaps choose her father's servant, and another place her affection upon some gaudy coxcomb whom she might chance to see passing along the street, even though he should be a disorderly ruffian: for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which are so necessary towards the settlement of one's own condition in life; and, as we are apt to commit very important mistakes in the article of matrimony, it requires great caution, as well as the particular favour of Heaven, to succeed in the choice of a wife. A prudent man, who is resolved to undertake a long journey, will, before he sets out, endeavour to find a safe, quiet, and agreeable fellow-traveller. Then why should not the same pains be taken by the man who is going to travel through the whole journey of life? especially in the choice of a companion for bed, board, and every other purpose for which the wife is subservient to the husband: a man's own wedded wife is not like a commodity which, being once bought, may be bartered, exchanged, or returned, but is an inseparable appendage that lasts for life.

"Marriage is a noose, into which if the neck should happen to slip, it becomes inexplicable as the Gordian knot, and cannot be undone till cut asunder by the scythe of death. Much more could I add upon this subject, if I were not prevented by the desire I have to know whether Mr. Licentiate has any thing further to entertain us with, relative to the history of Basilius." To this hint the other (call him scholar, bachelor, or licentiate) replied, "I have not any thing material to add, but that from the time he understood Quiteria was to be married to Camacho the Rich, he was never seen to smile, or heard to speak consistently: he is thoughtful and melancholy, talks to himself; all which are undoubted symptoms of a disordered mind. He scarce either eats or sleeps; and what little he does eat is fruit; when he sleeps at all it is upon the bare ground, and in the open air, like the beasts of the field. He every now and then looks up to heaven; at other times, like one stupid,

fixes his eyes on the ground, and seems as if he was a clothed statue, with the drapery flowing to the gales of the wind : in a word, he gives such indications of a fatal passion, that we believe for certain, when Quiteria to-morrow pronounces the word Yes, she will in that seal the sentence of his death."

"God will order things better," said Sancho, "for he inflicts the wound, and will also perform the cure. No one knows what may happen ; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one hour, even in a moment, down comes the house : I have myself seen sun-shine and rain at the same time ; a man goes to bed well at night, but cannot bestir himself next morning. Let me know, the best of ye, if any man can brag of having put a spoke in fortune's wheel ? no one, to be sure ; and between the Yes and No of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin, and that for a weighty reason, because there would not be room for it : if you will only allow me one thing, that Quiteria loves Basilius, I'll yet engage to give him a wallet full of good luck ; for I have been told, that love wears a pair of spectacles, which spectacles make copper look like gold, and poverty appear to be riches, and specks in the eyes seem pearls." "A curse on thee !" cried Don Quixote, "what is it thou wouldst be at ? once thou art set in to stringing thy proverbs, none but Judas, with whom I wish thou wert, can have patience to hear thee out ! Say, animal, what knowest thou about spokes or wheels, or any other thing whatsoever ?" "O ! since thou do not understand me," answered the squire, "no wonder you think it nonsense what I say ; but that signifies nothing, I understand myself, nor have I said many nonsensical things yet, only your worship always plays the cricket upon my words and actions." "God confound thee, thou confounder of all language !" said Don Quixote. "Cricket ! I suppose thou meanest critic." "As to that matter, sir," said Sancho, "be not too severe upon me ; you know I was neither bred at court, nor studied at Salamanca, to know when I am right

in the letter of a word; and, as I hope for mercy from God, I think it unreasonable to expect that the Sayagues* should speak in the same manner as the Toledans; though, for that matter, there are Toledans who are not more nice than other folks at the work of speaking properly." "Very true," said the licentiate, "for how should a man, whose business is in the tan-yards, and in the Zocodover,† speak so good language as they who do nothing but walk from morning to night in the cloisters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans: on the other hand, purity, propriety, elegance, and perspicuity, are to be found among polite people of sense, though they be natives of Majalahonda; I say people of sense, because so great a number of people are not so, and sense is the foundation of good language, assisted by custom and use. I must tell you, gentlemen, it has pleased God, for my sins, that I have studied the canon-law at Salamanca, and I pique myself a little on being able to converse in clear, easy, and expressive language." "If you had not piqued yourself more upon your dexterity at these good-for-nothing foils you carry about with you, than upon your knowledge in languages, instead of lagging the hindmost, you must have been at the head of your class," said the other student. "I tell you, Mr. Bachelor, that you are the most prejudiced man in the world in that respect, for treating dexterity at the sword as a matter of no signification." "It is no prejudice with me; it is a confirmed opinion and truth," replied Corchuelo; "and if you please to make the experiment, I will convince you. You carry foils now along with you, and an opportunity offers; I'll shew you that I have nerves and strength, backed with such courage as will prove sufficient to demonstrate to you, that my opinion is not the effect of

* Poor people that live about Zamora.

† Zocodover, a square in Toledo, like Smithfield where cattle are sold.

prejudice: get off your ass, and try your measured distances, your wheelings, your longes, and art of defence; and I'll engage, with only the plain rustic skill I have, to make you see the stars at noon-day; for I trust, under God, the man is yet unborn who can make me turn my back; nor have I met with any man whom I will not oblige to give ground." "As to turning your back or not turning your back, that is none of my business," replied the master of the science; "though it is not impossible but that the first spot you fix your foot on may prove your burying-ground: I mean, it is possible you may be left dead there, for slighting the noble science of defence." "That we shall see presently," replied Corchuelo, jumping hastily upon the ground, and snatching with great fury one of the foils, which the other carried upon his ass.

Here Don Quixote cried out, "Not so, by heavens? I will be umpire of this fencing match, and judge of this long controverted dispute." So saying, he alighted from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, planted himself in the very middle of the road, just as master licentiate, in a masterly posture, and regular advances, was making towards Corchuleo, who ran at him with fire, as the saying is, flashing from his eye; while the two country fellows, without dismounting, sat still as spectators of this most dreadful tragedy. Corchuelo assailed him every way with high-strokes, low-strokes, back-strokes, cuts, thrusts, slashes out of number, and as thick as hail; in short, he fell upon the licentiate like an enraged lion, but was checked a little in the career of his fury by a smart push in the mouth from the licentiate's foil, who made him kiss the button, though with less devotion than if it had been a relic. In a word, the licentiate, by skilful and well planted thrusts, counted the buttons of his cassock, and went through it so often, that it hung in rags like the tails of the polypus: twice was Corchuelo's hat struck off, and so spent was he, that in rage and spite, and furious choler, he flung the foil into the air with so much force, that one of the countrymen

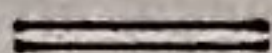
who went to fetch it, being a kind of scrivener, declared upon oath, that it went near three quarters of a league; which affidavit being preserved, has been, and is, a testimony to demonstrate that art prevails over strength.

Corchuelo, quite tired out, sat down, and Sancho going up to him, "Mr. Bachelor," said he, if you will be ruled by me, from henceforth challenge no one to fence, but dare them to wrestle and pitch the bar, since now you are of a proper age and strength for that exercise; for I have heard say of these fencers, that they can thrust you the point of a sword through the eye of a needle." "I am now convinced," answered Corchuelo, "and am taught by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed."

So getting up, he went and embraced his adversary, and they were now better friends than ever. The company not being willing to wait for the scrivener, who was gone after the foil, imagining he might be too long absent, resolved to put forward as fast as they could, that they might arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all going. As they travelled on their way, the licentiate demonstrated to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, by such convincing arguments, drawn from the nature of truth and mathematical certainty, that every one was convinced of the usefulness of the science; and Corchuelo, particularly, was made a convert, and entirely cured of his obstinacy.

The night was just fallen, and before they came to the village it seemed as if something like a heaven full of an infinite number of bright stars was between them and it: they likewise heard an harmonious but mixed sound of flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, drums, and bells. As they came nearer, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, which was made on one side of the entrance into the village; and this all flaming with lights, which were not in the least disturbed by the wind; for the evening was so calm, that there was not a breath of air, so much as to move a leaf upon a tree. But the life and spirit of the wedding con-

sisted in the musicians, who in bands ranged up and down that delightful place, some singing, some dancing, and others playing upon the different instruments. In a word, it looked as if joy and delight were sporting and playing through this meadow : a great many were employed in raising scaffolds, that they might view from them more commodiously the plays and dances which were to be in that place, to solemnize the nuptials of Camacho the Rich, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to enter the village, though the bachelor and the countrymen invited him : but he pleaded what he thought a sufficient excuse, the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs ; and therefore he turned a little aside, grievously against the will of Sancho, who had not yet forgotten the good lodgings he had enjoyed at the house of Don Diego.



CHAP. III.

THE fair Aurora had hardly allowed Phœbus time to dry up the liquid pearls that hung upon his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking from his limbs the drowsy fetters of sloth, got upon his legs, and called to Sancho Panza, who lay stretched along, and snoring, which situation his master seeing, before he awakened him, broke out into this soliloquy : “ Happy thou, and blessed beyond the fate of other mortals, who, neither envying nor envied, sleepest sound, with unconcern of soul ! Enchanters neither persecute, nor enchantments terrify thee : sleep on, I say again, and a hundred times more I say, sleep on ; no jealousies, on account of a mistress, torture thee with perpetual watchings ; no anxious cares of paying debts awake thee ; no solicitude how thou must to-morrow provide

for thyself and little ones, breaks in upon thy slumbers. Ambitious views create thee no disquiet: nor the vain pomp of this empty world occasions thee any disturbance; thy concern is centered within the bounds of taking care of thy ass; for as to taking care of thy person, that is laid upon my shoulders, a charge and burthen that both nature and custom have laid upon masters; the servant sleeps, while the master is awake, and thinking how he shall maintain him, advance in life, or do him some service. The uneasiness that arises from seeing the heavens, as it were, hard as brass, locked up, and refusing rain to cherish the earth, brings no anxiety upon the servant but upon the master, who, in the days of dearth and famine, is bound to provide for him who served him in the time of abundant and plentiful harvest."

To all this effusion Sancho answered not one word; for he was fast asleep, nor would have waked when he did, but that his master jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. He waked yawning and drowsy; and turning his face every way, "Umph," said he, "from yonder shady bower, if my nostrils deceive me not, proceeds rather the steam and savour of broiled rashers of bacon, than the fragrance of thyme and jessamine. O' my conscience, weddings that begin in this savoury manner, must needs, in truth, be magnificent and abundant." "Thou epicure," said Don Quixote, "have done, and let us go see this wedding, and what will be the fate of the slighted Basilus." "Let his fate be as it pleases," quoth Sancho; "what! he poor, and marry Quiteria! A pretty fancy truly, for one not worth a groat, to think of matching so high; 'tis my opinion, a man who is poor ought to bless God for what he finds, and not be diving to find troubles at the bottom of the sea. I'll lay a limb that Camacho can cover this same Basilus from head to foot with sixpenny pieces; and if this be so, as it certainly is, Quiteria would be a pretty lady of a bride indeed, to refuse all the fine clothes and fine things that I warrant you Camacho has given her already, and can give her still more; and to prefer, instead of

them, a pitch of the bar truly, and a pass at the foils, which it seems make up Basilius's riches. Go into a tavern for a pint of wine, and see if they will take a pitch of the bar, or a clever push of the foils, in lieu of the reckoning: as for your abilities, and your refinements and graces, that will bring in none of the ready: Count Dirlos may have them for me; but when they happen to take their resting-place on a man who has wherewithal, O then, I wish no better than that my life may shew off as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good house may be raised, and the very best bottom and best foundation of any is wealth." "O!" cried Don Quixote, "have done, have done with this harangue; I do from my soul believe, if one would but suffer thee to go on, thou wouldst lose both thy eating and sleeping in talking." "Was your worship possessed of a good memory," replied Sancho, "you would remember certain articles stipulated between us, before we sallied forth upon this expedition; one of which was, that I was to talk as much as I pleased, provided it was not scandal against my neighbour, or derogating from your worship's authority; and I imagine that nothing I have hitherto said is a breach of this agreement." "I remember no such agreement," said Don Quixote; "but allowing it to be so, it is my pleasure you should give over, and come attend me; for now the instruments we heard last evening send their cheering sounds through the valleys; and, beyond all doubt, the nuptials will not be put off to the sultry heat of the noon-day, but be solemnized in the fresh cool of the morning."

Sancho did as he was commanded, and putting on Rozinante's saddle and Dapple's pannel, they both mounted and gently walked their beasts into the artificial shade. The first object that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho was an entire bullock spitted whole upon an elm, roasting by a fire of wood of the size of a middling mountain, and round it six pots, but not such pots as are cast in common moulds, for they were half jars, and each of them contained a whole shamble

of meat; whole sheep found room in them, and were stowed as commodiously as if they had been so many pigeons. There was an innumerable quantity of cased hares and ready-plucked fowls, that hung about the branches of the trees, ready to be swallowed up in these receivers; and an infinite number of wild fowl, with vast quantities of venison, were likewise hanging about the trees, for the air to cool them. Sancho himself told above threescore skins, which, as it was afterwards discovered, were full of rich wines, every skin containing above twenty-four quarts. Loaves of the whitest bread were piled up like heaps of wheat on a threshing floor; and such a quantity of cheese ranged in the form of bricks, as seemed a wall; two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, were ready for frying their fritters and pancakes, and when fried, they took them out with strong peels, and dipped them in another pot that stood by, full of prepared honey. The cooks, men and women, amounted to above fifty; clean, good-humoured, and all busy; in the belly of the roasting bullock were sewed a dozen sucking pigs, to make it tender and savoury. Spices of all sorts, which seemed to have been bought by wholesale, and not by retail, stood in a vast chest. In short, the preparations for the wedding were indeed in a rustic taste, but in such plenty and profusion, as might have feasted an army.

Sancho looked at every thing, attentively considered each particular, and was in raptures with the whole. But his whole heart and affections were chiefly captivated by the flesh-pots; out of them he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have filled about a moderate barrel. Then the wine-skins made his bowels yearn; and after these the contents of the frying-pans, if vessels of such immoderate size may be so called. He could hold out no longer, it was not in the power of his nature to contain himself; therefore, up he went to one of the cooks, who was busy, and addressing himself to him with a humble and hungry air, begged that he might be permitted to

sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which request the cook replied, "Hunger does not preside over this day, thanks be to Camacho the Rich; even alight, and see if thou canst find any where a ladle, and skim out a fowl or two, and much good may it do thy good heart." "I see no ladle," said Sancho. "God forgive me all my sins!" cried the cook, "what a poor helpless thing thou art; stay." So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it at once into one of the half jar pots, brought up three pullets and a couple of geese. "Here," said he, "eat, make a breakfast with this scum, and see if you can stay your stomach with it till dinner-time." "I have nothing to put it in," said Sancho. "Then take ladle and all," replied the cook; "for Camacho's riches and good fortune are sufficient to supply every thing."

While Sancho Panza passed his time in this manner, Don Quixote was attentive in observing about a dozen of countrymen, who entered in at one side of this spacious harbour, mounted upon beautiful mares, each of them accoutred with rich and gay caparisons, and hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and coursed round the meadow in a body, and in regular careers, several times, with a joyous moorish shout, flourishing, and crying out, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the universe." Which exclamation Don Quixote hearing, said within himself, "It is evident they never have beheld the beauty of my Dulcinea del Toboso; had they ever been blessed with a sight of her transcendant charms, they would be more sparing in their praises of this their Quiteria."

Some time after there entered, at different parts of the harbour, different sets of dancers; one of whom consisted of twenty-four sword-dancers, all of them clean, well-made, jolly swains, clad in fine white linen, and white handkerchiefs embroidered with silk of various colours. One of those who were mounted upon the mares asked a youth, who led

the band of the sword-dancers, whether any of his companions had received any hurt? "As yet," replied the other, "we are all safe and sound; thanks be to God, no one is wounded;" and immediately upon that mixed among his companions with so many twistings and windings, and with such dexterity, that though Don Quixote had been used to behold such dances, he never saw any he approved so much. Another dance likewise pleased him prodigiously; that was another chorus of twelve most beautiful damsels, of such an age that none appeared under fourteen, nor did any seem to be quite eighteen; they were all clad in green stuff of Cuença, their locks were some plaited, some flowing loose, and all so fine and flaxen, as to rival those of Phœbus himself, and crowned with garlands of roses, of jessamine, and of woodbine. This beautiful bevy was led up to the dance by a venerable old man and an aged matron, both more airy and agile than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their music, and with modesty in their looks and countenances, and lightness of foot, they danced and tripped it away the prettiest in the world. After these, entered an emblematic dance of eight nymphs, divided into two bodies: the god of love led one, and Interest the other; Cupid with his wings, his bow, his quiver, and arrows; Interest clad in gold, and silk of rich and various colours. The nymphs, attendants on Cupid, had their names displayed in white parchment, and capital letters on their backs: the first was named Poetry, the second Discretion, the third Pedigree, the fourth Bravery. The attendants on Interest were likewise characterised: the first was Liberality, the second Bounty, the third Treasure, the fourth Quiet Possession. The whole mask was preceded by a wooden castle, drawn by savages clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, and so savage they looked, that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the front, and on each of the four sides of this machine, were inscribed these words, "The Castle of Discretion." Four able musicians played on the tabor and the pipe. Cupid, who began the dance, after

he had made two movements, lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood upon the battlements of the castle, to whom he pronounced this address :

I am the god whose pow'r extends
Through the wide ocean, earth, and sky ;
To my soft sway all nature bends,
Compell'd by beauty to comply.
Fearless I rule in calm and storm,
Indulge my pleasure to the full,
Things deem'd impossible perform,
Bestow, resume, ordain, annul.

Having repeated these stanzas, he shot an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his station. Then Interest advanced, and performed other two movements; after which the tabors were silent, and the power rehearsed these lines :

My pow'r exceeds the might of Love;
For Cupid bows to me alone;
Of all things fram'd by Heav'n above,
The most respected, sought, and known.
My name is Interest, mine aid
But few obtain, though all desire;
Yet shall thy virtue, beauteous maid,
My constant services acquire.

Interest retiring, was succeeded by Poetry, who after having performed his motions like the rest, fixed his eyes upon the lady of the castle, and said :

Let Poetry, whose strain divine
The wond'rous power of song displays,
His heart to thee, fair nymph, consign,
Transported in melodious lays :
If haply, thou wilt not refuse
To grant my supplicated boon,
Thy fame shall, wafted by the muse,
Surmount the circle of the moon.

Poetry disappearing, Liberality advanced from the side of Interest, and, after several movements, repeated these lines:

My name is Liberality,
Alike beneficent and wise,
To shun wild prodigality,
And sordid avarice despise.
Yet for thy favour, lavish grown,
A prodigal I mean to prove,
An honourable vice, I own,
But giving is the test of love.

In this manner all the figures of the two squadrons advanced and retired, every one performing his movements, and repeating his verses, some of which were elegant, and others foolish enough; but those we have inserted were all that Don Quixote could retain, although his memory was very tenacious; then mixing altogether in the dance, they winded and turned with great ease, grace, and agility. Cupid, in passing, shot arrows at the castle, while Interest battered it with round gilded earthen pots; at length, after the dance had continued a good while, this last pulled out a large purse made of Roman cat-skin, to all appearance full of money, and throwing it at the castle, the boards seemed to be disjoined by the blow, and immediately fell asunder, leaving the damsel quite discovered and defenceless; then Interest, with the figures of his train, advancing, and throwing a great gold chain about her neck, seemed bent upon taking and dragging her into captivity. This design being perceived by Cupid and his partizans, they made an effort to release her, and all their motions were performed by the sound of the tabors, to which they danced and capered in concert. Then the savages interposing, and affecting an accommodation, refitted and rejoined the boards of the castle with admirable dispatch, the damsel enclosed herself anew; and thus the dance was finished, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, what author had contrived and composed this entertainment; and being told it was the production of the parson, who had a rare noddle for such conceits, "I'll lay a wager," said he, "that this same bachelor, or curate, is more a friend of Camacho than of Basilius; and that he is better acquainted with satire than prayer; for he has very artfully interwoven in this mask the talents of Basilius, and the wealth of his rival." Sancho Panza overhearing this observation, "My cock is the king," said he, "and I hold fast by Camacho." "Then am I convinced," replied the knight, "that Sancho is one of those low-born peasants who cry, long life to the conqueror." "I know not," resumed the squire, "what sect I am of; but this I know perfectly well, that I shall never skim from the flesh-pots of Basilius, such a delicate scum as this that I have taken from the boilers of Camacho." With these words, he produced the kettle full of geese and pullets, and seizing a bird, began to eat with great glee and satisfaction; saying, in defiance of the talents possessed by Basilius, "Thou art worth just as much as thou hast, and hast just as much as thou art worth. There are only two families in the world, as my gran-nam was wont to observe, the have-somethings and the have-nothings: though she always stuck to the former; and now-a-days, my good master, we are more apt to feel the pulse of poverty than of wisdom. An ass with golden trappings, makes a better appearance than a horse with a pack-saddle. Therefore, I say, again, I hold fast by Camacho, the plentiful scum of whose pots contains geese, hares, and coneys, while that of Basilius, if it comes to hand, or even if it should only come to the feet, is no better than dish-washings."

"Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "hast thou finished thy harangue." "It shall be finished," replied the squire, "as I see your worship is displeased with it; though if your disgust had not fallen in the way, I had cut out work enough for three days." "Grant Heaven," said the knight, "that I may see thee dumb

before I die." "At the rate we follow," answered Panza, "before your worship dies, my mouth will be crammed with clay, and then I may chance to be so dumb that I shall not speak another word till the end of the world, or at least till the day of judgment." "Even should that be the case," replied Don Quixote, "I say unto thee, Sancho, thy silence will never counterbalance what thou didst, dost, and wilt say, during the course of thy life: moreover, according to the nature of things, the day of my death will happen before thine; so that I have no hope of ever seeing thee silent, even while thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is the greatest favour I could expect."

"In good sooth, signor," said the squire, "there is no trusting to * Mrs. Ghostly, I mean death, who gobbles up the goslin as well as the goose; and, as I have heard our curate observe, tramples down the lofty turrets of the prince, as well as the lowly cottage of the swain. That same lady, who is more powerful than coy, knows not what it is to be dainty and squeamish; but eats of every thing, and crams her wallet with people of all nations, degrees, and conditions: she is none of your labourers that take their afternoon's nap, but mows at all hours, cutting down the dry stubble as well as the green grass; nor does she seem to chew, but rather swallows and devours every thing that falls in her way; for she is gnawed by a dog's hunger, that is never satisfied; and though she has no belly, plainly shews herself dropsical, and so thirsty as to drink up the lives of all the people upon earth, just as one would swallow a draught of cool water." "Enough, friend Sancho," cried the knight, interrupting him in this place; "keep thyself well, now thou art in order, and beware of stumbling again: for really a good preacher could not speak more to the purpose than thou hast

* In the original there is a play upon the words *Descarnada*, *Cordero*, and *Carnero*, which I have endeavoured to imitate, by substituting goose in the room of mutton, which is the literal meaning of the text.

spoken upon death, in thy rustic manner of expression: I say unto thee, Sancho, if thy discretion was equal to thy natural parts, thou mightest ascend the pulpit, and go about teaching and preaching to admiration." "He is a good preacher who is a good liver," answered Panza, "and that is all the divinity I know." "And that is sufficient," said the knight; "yet I shall never understand or comprehend, as the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, how thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of thy Maker, should be so wise?" "Signor," replied Sancho, "I desire your worship would determine in your own affairs of chivalry, without taking the trouble to judge of other people's valour or fears: for my own part, I am as pretty a fearer of God as one would desire to see in any neighbour's child: wherefore, I beseech your worship, let me discuss this same scum; for every thing else is idle chat, of which we shall be able to give a bad account in the other world." So saying, he renewed his attack upon his kettle, with such keen appetite as awakened that of his master, who would have certainly joined in the assault, had not he been prevented by that which we must now relate.

CHAP. IV.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation related in the preceding chapter, they heard a great noise and shouting, raised by a company mounted on mares, galloping in full cry, to meet the young couple, who came surrounded by a thousand kinds of instruments, and accompanied by the curate, the relations, and all the creditable people of the neighbouring villages, in their holiday clothes. Sancho, seeing the bride, exclaimed, with marks of admiration, "I'faith! she looks more like one of your gay court-dames than a plain country maid. Now, by the biggest beads of

my rosary ! instead of a tin * broach, her breast is bedizened with rich coral, and her hoyden-grey is turned into thirty-piled velvet ; and, body o' me ! the trimming is not of white linen, but of silk and satin : then handle me her hands, set off with what ? jewels of jet ? No ! let me never thrive, if they an't decked with rings of gold ! aye, and of massy gold, paved with pearls as white as a curd, every one of which is worth a Jew's eye. O the whoreson baggage ! and such hair ! if it is not false, I never saw any so long and so fair in my born days. Do but mind how buxom, straight, and tall she is, and see whether she may not be compared to a moving palm-tree, loaded with clusters of dates ; for nothing can be more like the gewgaws and toys that hang from her hair and neck. By my salvation ! the damsel is well covered, and might pass through all the banks of Flanders." Don Quixote, though he smiled at the rustic praises of his squire, owned that, exclusive of his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, she was the most beautiful female he had ever seen.

Neverthelsss, the fair Quiteria was paler than usual ; and this change of complexion must have been owing to the bad night which brides always pass, in adorning themselves for the approaching day of their nuptials. The company repaired to a theatre erected at one side of the meadow, and ornamented with carpets and boughs, where the ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they were to see the mask and other diversions ; and they had just arrived at the place when their ears were saluted with a noise behind them, and a voice that pronounced, " Stay a little, hasty and inconsiderate people." In consequence of this address they turned about, and perceived it was uttered by a man clothed in a loose black coat, interspersed with crimson flames, crowned, as they soon perceived, with a chaplet of funereal

* The Patina was a small consecrated plate which the Spanish women, especially those of an inferior rank, wore upon their breasts.

cypress, and holding in his hand a truncheon of uncommon size. As he approached, he was known to be the gallant Basilius; at sight of whom they were surprised, and waited in suspense to see the issue of his exclamation, dreading some mischance from such an unseasonable visit. At length, wearied and breathless, he came up to the bride and bridegroom, and thrusting in the ground his staff that was pointed with steel, he fixed his eyes upon Quiteria, and with a pale aspect, and hoarse quavering voice, pronounced these words, "Thou well knowest, ungrateful Quiteria, that, according to the holy faith we profess, thou canst not espouse another husband while I am alive; nor art thou ignorant, that while I waited until time and diligence should meliorate my fortune, I never sought to deviate from that decorum which thy honour required I should preserve: yet thou, disburthening thyself of all the obligations which thou owest to my honest passion, hast made another person master of what is justly mine; a man whose wealth is not only subservient to his good fortune, but even renders him superlatively happy; which happiness, that he may enjoy to the full (not that I think he deserves it, but because it is the will of Heaven to bestow it) I will, with my own hands, remove the impossibility or inconvenience that may obstruct it, by taking myself out of the way. Long live, long live Camacho the Rich with Quiteria the ungrateful, to enjoy many quiet and happy years; and death be the portion of the poor Basilius, whose poverty clipped the wings of his fortune, and laid him in an untimely grave."

So saying, he laid hold of the staff which he had stuck in the earth, and drew from it a middling tuck, which was concealed in it as in a scabbard; then fixing that which may be called the hilt on the ground, he threw himself with great activity and resolution upon the point, which in an instant came out bloody at his shoulder, leaving the unhappy youth weltering in gore, and stretched upon the ground, transfixed with his own weapon. His friends imme-

diately ran to his assistance, pierced with affliction at his misery and lamentable fate; and Don Quixote, dismounting, flew to his relief, held him in his arms, and found that he had not as yet expired. They were inclined to withdraw the tuck; but the curate, who was present, gave his opinion that it should not be withdrawn before he had confessed himself, because his death would be the immediate consequence of pulling out the weapon. Meanwhile Basilius recovering a little, said, in a faint and piteous tone, "Ah, cruel Quiteria! wouldst thou, in this last and fatal agony, bestow upon me thy hand in marriage, I should deem my rashness exculpated, seeing by that I should acquire the happiness of calling thee my own." The curate, hearing this address, exhorted him to employ his attention upon the health of his soul, rather than upon such carnal pleasures, and earnestly pray to God to pardon his sins, and in particular this last determination. To this remonstrance Basilius replied, that he would by no means confess, until Quiteria should first grant him her hand, a favour which would set his heart at rest, and give him spirits to undergo his confession.

Don Quixote hearing the petition of the wounded man, declared, in an audible voice, "That Basilius requested nothing but what was just and reasonable, and besides very practicable; and that Signor Camacho's honour would suffer no more in wedding Signora Quiteria as the widow of Basilius, than in receiving her from her father's own hands; for here nothing was required but the monosyllable of assent, which could have no other effect than the trouble of pronouncing it, as the bridal bed must also be the tomb of such a marriage. Camacho heard the whole, which kept him in such confusion and suspense, that he knew not what to say or do: but the friends of Basilius were so clamorous in soliciting him to consent to Quiteria's giving her hand in marriage to the hapless youth, whose soul would otherwise perish in despair, that he was persuaded, and as it were compelled to say, that if his bride would grant that favour, he should be satisfied, as it

would only for a moment delay the accomplishment of his desires." Immediately they surrounded Quiteria, whom, with tears, intreaties, and other pathetic remonstrances, they pressed to give her hand to poor Basilus; but she, more obdurate than marble, and more inflexible than a statue, neither could, would, or desired to answer one word; nor would she have made the least reply, had not the curate desired her to come to a speedy determination; for the soul of Basilus, being already between his teeth, would not afford long time for hesitation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without speaking one syllable, but seemingly disordered, sad, and sorrowful, advanced to the place where Basilus lay, with his eyes already fixed, breathing short and thick, murmuring the name of Quiteria, and, to all appearance, dying rather like an heathen than a Christian. The bride at length approaching, and kneeling before him, desired by signs he would hold out his hand: then Basilus unfixing his eyes, and stedfastly gazing upon her, "O Quiteria!" said he, "thou art become kind at a time when thy kindness must serve as a sword to finish my unfortunate life; seeing I have not strength enough left to obtain that glory which thou wouldst confer in calling me thine, or to suspend the grief that comes so fast to cover mine eyes with the dismal shades of death. What I request, O fatal star of my destiny! is, that thy consent to this exchange of vows may not be a mere compliment to deceive me anew; but that thou wilt confess and declare there is no restraint upon thy inclination, while thy hand is given and delivered to me as thy lawful husband, for it would be cruel to use deceit and dissimulation with one in such extremity, who has always behaved to thee with such sincerity and truth." Having pronounced these words, he fainted away, so that all the by-standers thought his soul would forsake his body in that swoon: but when he retrieved the use of his faculties, Quiteria, all blushing with modesty, took hold of his right hand, saying, "No force upon earth would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom of inclination, I give thee my

hand as thy lawful wife, and receive thine on the same terms, if thou bestowest it with the same good-will, undisturbed and unconfounded by the calamity into which thou hast been hurried by thy own precipitate conduct." "I do," answered Basilus, "without either disorder or confusion; but, on the contrary, with all the clearness of understanding with which Heaven hath thought proper to endow me, I give and deliver myself for thy true and faithful husband." "And I take thee for such," replied Quiteria, "whether thou mayest live many years, or now be hurried from mine arms to the grave." "Considering how desperately this spark is wounded," said Sancho Panza, "methinks he talks woundily: make him lay aside his courtship, and mind his soul, which seems to be in his tongue rather than between his teeth."

The hands of Basilus and Quiteria being joined, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and fervently prayed that God would grant forgiveness and repose to the soul of the bridegroom; who no sooner perceived the ceremony was performed, than he nimbly sprung upon his legs with incredible activity, withdrew the tuck which was sheathed in his body, to the admiration of the by-standers; some of whom, being more simple than curious, began to cry aloud, "A miracle! a miracle!" But Basilus replied, "No miracle! no miracle! but sheer industry! nothing but industry!" The curate, confounded and astonished, ran up to feel the wound with both his hands, and found that the blade, instead of passing through the body of Basilus, had run through an iron tube fitted to the part, and full of blood, which, as they afterwards understood, was prepared so as to retain its fluidity: in a word, the curate and Camacho, with almost all the company, found themselves fairly outwitted. The bride, however, expressed no mortification at the deceit: on the contrary, hearing somebody observe that such a marriage, obtained by fraud, could not be valid, she said she confirmed it anew. From which circumstance every one concluded, that

the stratagem had been contrived and executed with her privy and consent. This supposition enraged Camacho and his adherents to such a degree, that they referred their revenge to the prowess of their hands, and, unsheathing a great many swords, assaulted Basilius, in whose favour almost an equal number were instantly produced. Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, well armed with his lance and shield, made the whole company give ground; while Sancho, who had no delight or comfort in such exploits, retired to the jars from which he had extracted his agreeable scum, looking upon that place as a sacred sanctuary and respected retreat. The knight exclaimed, in an audible voice, "Forbear, gentlemen, forbear: it is unjust to revenge the grievances of love; for, in this particular, love and war are the same: and, as in the last, it is lawful and customary to use feints and stratagems against the enemy; so likewise, in amorous contests and competitions, all sorts of tricks and contrivances are allowed in attaining the accomplishment of the lover's desire, provided they do not tend to the disparagement or dishonour of the beloved object. Quiteria was fated to Basilius, and Basilius to Quiteria, by the just and favourable determination of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how his inclination shall require; whereas Basilius has but this one poor sheep, of which he ought not to be deprived by any person, how powerful soever he may be: for those whom God hath joined, no man shall put asunder; and he who attempts it, must first pass through the point of this lance." So saying, he brandished it with such strength and dexterity, as filled the hearts of those who did not know him with fear and consternation; and the disdain of Quiteria made such a deep impression upon the imagination of Camacho, that he shook her from his heart in an instant: so that the persuasions of the curate, who was a prudent and well-meaning priest, pacified and quieted him and his partizans, who, in token of peace, sheathed their weapons, blaming the inconstancy of Quiteria

more than the contrivance of Basilius; and Camacho himself observed, that if she loved Basilius before marriage, the same love would have continued after it; and that he had more reason to thank Heaven for having lost, than he should have had for obtaining such an help-mate.

Camacho and those of his train being thus consoled and appeased, the friends of Basilius took no step to disturb their peace; and Camacho the Rich, in order to shew how little he resented or thought of the trick which had been played him, desired that the entertainments might proceed as if he were really to be married: but Basilius, with his bride and followers, refusing to partake of them, set out in a body for the place of his habitation; for the poor who are virtuous and discreet will always find people to honour, attend, and support them, as well as the rich, with all their parasites and companions. In consequence of their earnest intreaty, they were accompanied by Don Quixote, whom they esteemed as a prodigy of valour and integrity; and nothing was cloudy but the soul of Sancho, when he found it impossible to enjoy the splendid banquets and diversions of Camacho, that lasted till night: he, therefore, in a fretful and melancholy mood, followed his master, who joined the troop of Basilius, leaving behind the flesh-pots of Egypt, although he still retained them in his fancy; and the half-finished scum of his kettle enhanced the glory and abundance of the benefit he had lost: so that, pensive, sullen, and sad, yet without hunger, or dismounting from Dapple, he silently trudged after the heels of Rozinante.

CHAP. V.

GREAT and manifold were the treats and particulars of respect paid to Don Quixote by the new-married couple, who thought themselves greatly obliged by the readiness he had shewn to defend their cause, and

looked upon his discretion to be equal to his valour; indeed, they esteemed him a perfect Cid in arms, and a Cicero in elocution. Honest Sancho regaled himself three days at their expense, during which it was known that the contrivance of the fictitious wound had not been communicated to Quiteria, but was hatched by the ingenuity of Basilius himself, in hope of meeting with that success which, as we have seen, he actually attained: true it is, he confessed he had imparted his design to some of his friends, that they might, in case of necessity, favour his intention, and facilitate the execution of his deceit.

“Whatsoever hath virtue for its ultimate aim,” said Don Quixote, “neither can or ought to be called deceit; and surely no aim can be more excellent than the union of two lovers in the holy bands of marriage.” He observed, that the greatest enemy of love is hunger and necessity; for love is altogether sprightly, joyous, and satisfied, especially when the object of desire is in possession of the lover, whose fierce and declared adversaries are want and inconvenience. He made these observations with a view to persuade Signor Basilius to quit the exercise of those talents he possessed, which, though they acquired reputation, would not earn a farthing of money, and to employ his attention in augmenting his estate by legal and industrious means, that never fail the prudent and the careful. The poor man of honour (if a poor man can deserve that title) possesses, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honour, which is murdered: a beautiful and chaste woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph; for beauty alone attracts the inclinations of those who behold it; just as the royal eagle and soaring hawk stoop to the savoury lure; but if that beauty is incumbered by poverty and want, it is likewise attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if she who possesses it firmly withstands all these assaults, she well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. “Take notice, dearest Basilius,” added the

knight, "it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good wife in the whole world; and he advised every husband to believe she had fallen to his share, and accordingly be satisfied with his lot. I myself am not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the least thought of changing my condition; nevertheless, I will venture to advise him who asks my advice in such a manner, that he may find a woman to his wish: in the first place, I would exhort him to pay more regard to reputation than to fortune; for a virtuous woman does not acquire a good name merely by being virtuous; she must likewise maintain the exteriors of deportment, for the honour of the sex suffers much more from levity and freedom of behaviour in public, than from any private misdeeds. If thou bringest a good woman to thy house, it will be an easy task to preserve and even improve her virtue; but, shouldst thou choose a wife of a different character, it will cost thee abundance of pains to mend her; for it is not very practicable to pass from one extreme to another: I do not say it is altogether impossible, though I hold it for a matter of much difficulty."

Sancho hearing these remarks, said to himself, "This master of mine, whenever I chance to utter any thing pithy or substantial, will say I might take a pulpit in hand, and travel through the world, teaching and preaching to admiration; now I will say for him, that when he begins to string sentences, and give advice, he might not only take one pulpit in hand, but even a couple on each finger, and stroll about the market-towns. Wit, whither wouldst thou? May the devil fetch him for a knight-errant! he knows but every thing. I thought for certain he could be acquainted with nothing but what relates to his chivalries; but he pecks at every thing, and throws his spoonful in every man's dish."

His master overheard him murmuring in this manner, and asking what he grumbled at, "I don't grumble," answered Sancho, "I was only saying to myself, I wished I had heard those remarks of your worship, before I married; in which case I might

now, perhaps, remark in my turn, The loosened ox is well licked." "What, is Teresa such a bad wife?" said the knight. "Not very bad," answered the squire, "but then she is not very good; at least, not so good as I could wish." "You are in the wrong, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to disparage your wife, who in effect is the mother of your children." "As to that matter," replied Sancho, "we are not at all in one another's debt; for she can disparage me fast enough, especially when she takes it into her head to be jealous, and then Satan himself could not endure her."

In a word, they staid three days with the new-married couple, during which they were treated and served like the king's own person; and here Don Quixote desired the nimble-wristed licentiate to provide him with a guide to direct his steps to the cave of Montesinos, which he had a longing desire to explore, that he might investigate with his own eyes the truth of those wonderful stories that were reported of it through the whole neighbourhood. The licentiate promised to accommodate him with a first cousin of his own, a famous student, deeply read in books of chivalry, who would willingly conduct him to the very mouth of the cave, and point out the lakes of Ruydera, so famous not only in the province of La Mancha, but also through the whole kingdom of Spain: and he likewise observed, that he would find his conversation very entertaining; for he was a lad who knew how to compose books for the press, and even dedicate them to princes. At length this cousin arrived upon an ass big with foal, whose pannel was covered with a piece of tawdry tapestry or carpet: Sancho saddled Rozinante, put Dapple in order, stowed his wallet, which was reinforced by the cousin's, likewise very well stored; then, recommending themselves to God, and taking leave of the company, they set out, choosing the shortest road to the famous cave of Montesinos.

While they travelled along, Don Quixote addressing himself to the student, asked what was the nature and quality of his exercises, studies, and profes-

tion? To this question the other answered, that his profession was humanity; and that his exercise and study consisted in composing books for the press, of great emolument, and no less entertainment to the public; that one of them was intituled, *The Book of Liveries*, in which he had described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottoes, and cyphers: "From these," said he, "your courtiers may extract and assume such devices as will suit their fancies in times of festivity and rejoicing, without going about begging from any person whatever, or cudgelling their brains, as the saying is, in order to invent what will suit their several desires and dispositions; for I insert those that will fit the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, and absent, so exactly, that the just will far exceed the number of the gentiles. I have likewise finished another book, which I propose to call *The Metamorphoses*, or, the Spanish Ovid, of an invention equally new and agreeable; for there, in imitation of Nasso, I give a burlesque description and history of the Giralda of Seville, the Angel of La Madalina, the Conduit of Vecinguerra at Cordova, the Bulls of Guisanda, the Sierra Morena, the Fountains of Leganitos, and the Lavapies of Madrid, not forgetting those of the Piojo, the Golden Pipe, and the Priora, with their allegories, metaphors, and transformations, which at once surprise, instruct, and entertain. I have a third performance, which I denominate, *The Supplement to Polydore Virgil*, which treats of the invention of things, and is a work of great study and erudition; for many things of great importance which Polydore has omitted, I examine and explain in a most elegant style: he, for example, has forgot to let us know who was the first person troubled with a defluxion or rheum, and who was first anointed for the cure of the French distemper: now these two questions I resolve in the most accurate manner, upon the authority of above five and twenty authors; so your worship will perceive whether I have laboured to good purpose, and composed a book that will be useful to the world in general."

Sancho, having listened very attentively to this narration, "Tell me, signor," said he, "so may God lend an helping hand to the printing of your books; tell me, if you know, and surely you know every thing, who was the first man that scratched his own head? for my own part, I firmly believe it must have been our father Adam." "Certainly," answered the student; "for Adam without doubt had a head and hair upon it; now, that being the case, and he being the first man in the world, he must have scratched it sometimes." "I am of the same opinion," resumed Sancho, "but now, pray tell me who was the first tumbler?" "Verily, brother," resumed the scholar, "I cannot determine that point until I shall have studied it, and study it I will, upon my return to the place where I keep my books; so that I shall satisfy you the next time we meet; for I hope this will not be the last time of our meeting." "Then I desire you will give yourself no trouble about the matter," said Sancho; "for I have already found out the solution of my question: know, signor, that the first tumbler must have been Lucifer, who, when he was thrown and ejected from heaven, came tumbling down to the bottomless pit." "Friend," cried the student, "you are certainly in the right." "That question and answer," said Don Quixote, "is none of thy own; thou must have learned them from some other person, Sancho." "Hold thy tongue, signor," replied the squire; "for, in good faith! if I begin to question and answer, I shall not have done till morning: yes, as to the matter of asking like a fool, and answering like a simpleton, I have no occasion to crave the assistance of my neighbours." "Thou hast said more than thou art aware of," answered Don Quixote; "for some people there are who fatigue themselves in learning, and investigating that which, when learned and investigated, is not worth a farthing, either to the memory or understanding."

In this, and other such relishing discourse, they passed that day, and at night took up their lodging in a small village, from whence, as the scholar told the

knight, the distance to the cave of Montesinos did not exceed a couple of leagues; and he observed, that if Don Quixote was really determined to explore the cavern, it would be necessary to provide ropes, by which he might be lowered down to its bottom. The knight said, that although he should descend to the abyss, he would see the bottom, for which purpose he purchased about a hundred fathoms of rope. Next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at the cave, and found the mouth broad and spacious, though overgrown with thorns, weeds, brambles, and brakes, so thick and intricate, that it was almost quite covered and concealed: at sight of the place all three alighted; the student and Sancho immediately began to fasten the rope strongly about the knight, and while they were thus employed in cording and girding him, Sancho, addressing himself to the adventurer, "Dear master," said he, "consider what your worship is about: seek not to bury yourself alive, and to be used like a bottle of wine, let down to cool in some well; for it neither concerns nor belongs to your worship to be the surveyor of that pit, which must be worse than a dungeon." "Tie the knot, and hold thy tongue, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for such an enterprise as this was reserved for me alone." Then the guide interposing, "I intreat your worship, Signor Don Quixote," said he, "to consider attentively, and examine, as it were with an hundred eyes, every circumstance within this cave, where, perhaps, there may be things which I shall insert among my transformations." "The cymbal," answered Sancho, "is in the hands that can play it to the utmost nicety."

This discourse having passed, and the ligature being made, not over the knight's armour, but his doublet, "We have been guilty of an inadvertency," said Don Quixote, "in coming hither unprovided with a small bell, which had it been tied to me with the same cord, would with its sound have given you notice, as I descended, of my being alive: but, as it is now impossible to be accommodated, I commit myself to

the hands of God, who will conduct me." Then falling upon his knees, he, in a low voice, preferred a prayer to heaven, beseeching God to assist and crown him with success, in this seemingly perilous and new adventure." His ejaculation being finished, he pronounced in a loud voice, "O thou mistress of my deeds and motions, the most resplendent and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if the prayer and petition of this thy adventurous lover can possibly reach thine ears, I conjure thee, by thy unheard-of beauty, to grant my request, which is no other than that thou wouldst not now deny me thy favour and protection, when I stand so much in need of both; for I am just upon the brink of darting, plunging, and ingulfing myself into the profound abyss that opens wide before me, on purpose that the world may know there is nothing so impossible that I will not attempt and execute under the wings of thy favour."

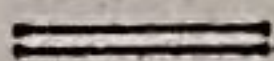
So saying, he approached the pit, when he found it would be impracticable to slip down, or make way for entering, without the strength of arms and back-strokes: he, therefore, unsheathing his sword, began to lay about him, and mow down the bushes that grew around the mouth of the cave, out of which an infinite number of huge crows and daws, affrighted at the noise and disturbance, sallied forth, with such force and velocity, as laid the knight upon his back; and had he been as superstitious as he was a good Catholic, he would have looked upon this irruption as a bad omen, and excused himself from visiting the bowels of such a dreary place; at length he rose, and seeing that the flight of crows, and other birds of night, was now over, (for a number of bats had likewise come forth) he put the rope in the hands of Sancho and the scholar, desiring them to lower him down to the bottom of that dreadful cavern, which when he entered, Sancho gave him his benediction, and making a thousand crosses over him, exclaimed, "God and the rock of France, together with the trinity of Gaeta, be thy guides, thou flower, and cream, and scum of knights-errant: there thou goest, bully of

the globe, heart of steel, and arm of brass! I say again, God be thy guide, and bring thee back safe, sound, and without deceit, to the light of this life, which thou art now forsaking to bury thyself in that obscurity." Almost the same prayer and deprecation was uttered by the scholar; while Don Quixote called aloud for rope, and afterwards for more rope, which they gave him by little and little. By that time the voice, which ascended through the windings and turnings of the cave, ceased to vibrate on their ears, they had already uncoiled the hundred fathoms, and were inclined to hoist him up again, as they had no more cord to spare: they staid, however, about half an hour, at the expiration of which they began to pull up the rope, which seemed to have no weight attached to it, and came up with such ease, that they imagined the knight was left below; a supposition, in consequence of which the squire wept most bitterly, while he pulled with great eagerness, in order to discover the truth; but when they had coiled up about four-score fathoms, they felt the weight again, and were exceedingly rejoiced: finally, at the distance of ten fathoms, they distinctly perceived Don Quixote, to whom Sancho addressed himself, saying, "Dear master, I wish your worship an happy return; we began to think you had tarried below to breed."

To this welcome the knight answered not a word. When they pulled him up, they perceived his eyes were shut, and that to all appearance he was fast asleep: then he was laid upon the ground, and untied; but still he did not awake: however, by dint of turning, jogging, shaking, and moving, they after some time brought him to himself, when yawning hideously, as if he had awoke from a profound and heavy sleep, he looked around with amazement, and pronounced, "God forgive you, friends, for having withdrawn me from the most delightful prospect and agreeable life that ever mortal saw or enjoyed: in effect, I am now fully convinced, that all the pleasures of this life fleet away like a shadow or dream, or fade like the flowers of the field. O unfortunate Monte-

sinos! O deeply wounded Durandarte! O hapless Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! and you forlorn daughters of Ruydera, who by your waters shew the copious floods of tears that fall from your beauteous eyes."

The scholar and Sancho hearing these words, which Don Quixote seemed to heave with immense pain from his very entrails, begged he would explain the meaning of what he had said, and inform them of what he had seen in that infernal gulf." "Infernal, call you it?" said the knight: "pray give it a better epithet, for that it surely does deserve, as you will presently perceive." Then he desired they would give him something to eat, for he was excessively hungry: they spreading the carpet upon the grass, produced the buttery of their bags, when all three sitting around them in love and good fellowship, made one meal serve for supper and afternoon's luncheon, which being finished and the cloth taken away, "My sons," said Don Quixote, "let no man stir, but listen with your whole attention to that which I am going to rehearse."



CHAP. VI.

IT might be about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun retiring behind a cloud, so as to emit a scanty light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity of relating coolly and comfortably to his two illustrious hearers the particulars he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he accordingly began to recite what follows:—

"About twelve or fourteen fathoms below the mouth of this dungeon, there is a concavity on the right hand, wide enough to contain a large waggon with its cattle, and illuminated by a small stream of light that descends through corresponding cracks and crannies, which open at a distance on the surface of

the earth : this spacious cavity I perceived, when I was tired and out of humour at finding myself hanging and descending by a rope, through that dark and dreary dungeon, without knowing any certain or determined way ; I therefore resolved to enter it and repose myself a little, and called to you to leave off lowering the rope, until I should give you further notice ; but I suppose you did not hear me, so that I gathered up the cord you let down, and making it into an heap or coil, sat down upon it in a very pensive mood, to consider how I should descend to the bottom, having no person to support my weight. While I sat musing on this misfortune, I was all of a sudden overpowered by a most profound sleep, and without dreaming of the matter, or knowing how, or wherefore, I awoke, and found myself in the midst of the most beautiful, charming, and delightful meadow that nature could create, or the most fertile imagination could conceive. I rubbed and wiped my eyes, so as to see that far from sleeping I was broad awake : nevertheless, I felt my head and fumbled in my bosom, in order to be assured whether it was really my identical self, or some unsubstantial phantom and counterfeit ; but the touch, the reflection, and connected discourse I held with myself, concurred to convince me that I was the same at that time as I find myself at present. Then was my view regaled with a sumptuous palace or castle, with walls and battlements of clear, transparent crystal, and two large folding-gates, which opening, there came forth, advancing towards me, a venerable old man clad in a long cloak of purple baize, that trailed upon the ground : his shoulders and breast were girded with a collegiate scarf of green satin : his head was covered with a black Milan cap ; and his beard, white as the drifted snow, descended to his middle. He wore no arms, but held in his hand a rosary of beads as large as walnuts, though the tens were as big as ostrich-eggs ; and his deportment, air, gravity, and dignified presence, filled me with surprise and veneration. Coming up to me, the first thing he did was to hug

me closely in this arms, then he said, ‘ Long, very long, most valiant knight, Don Quixote de La Mancha, have we, who are enchanted in these solitudes, expected thy arrival, that thou mayest inform the world of what is contained and concealed in this profound cavern, which is called the cave of Montesinos; an adventure hitherto reserved, on purpose to be achieved by thy invincible heart and most stupendous courage. Follow me, illustrious signor, and I will shew thee the wonders that lie hid in this transparent castle, of which I am governor and perpetual warder, as being that identical Montesinos from whom the cavern takes its name.” No sooner had he told me who he was, than I asked if it was true what the world above related of him, namely, that he had with a small dagger cut out the heart of his great friend Durendarte, and carried it to the Lady Belerma, according to his own desire, while he was in the agonies of death. He answered, every circumstance was true, except that of the dagger; for it was neither a dagger, nor small in its dimensions, but a polished poniard as sharp as an awl.”

Here Sancho interposing, observed, that such a poniard must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville. “ I do not know who was the maker,” said the knight, “ but it could not be that sword-cutler; for Raymond de Hozes was living t’other day; whereas many years are elapsed since the battle of Roncesvalles, where that misfortune happened; but this inquiry is of no importance; nor does it disturb or alter the truth and evidence of the story.” “ No, surely,” cried the scholar, “ pray, good your worship Don Quixote, proceed; for I listen to your narration with infinite pleasure.” “ And I feel no less in recounting it,” answered the knight.

“ Well, then, the venerable Montesinos led me into the crystalline palace, where in a low hall, cool beyond conception, and lined with alabaster, stood a monument of marble, of exquisite workmanship, upon which I perceived a knight lying at full length, I do not mean a statue of bronze, marble, or jasper,

such as we commonly see on other tombs, but a man of real flesh and bones: he held his right hand, which being muscular and hairy, denoted the great strength of the owner over the region of the heart, and before I had time to ask any questions, Montesinos seeing me astonished, and gazing attentively at the sepulchre, 'This is my friend Durandarte,' said he, 'the flower and mirror of all the valiant and enamoured knights of his time: here he is kept enchanted as well as myself, and many others of both sexes, by Merlin, that French enchanter, who is said to have been forgotten by the devil; though, for my own part, I believe he is not really the devil's son, but that, according to the proverb, he knows one point more than the devil. How or for what reason he enchanted us, nobody knows, but time will discover the mystery; and, in my opinion, that time is not far off; what surprises me is, I know as certainly as the sun shines, that Durandarte breathed his last in my arms, and after he was dead, I, with my own individual hands, took out his heart, which must certainly have weighed a couple of pounds; for, according to the observation of naturalists, the man who has a large heart is endowed with more valour than he whose heart is of smaller dimensions: this being the case, and the knight certainly dead, how comes he, even at this day, to sigh and complain, from time to time, as if he was actually alive?'

"He had no sooner pronounced these words, than the wretched Durandarte cried, in a loud voice, 'O cousin Montesinos! the last favour I requested of you was, that when my soul should quit my body, you would extract my heart either with poniard or dagger, and carry it to Belerma.' The venerable Montesinos hearing this apostrophe, kneeled before the piteous knight, and with tears in his eyes, replied, 'Already, Signor Durandarte, my dearest consin! already have I executed what you commanded me to perform, on that unlucky day of our defeat; I extracted your heart as well as I could, without leaving the smallest particle of it in your breast; I wiped it

with a laced handkerchief, and set out with it full gallop for France, after having first committed you to the bosom of the earth, with such a flood of tears as was sufficient to bathe and wash my hands of the blood they had contracted by raking in your bowels; and as a surer token, dear cousin of my soul! at the first place I reached, in my way from Roncesvalles, I sprinkled your heart with a little salt, that it might not acquire a bad smell, and continue, if not quite fresh, at least tolerably sweet, until it could be presented to the Lady Belerma, who, together with you and me, and your squire Guadiana, the Duenna Ruydera, her seven daughters, and two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, have been long enchanted in this place by the sage Merlin; and although five hundred years are elapsed, not one of us is dead; though we have lost Ruydera with her daughters and nieces, who by weeping are, through the compassion of Merlin, converted into so many lakes, which, in the world above, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera; the seven sisters belong to the King of Spain, and the two nieces to the knights of the very holy order, called St. John. Your squire Guadiana, bewailing likewise your misfortune, was changed into a river of the same name, which, when it reached the surface of the earth, and saw the sun of the other sky, was so grieved at the thoughts of leaving you, that he sunk down into the bowels of the globe; but, as it was not possible for him to resist his natural current, he from time to time rises up, shewing himself to the sun and to the nations: he receives a reinforcement from the waters of the fore-mentioned lakes, with which, and many others, that join his stream, he enters Portugal in majesty and pomp. Nevertheless, wheresoever he runs, he discovers a sullen melancholy, and does not pique himself upon breeding within his channel fish of dainty relish and esteem; but only such as are coarse and unsavoury, and widely different from those of the golden Tagus. What I now say, my dear cousin, I have often expressed,

and as you make no reply, I conclude you either do not hear, or do not give credit to my words ; a circumstance which, as Heaven doth know, overwhelms me with affliction. I will at present make you acquainted with one piece of news, which, if it does not alleviate your sorrow, can surely, in no shape, tend to its augmentation. Know, then, here stands in your presence (open your eyes and behold him) that great knight of whom so many things have been prophesied by the sage Merlin ; that Don Quixote de La Mancha, I say, who has renewed, and, with greater advantages than in times past, raised again from oblivion the long forgotten chivalry, by the means and favour of whom, perhaps, we ourselves may be disenchanted ; for great men, such great achievements are reserved.' 'And if that should not be the case,' replied the afflicted Durandarte, in a faint and languid tone ; 'and if that should not be the case, cousin, I say, patience, and shuffle the cards.' Then turning himself upon one side, he relapsed into his usual silence, without speaking another word.

"At that instant, hearing a great noise of shrieks and lamentations, accompanied with doleful sighing and dismal sobbing, I turned about, and saw through the crystal walls into another apartment, through which a procession passed, consisting of two files of most beautiful damsels in mourning, with white turbans on their heads, in the Turkish manner ; in the rear of these came a lady, for such by her stately demeanour she seemed to be, clothed like the rest in black, with a veil so full and long that it kissed the ground ; her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others ; her eye-brows met above her nose, which was flattish ; her mouth was large, but her lips retained the colour of vermillion ; her teeth, which she sometimes disclosed, were thin and ill set, though white as blanched almonds ; and in her hand she held a fine linen cloth, in which, as near as I could guess, was an heart, so dried and shrivelled that it seemed to be of perfect mummy. Montesinos gave me to understand, that all those of the procession were do-

mestics of Durandarte and Belerma, enchanted in that place, together with their lord and lady; and that the last who carried the heart in the napkin was Belerma herself, who, with her damsels, never failed to appear in that procession four days in the week, and sing, or rather howl, dirges over the body, and the woeful heart of his cousin: and that if she now seemed a little homely, or not quite so beautiful as fame reported her, the change proceeded from the bad nights and worse days she passed in that state of enchantment, as I might perceive in her large wrinkles and wan complexion; nor did that yellowness and those furrows proceed from any irregularity in the monthly disorder incident to women, for many months and even years had passed since she had the least shew of any such evacuation; but solely from the anguish of her heart, occasioned by that which she holds incessantly in her hand, and which renews and recalls to her memory the misfortune of her ill-fated lover: had it not been for that mischance, scarce would she have been equalled in beauty, sprightliness, and grace, even by the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, celebrated as she is, not only in this country, but also through the whole universe.'

“ ‘Softly, Signor Don Montesinos,’ said I, interrupting him at this period, ‘be so good as to tell your story as it ought to be told; for you know all comparisons are odious, and therefore there is no occasion to compare any person with another; the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the Lady Donna Belerma is likewise what she is, and has been, and there let the matter rest.’ To this remonstrance he replied, ‘Pardon me, Signor Don Quixote; I confess I have been to blame, and egregiously erred, in saying the Lady Dulcinea would scarce equal the Lady Belerma; seeing my having known by certain guesses that your worship is the knight of Dulcinea, was sufficient to have induced me to bite off my tongue rather than compare her with any thing but heaven itself.’ Such satisfaction from the great Montesinos allayed the disgust that

my heart received in hearing Belerma compared with my mistress."

"I marvel much," said Sancho, "that your worship did not fall upon the old hunks, and break every bone in his skin, aye, and pull his beard in such a manner as not to leave one single hair." "By no means, friend Sancho," answered the knight, "it would not have become me to behave in that manner; for we are all obliged to respect our seniors, although they are not knights; but more especially those who are really of that quality, and besides in a state of enchantment. This I know full well, that there was nothing left unpaid on either side, in the course of the questions and answers that passed between us."

Here the scholar interposing, "I cannot conceive," said he, "Signor Don Quixote, how your worship, in such a short time as that you have spent below, could see so many things, and ask and answer such a number of questions." "How long is it since I descended?" said the knight. "Little more than an hour," replied the squire. "That's impossible," resumed Don Quixote; "for night fell, and morning dawned, and darkness and light succeeded each other three times; so that, by my reckoning, I must have remained three days in those sequestered shades, which are hidden from our view." "My master must be in the right," said Sancho: "for as all those things have happened by enchantment, perhaps what appeared but one hour to us, might seem three days and nights to your worship." "It may be so," answered the knight. Then the student asking if his worship had eaten any thing in all that time; "I have not tasted one mouthful," said he, "nor had I the least sensation of hunger." "And do those who are enchanted eat?" resumed the scholar. "They do not eat," answered Don Quixote, "nor do they void the larger excrements, though it is supposed that their nails, beards, and hair, are always growing."

Here Sancho desired to know if ever those enchanted gentry enjoyed the benefit of sleep? To

which interrogation his master replied, "No, surely, at least in those three days that I passed among them, neither they nor myself once closed an eye." "Here then," said the squire, "we may conveniently trust in the proverb, 'Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners.' While your worship keeps company with enchanted people, who are always fasting and watching, it is no great wonder if you neither eat nor sleep while you are among them; but really, signor, your worship must forgive me, if I say, that of all you have told us, God take me, I was going to say the devil, if I believe one circumstance." "How," cried the scholar, "then Signor Don Quixote must have lied! who, even if we could entertain such a supposition, has not had time to compose and contrive such a number of fables." "I do not believe that my master tells lies," answered Sancho. "What then is thy conception?" said the knight. "I conceive," replied Sancho, "that Merlin, or those magicians who have enchanted the whole rabble which your worship hath seen and discoursed with below, have likewise stuffed your noddle, or memory, with all that nonsense which you have already recounted, as well as what you have left untold." "That might be the case," said Don Quixote, "but I assure you it is not so at present; for what I have recounted I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But what wilt thou say, when I now tell thee, that among an infinite number of other wonderful things, which I shall relate hereafter in the course of our travels, as they do not all belong to this place, Montesinos shewed me three country wenches leaping and skipping like so many goats through those delightful plains: and scarce had I set eyes on them, when I recognized them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and those two individual young women with whom we spoke in the neighbourhood of Toboso. When I asked Montesinos if he knew them, he answered in the negative, but said he took them to be some

enchanted ladies of quality; for they had appeared but a few days in that meadow; nor ought I to wonder at that circumstance, forasmuch as in the same place there were many ladies of the past and present age, enchanted in different and strange forms, among whom he recollected Queen Ginebra, and her Duenna Quintanona, who was skinker to Lancelot, when he came from Britain." Sancho hearing his master talk in this manner, was ready to run distracted, or burst with laughing; for knowing the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of which indeed he himself had been the author and evidence, he was convinced, beyond all doubt, that his master was stark staring mad; and in that persuasion exclaimed, "In evil hour, accursed season, and unlucky day, my dear master, did your worship go down to the other world; and in a mischievous moment did you meet with Signor Montesinos, who has sent you back in such a woeful condition. Well was your worship here above, in your sound judgment, such as God had bestowed upon you, saying sentences, and giving counsel at every turn, and not as at present, venting a heap of the greatest nonsense that was ever conceived. "I know thee too well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "to mind what thou sayest." "And I, in like manner," replied his squire, "know you too well to regard what you say: wound me, or confound me, or kill me if you will, for what I have said, and what I mean to say, if your worship does not mend and correct your own speeches; but now we are at peace, pray tell me how, or by what token, you came to know our lady mistress, and if you spoke to her, what answer she made?"

"I knew her again," replied the knight, "by the same clothes she wore when thou thyself didst shew her to my astonished eyes: I likewise addressed myself to her, but she answered not a syllable; on the contrary, she turned about and fled so swiftly, that an arrow would not have overtaken her: nevertheless, I wished to follow, and would certainly have pur-

sued her, had not Montesinos advised me not to fatigue myself; for it would be to no purpose, and besides it was time for me to return to the light above. He likewise told me that, in process of time, he would give me notice in what manner he, Durandarte, Belerma, and all the rest in those sequestered shades, were to be disenchanted. But what of all I saw and observed gave me the greatest pain was this: while I was engaged in this conversation with Montesinos, one of the hapless Dulcinea's companions came up to me unperceived, and with tears in her eyes thus accosted me, in a low and whimpering voice: 'My Lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and begs your worship will be pleased to let her know how your worship does: moreover, being in great necessity, she supplicates your worship, in the most earnest manner, to be pleased to lend her, upon this her new cotton under-petticoat, half a dozen rials, or any small matter your worship can spare, which, upon her honest word, shall be restored in a very short time.' This message filled me with surprize and concern, and turning to the sage, 'Is it possible, Signor Montesinos,' said I, 'that people of condition are exposed to necessity in a state of enchantment?' To this question he replied, 'Take my word for it, Signor Don Quixote de La Mancha, that which we call necessity is known in all states, extending to all conditions, prevailing among every class of people, and not even sparing those who are enchanted: and since Signora Dulcinea del Toboso sends to beg these six rials, and the pledge seems to be well worth the money, you had better let her have them; for she must certainly be in great trouble. 'The pledge I will not touch,' said I, 'nor indeed can I comply with her request; for I have not above four rials!' which I gave her, and these were the very individual pieces which I received from thee, Sancho, t'other day, in order to give away in charity to the poor I might meet with on the road. 'Sweetheart,' said I, 'tell your lady that her distress

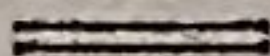
affects me to the very soul, and I wish I were as rich as Fouckar* to remove it; let her know that I neither can nor will enjoy health while deprived of her agreeable presence and improving conversation; and that I fervently and earnestly beg her goodness will be pleased to indulge with her company, this her captive servant and afflicted knight. Tell her also that, when least she dreams of any such matter, she shall hear that I have made a vow, like that which was sworn by the Marquis of Mantua, to revenge his cousin Valdovinos, when he found him at the last gasp, in the middle of the mountain; namely, that he would not eat from off a table-cloth, together with some whimsical additions, until he should have revenged his death; and in like manner, I will swear never to be quiet, but traverse the seven divisions of the globe more punctually than did the Infant Don Pedro † of Portugal, until she be restored to the upper world.' 'All that, and much more, you owe to my lady,' said the damsel, who, taking the rials, instead of curtseying, cut a caper in the air two yards high.

"O, holy God!" cried Sancho, with a loud voice, "is it possible that those enchanters and enchantments should have such power to change the good sense of my master into such nonsensical madness! O, signor! signor! for the love of God look to your-

* Fouckar was a very rich merchant of Augsburg, and a great favourite of Charles V. who owed him a very considerable sum. It is reported of him, that when the emperor lodged at his house, in his return from Tunis, the fire in his chamber was of cinnamon, and his landlord lighted it with his imperial majesty's own obligation, thereby cancelling an immense debt. The wealth of these traders, for there were two brothers, became proverbial, and it was usual to say of any very opulent person, "He is as rich as a Fouckar."

† This was the great patron of the Portuguese discoveries along the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope.

self, have some respect for your own honour, and give no credit to those vanities, which have diminished and disturbed your senses." "Thy regard for me, Sancho, makes thee talk in that manner," answered the knight; "and as thou art not experienced in the events of this world, every thing that is uncommon, to thee seems impossible; but the time will come, as I have already observed, when I shall recount some circumstances which I saw below, that will compel thee to believe what I have now related, the truth of which neither admits of dispute or reply."



CHAP. VII.

HE who translated this sublime history from the original, composed by its first author, Cid Hamet Benengeli, says, that coming to the chapter which treats of the adventure of the cave, he found this observation written on the margin in the hand-writing of the said Hamet.

"I cannot conceive or persuade myself that the valiant Don Quixote literally saw and heard all that is recounted in the foregoing chapter, for this reason: all the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged, are feasible, and likely to have happened; but this of the cave I can by no means believe true, in any circumstance, because it is so wide of all reason and probability; then to suppose that Don Quixote would tell lies! he who was the truest gentleman and most noble knight of his time! it is not possible! He certainly would have suffered himself to be shot to death rather than deviate one tittle from the truth; besides, I consider that he explained and recounted the adventure so circumstantially, that he could not be supposed to have contrived extempore such a large concatenation of extravagancies; but after all, should the adven-

ture seem apocryphal, the blame cannot be laid to my door, and therefore I give it to the public without affirming it either to be true or false. Reader, if thou hast discernment, thou mayest judge for thyself; for it is neither my duty, nor is it in my power, to do more: though it is held for certain, that the knight, on his death-bed, retracted the whole, saying he had invented the story, because it seemed to agree and quadrate with those adventures we had read in his books."

Then the Arabian proceeds in his history to this effect:

The scholar was equally astonished at the presumption of Sancho Panza, and the forbearance of his master, and concluded that the satisfaction he derived from having seen his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though enchanted, had produced that milkiness of temper, which was now so remarkable; had not this been the case, Sancho's freedom and remarks were such as would have brought a wooden shower upon his shoulders; for he was downright impertinent to his master, to whom the student thus addressed himself: "For my own part, Signor Don Quixote de La Mancha, I look upon this as the happiest journey I ever performed; for, in the course of it, I have made four valuable acquisitions:—In the first place, I have gained the acquaintance of your worship, which I deem a piece of singular felicity. Secondly, I have been made acquainted with what is locked up and contained in the cave of Montesinos, together with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the lakes of Ruydera; transmutations that will aptly fill a place in the Spanish Ovid which I have in hand. Thirdly, I have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which at least must be as old as the time of Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship heard Durandarte pronounce, when at the end of that long harangue of Montesinos, he awoke and said, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.' For that phrase and manner of speaking he could not have learned during his enchantment, but certainly

when he was alive and well in France, during the reign of the said Charlemagne; and this investigation comes pat to the purpose for the other book which I am composing, I mean the Supplement to Polydore Virgil, on the invention of antiquities; for I take it for granted he has forgot to insert in his book the discovery of card-playing, which I will now explain, and doubtless it will be a very material circumstance, especially when confirmed by such a grave and authentic evidence as Signor Durandarte. Fourthly, and lastly, I have now ascertained the source of the Guadiana, hitherto unknown among the nations."

"You have, indeed, good reason to be satisfied," replied the knight; "but I should be glad to know, if by God's assistance you should obtain a license for printing those books (which is a matter of doubt with me) to what patron you intend they should be dedicated?" "There are plenty of lords and grandees in Spain," answered the scholar, "to whom they may be dedicated." "But a very few," said Don Quixote; "not but that a great many deserve dedications, but because few will receive them, that they may not lay themselves under the obligation of making such a recompense as may seem due to the labour and courtesy of authors: one prince, indeed, I know, who supplies the defect of the rest, with such advantages, that if I durst presume to describe them, I might perhaps excite envy in many noble hearts: but, let that circumstance rest till a more convenient season; and in the mean time, let us endeavour to find some place where we may procure a night's lodging." "Not far from hence," replied the student, "is an hermitage, where lives an anchorite, who is said to have been a soldier, and bears the character of being a good Christian, and, moreover, a discreet and charitable man; adjoining to the hermitage is a little house, built by the labour of his own hands, which, though narrow, is large enough to receive travellers." "Can that same hermitage produce any poultry," said Sancho. "There are few hermitages destitute of that provision," answered the knight; "for the anchorites of these

days, are not like those who dwelt in the deserts of Egypt, clothing themselves with palm-leaves, and subsisting on the roots of the earth. And here I would not be understood to extol one sort, in order to depreciate another; for the penance now in use does not come up to the rigour and austerity of those times: nevertheless, they are all good, at least so I suppose them to be; and even should the stream run foul, the hypocrite who cloaks his knavery is less dangerous to the commonwealth than he who transgresses in the face of day."

This conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a man coming towards them on foot, walking fast and switching a mule loaded with lances and halberts; when he came up he saluted them, and passed on at a good pace, and Don Quixote perceiving his hurry, "Honest friend," said he, "pray stop a little, for you seem to go faster than your mule could wish." "Signor," answered the man, "I cannot tarry at present, because these arms, of which I have the charge, are to be used to-morrow morning, so that I cannot possibly stay; therefore, adieu: but if you desire to know for what purpose they were procured, at the inn which is beyond the hermitage I have some thoughts of taking my night's lodging, and if you are travelling the same road, there you will find me, and there you shall hear strange tidings; so once more I bid you farewell." So saying, he whipped up the mule in such a manner, that Don Quixote had not time to ask another question concerning those strange tidings which he promised to relate; but, being extremely curious, and continually fatigued with the desire of learning novelties, he ordered his company to set off that instant and proceed to the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar wished to pass the evening. In compliance with the knight's desire, all three mounted their beasts, and followed the direct road to the inn, which they reached a little before the twilight. The student however proposed that they should call and take a draught at the hermitage: Sancho Panza hearing this proposal,

immediately turned Dapple's head towards it, being followed by Don Quixote and the scholar: but his ill luck seemed to have ordained that the hermit should not be at home, as they were told by an under hermit whom they found in the place. When the squire demanded a flask of his best and dearest, he answered, "that his master had no wine, but if he chose a pitcher of his cheapest water, he should have it with all his heart." "If I had chosen water," said Sancho, "there is plenty of wells upon the road, from which I might have quenched my thirst. O the wedding of Camacho! and the abundance of Don Deigo's house! how often shall I lament the loss of you!"

When he had uttered this ejaculation, they quitted the hermitage, and pushed on towards the inn, and having rode forwards a little way, they overtook a lad who travelled the same road at his own leisure: he carried a sword over his shoulder, that supported a bundle of clothes, which seemed to consist of trowsers, a cloak, and shirt; for he wore a velvet jacket with some slips of satin, and the shirt hanging out: he had silk stockings, and square-toed shoes, in the court fashion: his age seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen; he had a sprightly countenance, and an agility in his person; he amused himself in singing couplets to beguile the fatigue in travelling, and when they overtook him, had just finished one, which the student remembered to have run in this strain:

To the wars my necessity drags me away,
But if I had money, at home I would stay.

The first who accosted him was Don Quixote, saying, "You travel very light, young gentleman; pray, good now, whither may you be going?" To this interrogation the youth replied, "I travel so light on account of poverty and the heat of the weather; and I am going to the wars." "The heat may be a very good reason," resumed the knight, "but how should poverty be the cause of your travelling in that manner?" "Signor," answered the youth, "I carry in

this bundle a pair of velvet trunk breeches, fellows to this jacket, which if I wear out in the country, they will do me no credit in town, and I have not wherewithal to purchase a reinforcement? for this reason, therefore, and the benefit of the free air, I travel as you see me, until I get up with some companies of foot, which are quartered at a town about twelve leagues from hence; there I shall enlist among them, and there will not be wanting some baggage-waggon, in which I may proceed to the place of embarkation, which they say is to be Carthagená; and I would much rather have the king for my lord and master, and serve him in his wars, than be the lacquey of some scoundrel at court.” “And have you obtained any post?” said the scholar. “Had I served a grandee of Spain, or some person of quality,” replied the youth, “I should certainly have got something of that kind; for this is the advantage of being in good service, that a man is frequently preferred from the back of his master’s chair to a pair of colours, a company, or some handsome provision: but it was my unhappy fate to be always in the service of poor idle rascals, or foreigners, who give such a miserable and consumptive allowance of board wages, that one half was expended in the starching of a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if any such page-adventurer should obtain a tolerable provision.” “And pray, friend,” said Don Quixote, “is it possible, that during all the years you have been in service, you never had a livery?” “Yes,” answered the page, “I have had two; but as he who quits a convent before he professes is stripped of his habit, and obliged to resume his own clothes; so was I served by my masters, who after having transacted the business that brought them to court, returned to their own homes, and took back the liveries, which they had given me out of mere ostentation.”

“A very scandalous * *Espilorcheria*, indeed, as the Italians call it,” said Don Quixote; “but, notwith-

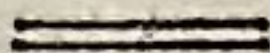
* A knavish trick.

standing, you may think yourself very happy in having left the court with such a laudable intention ; for there is nothing upon earth more productive of honour and profit, next to the service of God, than the service of the king, our natural lord and master ; especially in the exercise of arms, by which more honour, if not more wealth, is acquired than by learning itself ; for as I have divers and sundry times observed, although a greater number of families has been raised by learning than by arms, yet those founded upon arms rise, I don't know how, above their fellows, with a kind of natural splendour, by which all others are outshone : and what I am now going to say, I desire you will lay up in your remembrance ; for it will be of much comfort and utility to you in the midst of all your sufferings : never entertain a thought of what adversity may happen, for the worst is death ; and provided it comes with honour, it is the greatest happiness to die. Julius Cæsar, that valiant Emperor of Rome, being asked which was the most agreeable death, answered, ' That which is sudden, unexpected, and unforeseen : ' and though this reply savoured of the pagan, ignorant of the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with regard to his being freed from the pangs of human infirmity, he said well : for, supposing you should be slain in the first action of skirmish, either by a cannon-ball, or the explosion of a mine, what does it signify ? we must all die, and there is an end of the whole ; and according to Terence, a dead soldier, who falls in battle, makes a much nobler appearance than one who lives by running away : the good soldier acquires reputation in proportion to the obedience he pays to his captain, or those who have a right to command him ; and pray take notice, child, a soldier had much better smell of gunpowder than of civet ; and if old age overtake you in that noble employment, though you should be covered over with wounds, paralytic, or lame, it can never overtake you without such honour as poverty cannot diminish ; especially now that provision is to be made for the maintenance and relief of old disabled soldiers ? for it is

not reasonable that they should be treated like negro slaves, to whom, when they are old and incapable of service, their masters often give their freedom, driving them from their houses, and, under the title of liberty, leaving them still slaves to hunger, which nothing but death can dispel. This is all I have to say at present, therefore get up, and ride behind me to the inn, where I shall treat you with a supper, and in the morning you may pursue your journey, which I pray God may be as fortunate as your intention is good."

The page excused himself from riding behind the knight, though he embraced his invitation to supper at the inn; and Sancho said within himself, "Lord comfort thee for a master! Is it possible that a man who can utter so many good things, should affirm that he has seen all that impossible nonsense which he has told of the cave of Montesinos? But time is the trier of all things."

In such discourse they arrived at the inn just as it grew dark, and Sancho was not a little rejoiced to find that his master took it to be a real inn, and not a castle, according to his usual whims. They had scarce entered when Don Quixote inquired of the landlord about the man with the lances and halberts, and understood he was in the stable providing for the accommodation of his beast; an example which was followed by the student and Sancho, who preferred Rozinante to the best manger and stall of the whole stable.



CHAP. VIII.

DON Quixote would not stay till his bread was baked, as the saying is, so impatient was he to hear and know the strange tidings that were promised by the arms-carrier, in quest of whom he forthwith went to the place where the landlord said he was; and having found him, desired he would by all

means gratify him with a circumstantial account of those things he had mentioned on the road. "The account of my strange tidings," answered the man, "I shall give when I am more at leisure, and not at work, as I am at present: if your worship will give me time to take care of my beast, I will tell you such things as you will be surprised to hear." "They shall not be delayed on that account," said the knight, "for I myself will lend you an helping hand." He accordingly winnowed the corn, and cleaned the manger; so that the man, induced by his humility, could do no less than grant his request, with good will: sitting down, therefore, in a hollow of the wall, close by Don Quixote, who, with the scholar, page, Sancho Panza, and the inn-keeper, composed his council and audience, he began to relate what follows:

"You must know, gentlemen, that in a village at the distance of four leagues and a half from this inn, it came to pass that a certain alderman, through the craft and malice of a servant wench, which I have not time to explain, lost an ass; and though the said alderman used all possible means to find him, he found it impossible to succeed: fifteen days had the ass been missing, according to public fame and report, when the owner was in the market-place accosted by another alderman of the same town, who said, 'Hansel me for my good news, neighbour: your beast has appeared.' 'That I will, neighbour, and heartily,' answered the other; 'but let us know where he has appeared.' 'Upon the mountain,' replied the finder: 'I saw him this morning, without pack-saddle or any sort of furniture; and so lean, that it was piteous to behold him. I would have driven him before me, and brought him home; but he is so wild and shy, that when I went near him, he took to his heels, and ran into the most concealed part of the mountain: if you choose it, we two will go in quest of him; stay till I house my own beast, and I'll return presently.' 'I shall be much obliged to you,' said he of the strayed ass, 'and shall endeavour to repay you in the same coin.'

With these very circumstances, and in the self-same manner that I relate the affair to you, it is told and related by all those who have entered into the true spirit of the case.

“ In conclusion, the two aldermen walked hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place and spot where they expected to find the ass, they found him not: nor could they get one glimpse of him, although they searched all about over and over. Perceiving that he was not likely to appear, ‘ Hark ye, neighbour,’ said the alderman who had seen him, ‘ there is a contrivance come into my head, by which we shall certainly discover this animal, even though he should be concealed in the bowels of the earth, much more if he is in this mountain; and that is this, I have a marvellous knack at braying, and if you have any turn that way, you may conclude the business is done.’ ‘ Any turn, neighbour!’ cried the other: ‘ by the Lord! I will not yield in point of braying to the best man alive, not even to an identical ass.’ ‘ We shall see presently,’ answered the second alderman; ‘ for my intention is, that you should go to one side of the mountain, and I to the other, so as to walk round it quite, and every now and then you shall bray, and I will bray; and it cannot be but that the ass will hear and answer if he is on this mountain.’ To this proposal the owner replied, ‘ Neighbour, it is an excellent scheme, and worthy your great genius.’ So parting, according to agreement, it came to pass that both brayed almost at the same time, and each being deceived by the other’s braying, ran forward in hopes of finding the ass; when perceiving their mistake, ‘ Neighbour,’ said the loser, ‘ is it possible that was not my ass which brayed just now?’ ‘ No: it was I,’ answered the other. ‘ Egad, then,’ cried the owner, ‘ there is not the least difference in point of braying, between you and an ass! for in my life did I never hear or see such a resemblance.’ ‘ That compliment and approbation,’ answered the contriver, ‘ would be much better bestowed upon yourself than upon me, neighbour; for, by

the God that made me, you would give two heats of advantage to the biggest and best brayer in Christendom; for the sound you produce is deep, sonorous, within proper time and compass, and the falls frequent and sharp; in a word, I own myself overcome, and yield you the palm and banner of that rare talent.' 'By the mass!' said the owner, 'I will from henceforward have a higher opinion of my own ability, and believe I know something, since I really possess such a gift; for, although I always thought I brayed tolerably well, I never imagined I excelled so much as you say I do.' 'I therefore tell you,' replied the other, 'that many rare talents are lost in this world; and that they are ill-bestowed upon those who cannot turn them to advantage.' 'Ours,' said the owner, 'except in such cases as this that we have now in hand, can be but of little service, and even in this, God grant it may turn to account.'

"After these mutual compliments, they parted a second time, and began to bray again; but still they were deceived, and met as before, until by way of counter-signal, from which they might know one another, they agreed to bray twice in a breath: accordingly they doubled their brayings, and encompassed the whole mountain, without being favoured with the least answer or sign from the strayed ass; and, indeed, no wonder the poor unfortunate animal did not answer; for they found him in the remotest part of the wood, almost devoured by the wolves. The owner seeing him in this plight, 'I marvelled much,' said he, 'that he did not answer, for had he been alive and heard you, he must have brayed again, else he had been no ass; but as I have had the pleasure of hearing you bray so melodiously, neighbour, I think my trouble well bestowed, even although I have found him dead.' 'Tis in good hands, neighbour,' replied the other; 'for in chanting, the clerk is not a whit inferior to the curate.'

"Having made these mutual remarks, they returned to the village, equally hoarse and disconsolate, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaint-

ance, what had happened to them in their searching for the ass, extolling one another to the skies for the talent of braying; so that every circumstance of the story was related among the neighbouring villages; and the devil, who is never at rest, but always glad of an opportunity to sow discord and scatter quarrels, raising lies in the wind, and huge chimeras from little or no foundation, so ordered matters, that the people of the other villages, when they saw any person belonging to our town, began to bray, as if to hit him in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The story was taken up by the boys, which was all one as if it had fallen into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell; and the braying was circulated from one town to another in such a manner, that the natives of the village of Braywick are as well known and distinguished as a blackamoor from a Spaniard; and this joke has become so serious, that our townsmen have frequently gone forth in arms and regular order to give battle to the jokers, without any regard to king or rook, or fear or shame; I believe that to-morrow, or next day, the men of Braywick will take the field once more against the people of another village within two leagues of us, who are our chief persecutors; and that we may be well provided for the occasion, I have purchased the lances and halberts you have seen. Now these are the strange tidings which I said I would relate: and if you do not think them so, I have no other worth your hearing."

Thus the honest man concluded his story, and at that instant came into the house a man clothed in a doublet, breeches, and hose of shamoy leather, who said with a loud voice, "So ho, Mr. Landlord, have you got any lodging for the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-show of the deliverance of Melisendra." "Odds bodikins!" cried the innkeeper, "Master Peter here! we shall have rare doings i'faith." We forgot to observe, that the left eye, and half of the cheek of this Master Peter was covered with a patch of green silk, from whence it was supposed all that

side of the face laboured under some infirmity. Be that as it will, the innkeeper proceeded, saying, "Welcome good Master Peter, but where is the ape and the puppet-show? for I see neither." "They are at hand," answered the owner of the shamoy-suit; "but I came before, to know whether or not we could have lodging?" "The Duke d'Alva himself should be turned out to make room for Master Peter," said the landlord; "bring hither your ape and your show, for there is company in the house that will pay for a sight of them." "In good time then," replied the wearer of the patch: "I will lower the price, and think myself well paid, if they defray the expense of my lodging; mean while, I'll go and lead hither the cart that contains my puppets and my ape."

So saying, he went out, and Don Quixote inquiring who this Master Peter was, with the puppet-show and ape; the landlord replied, "This is a famous puppet-show man, who has long travelled through La Mancha and Arragon, representing the story of Melisendra, who was delivered by the famous Don Gayferos, one of the most entertaining and best represented histories which have been for many years seen in this kingdom: he likewise carries along with him an ape of the rarest talent that ever was known among apes, or conceived among men; for if you ask any question, it listens attentively to what you say, then leaping upon its master's shoulders, and clapping its mouth to his ear, it gives an answer, which Master Peter immediately explains. Of things that are past, it says much more than of those that are to come, and though it does not hit the truth exactly in every thing, it errs but seldom; so that we are inclined to believe it is inspired by the devil. Every question costs a couple of rials, provided the ape answers; I mean, supposing the master answers for the ape, after it has whispered in his ear: wherefore, Master Peter is thought to be woundy rich; indeed he is a gallant man, as they say in Italy, an excellent companion, and lives the pleasantest life in the world; he talks as much as any six, and drinks more

than a dozen, and all at the expense of his tongue, his ape, and his puppet-show."

Just as he spoke these words, Master Peter returned with the cart that contained his puppets and the ape, which was a very large animal without a tail: his buttocks were like felt, but not ugly withal: and Don Quixote no sooner beheld him than he asked, "Pray, Mr. Fortune-teller, what have we got in the net? what fortune awaits us? Behold, here are my two rials." So saying, he ordered Sancho to give them to Mr. Peter, who answered in the name of the ape, "Signor, this animal gives no response or intelligence concerning what is to come; he is only acquainted with the past, and knows something of the present." "Rabbit it," cried Sancho, "I would not give a doit to be told of the past; for who knows that better than myself, and to pay for being informed of what I know, would be downright folly: but since he knows the present, here are my two rials; and tell me, good your apeship, how my wife Teresa Panza is at present employed?" Master Peter refused to take the money, saying, "I will not receive a premium per advance, until it is preceded by service." Then clapping his hand twice upon his left shoulder, the ape, with one skip, leaped upon it, and laying its mouth to his ear, began to mow and chatter with great eagerness; having made this motion, which continued as long time as one would take in repeating the creed, with another skip he leaped upon the ground. Immediately Master Peter, with infinite hurry, threw himself on his knees before Don Quixote, and hugging his shins, exclaimed, "These legs I embrace, as I would embrace the pillars of Hercules, O thou celebrated reviver of the already-forgotten order of knight-errantry! thou never-enough to be applauded cavalier Don Quixote de La Mancha, the soul of the dejected, the prop of the falling, the shield of those that are fallen, the staff and comfort of all the unhappy!" Don Quixote was alarmed, Sancho thunder-struck, the scholar surprised, the page confounded, the Braywick carrier amazed, the landlord

astonished, and, in a word, admiration prevailed among all those who heard the words of the showman; while he proceeded, saying, "And thou, worthy Sancho Panza, the best squire of the bravest knight in the universe, be merry and rejoice; for thine agreeable help-mate, Teresa, is in good health, and this very moment employed in dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, there stands at her right hand a broken-mouthed pitcher, containing a good sup of wine, with which she comforts herself while she is at work." "That I can easily believe," answered Sancho, "for she is a rare one; and, if she was not a little given to jealousy, I would not exchange her for the Giantess Andandona, who, as my master says, was a very proper and complete housewife; and truly my Teresa is one of those who will live to their hearts content, even though their heirs should pay for it."

"I am now convinced," said Don Quixote, "that he who reads and travels much, will see and learn a great deal. This observation I make, because no arguments would have been sufficient to persuade me that there are apes in the world, endowed with the gift of divination, as I have this day seen with my own eyes; for I am the very Don Quixote named by that good animal, which, however, has expatiated rather too much in my praise: but be that as it may, I give thanks to God who bestowed upon me a mild and compassionate disposition, ever inclined to do good to all mankind, and harm to no person whatever." "If I had money," said the page, "I would ask signor ape what will be the success of my present peregrination?" To this hint, Master Peter, who had risen from his prostration, replied, "I have already told you, that this creature does not answer for what is to come; if he did, your want of money would be no objection; for in order to serve Don Quixote here present, I would willingly forfeit all the interested views in the world; and now, as in duty bound, I will, for his amusement, set up my show, and divert all the people in the house, without fee or reward." The landlord hearing this declara-

tion, was rejoiced beyond measure, and pointed out a proper place for the exhibition of his entertainment, which was prepared in a twinkling.

Don Quixote was not very well satisfied with the divinations of the ape, as he did not think it natural for such an animal to divine, in things either past, present, or to come; and therefore, while Master Peter was busy in setting up his show, he retired with his squire to a corner of the stable, where they could confer together without being overheard, and spoke to this effect: "Hark ye, Sancho, I have considered this wonderful talent of the ape, and according to my notion, this same Master Peter, its owner, must certainly have made a secret or express pact with the devil." "Nay, if it be the devil's pack," answered Sancho, "it must be a very dirty pack; but what signifies such a pack to Master Peter?" "Sancho," replied the knight, "you do not understand my meaning: what I would say is, that he must certainly have made some concert with the devil, who hath infused this talent into the ape, by which he gains his livelihood; and when he becomes rich, he must yield him his soul, which is the aim of that universal enemy of mankind; and what confirms me in this opinion is, that the ape answers no questions but such as regard the past and present time: now the devil's understanding reaches no farther; what is to come he knows only by conjecture, and that not always; for it is the attribute of God alone to know times and seasons: to him there is neither past nor future, but all things are ever present to his eyes. This being the case, as doubtless it is, the ape certainly speaks from the inspiration of the devil; and I am surprised it hath not been accused and examined by the holy office, which would soon discover by virtue of whom it presumes to divine; for surely this ape is no astrologer; nor did he or his master ever raise, or were capable of raising, those figures called judicial, which are now so common in Spain, that every pitiful little hussy, page, and even cobbler, has the impudence to raise an horoscope, as readily as a knave of trumps from the

ground, ruining and disgracing, by their ignorance and falsities, the wonderful truth of that noble science. One lady I myself knew, who having inquired of one of those pretenders whether a little bitch she had would have puppies, how many, and of what colour they would be? Mr. Astrologer, after having raised his figure, replied, 'that the bitch would bring forth three puppies, one of a green, another of carnation, and the third of a mixed colour, provided the bitch would take the dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, on Saturday or Monday.' Notwithstanding this prediction, the bitch died in three days of a surfeit; and yet Mr. Figure-caster was still esteemed in the place a most infallible astrologer, as almost all those fellows are." "Nevertheless," answered Sancho, "I wish your worship would desire Master Peter to ask his ape if what happened to his worship, in the cave of Montesinos, is really true; as for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I cannot for the blood of me help thinking it was all a flam and a lie, or at least no better than a dream." "It may be so," replied Don Quixote: "but I will take thy advice; for, truly, I myself have some sort of scruples about the matter."

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Peter, who came to tell him that the show was ready, and invite him to come and see it; for it would be well worth his trouble. Then the knight imparted his sentiments, desiring he would ask the ape whether or not certain incidents that happened in the cave of Montesinos were dreams or realities; for to him the whole seemed to be a mixture of both. Master Peter, without answering one word, went and brought the ape into the presence of Don Quixote and Sancho, and thus accosted it: "Look ye, Mr. Ape, this knight wants to know whether certain things that happened to him in a place called the cave of Montesinos be true or false." Then making the usual signal, the creature leaped upon his left shoulder, and seemingly whispered something in his ear. In consequence of this communication, "The ape," said Master Peter, "declares, that

part of what your worship saw and underwent in that same cave is false, and part is likely to be true ; and this, and nothing else, is all he knows touching that interrogation : but if your worship desires to be further informed, he will next Friday answer all the questions you can ask : at present, his virtue has left him, and will not return till Friday, as I have already observed."

"Signor," said Sancho to his master, "did not I always affirm your worship should never make me believe that all, or even the half of those accidents you pretended to have met with in the cave was true?"

"The event will shew," answered Don Quixote ; "for there is nothing that time, the discoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even though it should be hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let that suffice for the present ; and now we will go and see the puppet-show of honest Master Peter, which I really believe will be productive of some novelty." "Of some !" cried Master Peter : "my show is productive of sixty thousand. Why, I tell your worship, Signor Don Quixote, there is nothing equal to it in the whole world ; but *Operibus credite et non verbis* : let us begin presently ; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to shew."

In consequence of this request, Don Quixote and Sancho repaired to the place where the puppet-show was set up, and set forth with a great number of little wax-lights, which made a most resplendent appearance. Master Peter withdrew within the curtain, in order to play the figures of the piece : and on the outside sat a boy, who was his servant, to interpret and explain the mysteries of the show, holding a wand, with which he pointed out the puppets as they entered. All the people of the inn being seated, some fronting the stage, and Don Quixote, with Sancho, the page, and the scholar, accommodated with the best places, the drugoman began to pronounce that which will be heard and seen by those who will take the trouble to read or peruse the following chapter.

CHAP. IX.

UNIVERSAL silence prevailed among Tyrians as well as Trojans ; that is, all the spectators of the show sat in silent expectation, suspended as it were on the mouth of him who was appointed to expound the wonders of the piece ; when their ears were saluted with the sound of atabals, trumpets, and artillery, that issued from behind the scene ; and this noise being soon over, the boy thus began in an audible voice : “ This true history, which will now be represented before the honourable company, is literally extracted from the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which may be heard every day repeated by man, woman, and child. It exhibits the manner in which Signor Don Gayferos accomplished the deliverance of his spouse Melisendra, who was a captive in Spain, detained by the moors in the city of Sansuenna, which was formerly the name given to what we now call Saragossa ; and pray, gentlemen, take notice, Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the old song :

Now Gayferos, at tables playing,
Of Melisendra thinks no more.

“ And that personage who next appears, with a crown on his head and sceptre in his hand, is the Emperor Charlemagne, the supposed father of Melisendra, who, vexed at the indolence and carelessness of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him ; and observe with what vehemence and keenness he seems to scold : one would imagine he intended to give him half a dozen raps on the pate with his sceptre ; nay, some authors say that he actually did bestow them, aye, and that with very good will : after having said abundance of things concerning the risk his honour would run, if he did not effect the deliverance of his spouse,

he is reported to have added these words, 'I have said enough, look to it.' Behold, gentlemen, how the emperor turns about and walks off, leaving Don Gayferos in a fume, who, in the impatience of his anger, throws away the table and pieces, and calls hastily for his armour, desiring his cousin Orlando to lend him his sword Durindana. Don Orlando will not comply with his request, but offers to attend him in his difficult enterprize: however, the provoked hero will not accept of his offer: on the contrary, he says his own single arm is sufficient to deliver his wife, even though she were concealed in the profoundest centre of the earth. So saying, he goes in to arm, that he may be able to set out with all expedition. Gentlemen, turn your eyes to the tower that appears yonder, and suppose it one of the towers belonging to the castle of Saragossa, now called Aljaferia. That lady who stands in the balcony in the moorish dress is the peerless Melisendra, who from thence hath often cast her longing eyes towards the road to France, and consoled herself in her captivity by thinking on the city of Paris and her valiant lord. Observe likewise a new incident, the like of which perhaps you have never seen before: don't you see that moor stealing along silently and softly, step by step, with his finger on his mouth, behind Melisendra? Now mind how he prints a kiss in the very middle of her lips, and with what eagerness she spits, and wipes them with the sleeves of her shift, lamenting aloud, and tearing for anger her beautiful hair, as if it had been guilty of the transgression. Behold now that venerable moor in yon gallery: he is Marsilius, the King of Sansuenna, who having perceived the insolence of the moor, although he was his own relation, and a great favourite, orders him to be apprehended and carried through the principal streets of the city, with the criers before, and the rods behind, with which he is to receive two hundred stripes; and here you shall see the sentence executed, almost as soon as the crime is committed; for among the moors, there is no copy of a writ, trial, or delay, as in our courts of justice."

Here Don Quixote interpoing, said, with a loud voice, "Boy, boy, follow your story in a right line, without falling into curves and crosses; for there is not so much proof and counterproof required to bring truth to light." "Sirrah," cried Mr. Peter, from behind the curtain, "none of your vagaries, but follow that gentleman's counsel, which is good and wholesome: sing your plain song, without counterpoints; for you may spin the thread so fine as to break it." "I shall obey your orders," answered the boy, who proceeded, saying,

"That there figure a-horseback, wrapped up in a cloak of Gascony, is the very individual Don Gayferos, to whom his own lady, by this time revenged of the presumptuous and enamoured moor, talks with more seeming composure from the battlements of the tower, supposing him to be some traveller, and between the two passeth that whole discourse and conversation recorded in the ballad, which says,

Sir knight, if you to France do go,
For Gayferos inquire:

Together with what follows, which I shall not at present repeat, because prolixity engenders disgust: let it suffice that you see how Gayferos discovers himself, and that we learn from the joyful gestures of Melisendra, that she recognizes her husband; especially as we now see her let herself down from the balcony, in order to get a-horseback behind her loving spouse: but as ill luck would have it, the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold of one of the iron spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling, without being able to reach the ground: but you see how compassionate Heaven brings relief in the most pressing emergencies; for Don Gayferos comes to her assistance, and without minding whether or not the rich petticoat may be torn, seizes the lady, and by main force brings her to the ground; then with one jerk sets her upon the cropper of his horse, astride like a man, bidding her hold fast, and throw her arms around his neck,

so as to cross them on his breast, that she may be in no danger of falling; for my Lady Melisendra was not used to ride in that manner: you likewise perceive how the horse, by his neighing, expresses the satisfaction he feels in carrying the valiant and beautiful burthen of his lord and mistress: you see how they turn about, and quitting the city, take the road to Paris with equal eagerness and joy. Go in peace, ye peerless pair of faithful lovers; may you arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's raising any obstruction to your happy journey; and may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoy in peace all the days of your life, which I hope will exceed the age of Nestor!" Here Mr. Peter interposing again, called aloud, "None of your flourishes, sirrah: seek not to entangle yourself! for all affectation is naught." The interpreter, without answering a syllable, went on in this manner: "There were not wanting some idle eyes which nothing can escape, and they, perceiving the descent and flight of Melisendra, gave notice of it to King Marsilio, who straight gave orders for sounding to arms: and behold the hurry and commotion of the city, occasioned by the sound of bells that ring in every minoret."

"It cannot be," cried Don Quixote. "In what regards the bells, Mr. Peter is guilty of an impropriety; for the moors use no bells, but attabals or kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like those belonging to our waits; so that the circumstance of ringing bells in Sausuenna is a downright absurdity." Mr. Peter hearing this observation, left off ringing, and answered, "Signor Don Quixote, your worship must not mind such trifles, nor seek for that perfection which is not to be found. How many plays do you see every day represented, full of impropriety and absurdities? yet they happily run their career, and are heard, not simply with applause, but even with universal admiration. Proceed, boy, and let people talk; for, provided I fill my pocket, I don't care if there should be more improprieties than there

are atoms in the sun." "You are in the right," replied the knight, and thus the boy went on:

"Behold what a number of resplendent cavalry marches out of the city in pursuit of the two Catholic lovers: what a sound of trumpets, tinkling of dulcimers, and rattling of drums and kettle-drums! I am afraid they will overtake and bring them back tied to their horse's-tail, and that would be a most dismal spectacle."

Don Quixote seeing such a number of moors, and hearing this uproar, thought it was incumbent upon him to assist the fugitives; and therefore, starting up, he pronounced with a loud voice, "Never while I breathe will I consent that such an injury should be done in my presence to a knight so famous, daring, and enamoured, as is Don Gayferos: desist, ye base-born plebeians; seek not to follow and punish him, but face me in battle, if you dare." With these words and actions, he unsheathed his sword, and springing up to the puppet-show, began with incredible agility and fury to lay about him among the moorish puppets, demolishing some, beheading others, maiming this, and hacking that; and in the course of this exercise he fetched such a back-stroke, that had not Mr. Peter stooped and squatted down with great expedition, he would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of gingerbread. This unfortunate show-man, exalting his voice, "Hold, for the love of God! Signor Don Quixote," said he, "and take notice that those whom you overthrow, kill, and destroy, are not real moors, but poor, harmless, little figures of paste; consider, sinner that I am? you are ruining me, by depriving me of my livelihood." Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight continued to play away in a perfect shower of back-strokes, fore-strokes, outside and inside, that fell as thick as hail; so that in less than a couple of credos he brought the whole shew to the ground, all the tackle and figures being hewed down and dismembered; King Marsilio himself sorely wounded, and the crown,

together with the head of the emperor, cleft in twain. The whole audience was involved in confusion: the ape fled to the roof of the house, the scholar trembled, the page was seized with consternation, and Sancho Panza himself overwhelmed with terror and dismay; for, as he swore, after the hurricane subsided, he had never before seen his master in such a frantic rage.

The puppet-show being thus entirely demolished, Don Quixote became a little more composed, saying, "I wish I had before me at this very moment, those who either do not, or will not, believe that knights-errant are of any benefit or service to mankind, that they might see what would have become of the worthy Don Gayferos, and the beautiful Melisendra, had not I been present on this occasion: certainly by this time, they would have been overtaken by those dogs, who would have done them some grievous injury: let knight-errantry, therefore, live and flourish above all things upon the face of the earth." "In a happy hour let it live," cried Mr. Peter, in a languid tone, "and let me die, who am so unfortunate, that I may say with King Rodrigo, 'Yesterday I was lord of Spain, and now there is not ~~one~~ battlement I can call my own.' Half an hour, yea, not half a minute, is elapsed, since I saw myself in possession of kings and emperors; my stables, coffers, and bags, were filled with an infinite number of horses, and other gay particulars, and now I find myself quite destitute and abased, poor and beggarly, and, which is worst of all, deprived of my ape, who in good faith will make my teeth sweat, before he returns to me his lawful master; and all this misfortune I have suffered from this here sir knight, who is said to protect orphans, rectify wrongs, and perform other charitable actions, but in me alone his generous intention has failed; blessed and praised be the highest heavens above! In a word, the Knight of the Rueful Figure is he by whom I and mine are disfigured and undone."

Sancho Panza melted at this piteous lamentation:

“Do not weep, Mr. Peter,” said he, “do not whine so piteously, or thou’lt break my heart; for I’d have thee know, my master Don Quixote is such a Catholic and scrupulous Christian, that provided he be convinced of having done thee wrong, he knows how to make amends, and will satisfy and repay thee with double interest.” “If Signor Don Quixote,” replied the show-man, “will make some atonement for the deeds by which he has undone me, I shall rest satisfied, and his worship’s conscience will be at peace; for that man cannot expect salvation who withholds the effects of his neighbour against his will, and refuses to make restitution.” “You are in the right,” said Don Quixote; “but as yet I do not know that I withhold any of your effects, Mr. Peter.” “How! none of mine?” cried the show-man, “and these unfortunate remains that lie extended on the hard and barren pavement, were they not thus scattered and annihilated by the invincible force of that redoubted arm? to whom but me did their unhappy bodies belong? and with what but them did I procure a comfortable subsistence?” “Now,” cried Don Quixote, “I am fully convinced of what I have on divers occasions believed; namely, that those enchanters, by whom I am persecuted, take pleasure in presenting realities to my view, and then changing and metamorphosing them into such figures and forms as they choose to bestow: believe me, gentlemen, to me every thing that has passed appeared a true and literal concurrence of real facts; and the figures represented, seemed to be really and truly the very individual persons of Melisendra, Don Gayferos, Marsilio, and Charlemagne: in consequence of that belief my wrath was provoked; and, in order to fulfil the function of a knight-errant, I resolved to favour and assist the fair fugitive; in the execution of which resolve, I have done what you see. If the exploit has turned out contrary to my expectation, the blame ought not to lie with me, but with those miscreants by whom I am persecuted: nevertheless, as I have committed an error, although it did not proceed from

malice aforethought, I stand by my own award condemned in costs: let Mr. Peter make out his own bill of the figures that are demolished, and I promise it shall be paid on the spot, in good and lawful current coin of this kingdom." The show-man, hearing this declaration, made a profound bow, saying, "I expected no less from the unheard-of Christianity of the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, the unflinching auxiliary and support of the whole tribe of needy and forlorn vagabonds: Mr. Landlord, and the great Sancho, shall act as moderators and appraisers between your worship and me, with regard to what the injured figures are or might be worth."

The innkeeper and squire having undertaken this office, Mr. Peter lifted up the headless Marsilio, King of Saragossa, saying, "You see how impossible it is to reinstate the king in his former situation; and therefore, with submission to better judgments, I think I must be allowed four rials and a half on account of his death and final perdition." The knight desiring him to proceed, "Then," said he, "for this dreadful gash from top to bottom (taking up the cloven Emperor Charlemagne), I cannot be thought exorbitant, if I demand five rials and a quarter." "That's no small matter," said Sancho. "Nor a great deal too much," replied the landlord. "Split the difference, and set him down at five rials." "Let him have the whole five and the quarter," said Don Quixote; "for in such a notable misfortune, a quarter more or less is a mere trifle; and pray dispatch, Mr. Peter, for it is now supper-time, and I begin to feel some symptoms of a keen appetite." "For that figure without a nose, and deprived of one eye, which is the beautiful Melisendra," proceeded Peter, "I demand two rials and twelve maravedis." "The devil's in it," cried the knight, "if Melisendra is not by this time with her husband, at least upon the frontiers of France; for the horse on which they were mounted seemed to fly rather than tread the ground, so that there is no reason for your selling me a cat instead of a coney, that is, in presenting me with a noseless Melisen

dra, when, in all probability, that lady is now enjoying herself at leisure with her husband in France. God give every man joy of his own, Mr. Peter, and let us all endeavour to walk tightly and rightly! and now you may proceed." Mr. Peter perceiving Don Quixote beginning to warp and return to his old bias, resolved to be even with him, and with that view said, "This cannot be Melisendra, but must be one of her waiting-women, for whom I shall think myself very well paid, and rest satisfied with threescore maravedis." In the same manner did he set prices on many other maimed figures; so that after they were moderated by the two arbitrators to the satisfaction of both parties, the whole sum amounted to forty rials and three quarters, which being disbursed by Sancho, Mr. Peter demanded another brace of rials for the trouble he should have in catching the ape. "Let him have them, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not for catching the ape, but the juice of the grape:* and I would now give two hundred as a reward to any person who would certify that the Lady Donna Melisendra, and her Lord Don Gayferos, are now safe among their friends in France." "No person upon earth can resolve that question sooner or better than my ape," replied Mr. Peter; "but the devil himself cannot catch him at present, though I imagine hunger and affection will compel him to return to me some time to-night; and if God will send us a new day we shall see what can be done." In fine, the hurrican of the puppet-show being quite blown over, the whole company supped together in peace and good-fellowship, at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to excess.

Before day-break, the lance and halbert-carrier set out for his village, and early in the morning the scholar and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the first intending to return to his own

* In the original there is a miserable pun upon the words *Mono* and *Mona*, the first of which signifies an ape, and the other drunkenness.

home, and the other to pursue his journey, for the comfort of which, the knight made him a present of a dozen rials. Mr. Peter, having no inclination to reinvolve himself in any sort of dispute with Don Quixote, to whose disposition he was no stranger, arose before the sun, and packing up the remains of his puppets, together with his ape, sallied forth also in quest of further adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally astonished at his madness and liberality: finally, Sancho paid him handsomely, by his master's order, and the two bidding him farewell about eight o'clock in the morning, left the inn, and betook themselves to the road, in which we will leave them, having now a proper opportunity to recount other incidents appertaining and necessary to the illustration of this famous history.

CHAP. X.

CID Hamet, author of this sublime history, begins this chapter with these words, "I swear, as a Catholic Christian:" and upon this occasion, the translator observes, that Cid Hamet being a moor, as he certainly was, in swearing as a Catholic Christian, means no more than that, as a Catholic Christian, when he makes oath, swears he will speak the truth, and nothing but the truth; in like manner he would adhere to it, as a Catholic Christian adheres to his oath, in what he intended to write concerning Don Quixote, especially in disclosing the mystery of Mr. Peter, and the fortune-telling ape, whose talent attracted the admiration of all that country. He then proceeds to observe, that he who has read the first part of this history, cannot but remember that same Gines de Passamonte, whom, together with his fellow-slaves, Don Quixote set at liberty near the Brown Mountain; a benefit for which he was ill thanked, and worse requited by that mischievous and immoral

crew. This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the very thief who stole Sancho's Dapple; and as, through the fault of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that conveyance is described in the first part of the book, many people ascribed this error of the press to want of memory in the author: but, in short, stolen he was, by Gines, even while Sancho was sitting sleeping on his back, by means of the same contrivance and expedient that was used by Brunelo, who while Sacripante lay at Albraca, withdrew his horse from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards retrieved him, as we have already related. Gines, then, afraid of being overtaken by justice, that was in quest of him, to chastise him for his numberless tricks and transgressions, which were so manifold and remarkable as to fill a large volume of his own composing, resolved to remove himself into the kingdom of Arragon, to cover his left eye with a patch, and profess the occupation of playing puppets, and performing feats of legerdemain, which he understood to great perfection: he afterwards happened to fall in company with some Christians, just delivered from bondage in Barbary, of whom he purchased that ape, which he taught to leap upon his shoulder, at a certain signal, and whisper, or seem to whisper, in his ear. Having so far succeeded, before he entered any place with his puppet-show and ape, he took care to inform himself at the next village, or of any person whom he could conveniently pump, of the particular accidents that had happened in that place, with all their circumstances, which he retained by dint of a tenacious memory. The first thing he did, was to represent his puppet-show, the subject of which he extracted sometimes from one story, and sometimes from another; but it was always full of mirth and entertainment, and well-known: and this being ended, he propounded the talents of his ape, telling his audience that he could disclose the past and present; but, with regard to the future, he pretended no knowledge; for every re-

sponse he demanded two rials, though sometimes he afforded them cheaper, just as he felt the pulse of his consulters ; and as he sometimes came to families, the anecdotes of which he knew, even though they would spend no money upon questions, he would make the signal to the ape, and then say he had communicated this and that circumstance, which tallied exactly with what had really happened. By these means, he acquired the credit of infallibility, and drew the whole country after him ; at other times, as he had abundance of cunning and penetration, he would answer in such a manner, that the responses agreed perfectly well with the questions ; and there being no body to hamper him, by inquiring and sifting into the bottom of this pretended divination of the monkey, he found means to make monkeys of all his followers, and fill his bags at the same time. As soon as he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and this recognition enabled him to excite the admiration of the knight, squire, and all the by-standers : but his art would have cost him dear had Don Quixote lowered his hand a little, when he decapitated King Marsilio, and destroyed his whole cavalry, as we have related that adventure in the preceding chapter.

So much for Mr. Peter and his ape : and now, returning to Don Quixote de La Mancha, we must observe, that after having departed from the inn, he resolved, in the first place, to visit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the circumjacent country, before he should enter the city of Saragossa, as the length of time between this period and the tournaments permitted him to make such an excursion. With this resolution, he proceeded in the road, through which he travelled two days, without encountering any thing worth relating, until on the third, as he ascended a rising ground, his ears were saluted with a mighty noise of kettle-drums, trumpets, and muskets, which he at first imagined might proceed from some company of soldiers marching that way : in order, therefore, to view them, he spurred up Ro-

zinate, and when he reached the top of the rising-ground, saw below, as near as he could guess, above two hundred men, equipped with different kinds of arms, such as lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberts, pikes, a few muskets, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew so near this squadron, that he could distinguish their colours, and observe their devices, particularly a banner or pendant of white satin, in which was painted to the life an ass of the small Sardinian breed, with his head raised, his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out, as if in the very act and attitude of braying, and surrounded by this motto, in capital letters,

It is no children's play,
When brother bailiffs bray.

From this symbol, Don Quixote gathered that those people belonged to the village of Braywick; and this discovery he communicated to Sancho, whom he likewise made acquainted with the motto of the standard; observing, at the same time, that he, by whom they were informed of the adventure, had committed a mistake in saying the brayers were aldermen; for according to this couplet, they must have been bailiffs. To this observation Sancho replied, "Signor, in that circumstance, there is nothing to be mended; for those who were aldermen when they brayed, might very well in time come to be bailiffs of the corporation, consequently they may be mentioned with both titles; especially as it is of small signification to the truth of the story, whether the brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, provided they really, conjunctly, and severally did bray; for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman."

Finally, conjecturing and understanding that the people who were ridiculed had come forth to fight those who had ridiculed them, and carried the joke beyond the bounds of reason and good neighbourhood, Don Quixote approached their line of battle, to the no small chagrin of Sancho, who was never fond of interposing on such occasions; and they were

immediately received by the whole squadron, who believed the knight was come to espouse their quarrel. Then Don Quixote lifting up his visor, with graceful ease and courteous demeanour advanced to the standard of the ass, where he was environed by the chiefs of the army, who gazed at him with that admiration incident to all those who beheld him for the first time. The knight perceiving them looking at him so attentively, without speaking or asking any question, resolved to take advantage of their silence, and breaking his own, began in this manner, with an audible voice: "Worthy gentlemen, I beg, in the most earnest manner, that you will not interrupt a discourse I intend to make, until you perceive it becomes insipid and disgusting; in which case I will, upon the least sign, put a seal upon my lips, and a gag upon my tongue."

All the spectators assured him he might say what he pleased, and they would willingly give him the hearing; so that, thus licensed, he proceeded to this effect: "I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession is to assist the needy, and favour those who want favour and protection. Some days ago I was informed of your disgrace, and the motives which have induced you to arm at every turn, in order to take vengeance on your enemies; and having once and again revolved your affair in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of duel, you are in the wrong to suppose yourselves affronted; for no individual can affront a whole community, unless they are accused of treason by the lump, because the person guilty of the said treason is not known, consequently cannot be challenged by himself. Of this practice we have an instance in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamorano, because he did not know that Velido Dolfos alone was the traitor who had slain his king; he, therefore, defied the whole body of inhabitants, and to the whole body of them did the answer and revenge belong: though indeed, Signor Don Diego bordered upon extravagance, and exceeded the bounds of defiance; for he

had not sufficient reason to challenge the dead, the water and the bread, or those who were yet unborn, as well as other minute matters therein set forth : but let that pass, When choler once is born,* the tongue all curb doth scorn—I mean a bridle to restrain it. This being the case, then, that one single person cannot affront an entire kingdom, province, city, society, or corporation, it plainly appears that you have no just cause to come forth, in order to take vengeance for that which was not really an affront : for it would be a good joke indeed, if the inhabitants of a town called Clockwell, should take it in their heads, at every turn, to slay every person that might ask, What is't a clock?† Or if the cheese-mongers, fruiterers, whalebone-sellers, soap-boilers, and those of other names and appellations that are in the mouth of every boy, and hackneyed among the vulgar ; I say it would surely be a good joke, if all those people, who are distinguished by their different callings, should be ashamed and incensed at such simple provocations, and be always making sackbuts of their swords, in every trifling quarrel : no, no, God neither likes, nor will he suffer such unjustifiable revenge. Prudent men, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take up arms, unsheath their swords, and risk their persons, lives, and fortunes, for four causes only. Firstly, to defend the Catholic faith ; secondly, in self-defence, which is justified by the laws of God and nature ; thirdly, in behalf of one's honour, family, and fortune ; and fourthly, in the service of his majesty, when he is engaged in a just war : and if we should add a fifth

* Literally, ' When choler quits the mother, the tongue has then no father.'

† I have ventured to deviate a little from the precise meaning of the original, which the reader will own to be very insipid, when he reads the literal translation : " For it would be good, if the inhabitants of the town of Reloxa, (signifying a watch or clock) should, at every turn, slay those that call them so."

cause, (which indeed ought to be ranked as the second) it is the defence of one's country. To these principal causes may be annexed some others, both just and reasonable, which may oblige us to have recourse to arms: but to take them up for childish trifles, and things that are rather subjects of laughter and diversion than of serious revenge, seems to denote a total defect of reason and discretion; especially as unjust vengeance (and surely no vengeance can be just) is diametrically opposite to that holy law we profess, by which we are enjoined to do good to our enemies, and love those by whom we are abhorred: a command which, though seemingly difficult, is not really hard to be observed, except by those who have less of God than of this world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit; for Jesus Christ, the true God and true man, who never lied, who neither was nor is capable of falsehood, as being our eternal law-giver, tells us, that his yoke is easy, and his burden is light: therefore, he would not impose a command which we could not possibly fulfil; and consequently, good gentlemen, you are obliged, by laws divine and human, to be appeased."

At this period, Sancho said within himself, "The devil run away with me, if this master of mine is not a downright theologister! at least, if he is not, no two eggs were ever more alike." Don Quixote having taken breath a little, and finding the audience still attentive, was inclined to prosecute his harangue, and would certainly have pursued the subject, had not he been prevented by the archness of Sancho, who, during his master's pause, took it in hand, saying, "My master, Don Quixote de La Mancha, who, at one time, went by the name of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, but is at present called the Knight of the Lions, is a very learned gentleman, that understands Latin and Castilian like a perfect bachelor of arts. In all his sermons and exhortations, he proceeds like a very able soldier as having all the laws and ordinances of what you call duel, at his fingers end: therefore, you have no more to do

but let yourselves be guided by his counsel; and if you go wrong, the blame shall lie upon my shoulders: especially, as he hath already told you, that it is mere madness to be angry without any cause but that of a man's braying. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed whensoever and wheresoever I pleased, without let or molestation! aye, and so prettily and naturally, that I was always answered by all the asses of the common; yet, for all that, I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were most worthy people: and though, for this talent, I was envied by more than enow of the gravest folks in the parish, I valued not their envy two farthings: and that you may see I speak nothing but the truth, wait a little and give me the hearing, for the art of braying is like that of swimming, which, when once learned, is never forgot."

So saying, he clapped his fingers to his nostrils, and began to bray so stoutly, that all the neighbouring valleys re-echoed the sound. But one of those who stood next him, supposing the squire made himself merry at their expense, lifted up a pole that was in his hand, and bestowed it upon him with such good will, that Sancho, in spite of all his efforts, came to the ground.

Don Quixote seeing his squire so roughly handled, attacked the aggressor lance in hand; but such a number of people interposed, that he found it impossible to take vengeance: on the contrary, perceiving a cloud of stones ready to pour upon him, and being threatened by a vast number of presented cross-bows and muskets, he wheeled Rozinante about, and galloped off as fast as the steed could carry him; recommending himself heartily to the protection of God, that he might be delivered from that danger; and in the apprehension that some ball would enter at his shoulder, and make its exit through his breast, he held in his breath at every step, in order to know whether or not he was wounded. But those who composed the squadron being satisfied with his flight, did not shoot after him; and as for Sancho, they laid him across upon his beast, as soon as he recovered the use of his senses, and allowed him to follow his

master : not that he was able to manage the ass ; but Dapple followed the footsteps of Rozinante, from whom he could not bear to be parted, though but for a moment. The knight having rode a good way, turned his horse's head, and seeing Sancho following, waited for his coming up, as he perceived no body attempted to pursue him.

The warriors of Braywick kept their ground till night, and as their adversaries did not think proper to give them battle, returned to their own town, with joy and satisfaction ; and had they known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the spot.

CHAP. XI.

WHEN a brave man flies, he must have discovered some odds or foul play ; and it is the business of prudent captains to reserve themselves for better occasions. This maxim was verified in Don Quixote, who, by giving way to popular fury, and the evil intention of that incensed squadron, took to his heels, and, without paying the least regard to Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, moved off to such a distance as he judged sufficient for his own security. He was followed by Sancho lying across the ass, as we have already observed, who, by that time he was brought up to his master, had just recovered the use of his senses, and fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all battered and bruised, and in an agony of pain.

The knight, dismounting to search his wounds, no sooner perceived he was sound from head to foot, than he thus accosted him in an angry tone : “ In evil hour, you must understand braying, sirrah ! Where did you learn it was convenient to talk of halters in the house of a man that was hanged ? To the tenor of braying what bass could you expect but the basting of a cudgel ? You have reason to thank God, that instead of receiving a benediction with a pole, you

have not been crossed with a scimeter." "I am at present in no condition to answer," said Sancho, "for methinks I talk through my shoulders; let us mount and depart from this place, and I shall make an end of my braying; though I shall never be weary of telling as how knights-errant run away, and leave their honest squires beaten to chaff and pounded to cinders, in the power of their enemies." "There is a wide difference between flying and retreating," answered Don Quixote; "for you must know, Sancho, that valour, which is not founded on the base of discretion, is termed temerity or rashness: and the achievements of a rash person ought to be ascribed rather to good fortune than courage. I own, therefore, I have retreated, but not fled; and in so doing have imitated a great number of valiant chiefs, who reserved themselves for more dignified occasions: and of these instances histories are full, but I omit rehearsing them at present, because the recital would be of no advantage to thee, or entertainment to myself."

By this time Sancho being set upon his ass again by Don Quixote, who likewise mounted Rozinante, they jogged along softly, in order to shelter themselves in a grove that appeared at the distance of a quarter of a league; and the squire every now and then heaving up a most profound ah! accompanied with piteous groans, his master desired to know the cause of such bitter ejaculations. To which question the squire replied, that from the extremity of his rump to the nape of his neck, he felt such intolerable pain as was like to deprive him of his senses. "The cause of that pain," said Don Quixote, "must doubtless be this; as the pole or staff by which you have suffered was long and large, it extended over thy whole back, comprehending all those parts that now give you pain; and if it had reached still farther, the pain would have been more extensive." "'Fore God," cried Sancho, "your worship has taken me out of a huge uncertainty, and resolved the doubt in delicate terms. Body o' me! was the cause of my pain so mysterious, that there was a necessity

for telling me I feel pain in those parts that were cudgelled? Had my shins ached there might have been some reason for guessing at the cause of their aching; but surely there is no great witchcraft required to tell me that my back aches, because it was crossed with a quarter-staff. In good faith, sir master of mine, our neighbour's care hangs by a hair. Every day I see more and more how the land lies, and how little I have to expect from keeping your worship's company: for, if you left me to be cudgelled at this time, we shall, upon a hundred different occasions, return to our late blanketings and other such toys; and though this misfortune has fallen upon my shoulders, the next may light upon my eyes. Abundantly better should I have done, but I am such a barbarian, that that in all the days of my life I never did well; I say again, abundantly better should I have done had I returned to my house, my wife, and my children, and maintained and brought them up with what Providence should please to bestow, rather than fag after your worship in this manner through roadless roads and pathless paths, drinking bad liquor, and eating worse food; then, when I come to sleep, 'Brother squire, measure out seven feet of ground; and if you choose to be more at ease, take as much more, for the ladle is in your own hand, and lay yourself out to your heart's desire.' Would to God I could see the first man who meddled with knight-errantry burnt to a cinder; at least the first booby who chose to be squire to such wiseacres as all former knights-errant must have been. Of the present, I say nothing; as your worship is one of the number, I hold them in respect, because I am sensible, that in speaking and understanding, you know a point more than the devil himself."

"I would venture to lay a good wager, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that now, while you are permitted to speak without the least hindrance, you feel no pain in any part of your body. Proceed, child, and out with every thing that comes into your head or tarries at your tongue's end; for provided you are free from

pain, I shall convert into pleasure that disgust which proceeds from your folly and impertinence; and if you are so much bent upon returning to your house, your wife, and your family, God forbid that I should oppose your resolution. You have some of my money in your hands; recollect how long it is since we set out on this my third sally; then reckon what you might and should have earned monthly, and be your own paymaster." "When I worked for Thomas Carrasco, father of Bachelor Sampson, who is your worship's acquaintance," answered Sancho, "I earned two ducats a month, besides my victuals: with your worship I know not what I can earn, though well I know that the squire of a knight-errant has a much more troublesome office than that of a farmer's servant; for, in fact, we who serve husbandmen, let us work never so hard through the day, and happen what will, have a hot supper out of the pot at night, and lie in a good bed, which I have never enjoyed since I have been in your worship's service, except for that short space of time that we staid in the house of Don Diego de Miranda; and bating the good cheer I found among the scum of Camacho's kettle, and my eating, drinking, and sleeping, at the habitation of Basilius; all the rest of the time I have slept on the hard ground, under the cope of heaven, exposed to what you call the inclemencies of the weather, living upon cheese-parings and crusts of bread, and drinking cold water, sometimes from the brooks, and sometimes from the springs we met with on the public roads through which we travelled."

"Allowing," said Don Quixote, "that all you have mentioned is true, how much more do you think I ought to give you than that which you received from Thomas Carrasco?" "With the addition of two rials a month," replied Sancho, "I shall think myself well paid, that is, with regard to my wages; but, as to some satisfaction for your worship's word and promise of making me governor of an island, methinks it would be but fair and honest to add six rials more; and then altogether it will come

to thirty." "Very well reckoned," answered the knight; "now, according to the tale of wages you have mentioned, calculate fairly and exactly what I am indebted to you for the five-and-twenty days that are elapsed since our departure from our own village, and, as I said before, be your own paymaster." "Body o' me!" cried Sancho, "your worship is quite out in your reckoning; for in regard to the promise of the island, we must compute from the day in which your honour made the said promise to this blessed hour." "How long then has that same promise been made?" said Don Quixote. "If my memory does not fail me," answered the squire, "it must be above twenty years, a few days over or under." Here the knight, slapping his forehead with his hand, began to laugh heartily, saying, "Why, my stay in the Sierra Morena, with the whole course of our peregrinations, has scarce employed two months; and wilt thou say I have promised thee that island these twenty years? Now I perceive thy intention is to keep, in lieu of wages, all my money that is in thy hands; and if that be the case, and thou really lookest upon it with an eye of desire, I give thee the whole sum from this moment, and much good may it do thee; for, provided I find myself rid of such a wretched squire, I shall think myself happy, though poor and pennyless. But tell me, thou prevaricator of all the squirely ordinances of chivalry! where hast thou seen or read that any squire of a knight-errant ever presumed to bargain with his master, touching a certain monthly salary for his service? Launch out, launch out, you ruffian, vagabond, and hobgoblin, for such you are, launch out I say, into the *Mare magnum* of chivalry; and if you find that any squire ever attempted to say, or even to think, what thou hast here uttered, I will give thee leave to nail the passage on my forehead, and pinch the sign of the four nipples on my face, by way of additional mortification. Turn immediately the reins or the halter of your ass, and return to your house, your wife, and your family; for one step farther thou shalt not travel with me. O bread

ill-bestowed! O promise misapplied! O wretch, that savourest more of the beast than of the man! At this juncture, when I was on the eve of raising thee to such a station as would have ennobled thee, even in spite of thy wife, thou seekest to leave me! Now thou art going away, when I had firmly and unalterably resolved to make thee lord of the best island in the universe! In a word, as thou thyself hast observed upon other occasions, 'An ass's mouth was not made for honey,' &c. An ass thou art, an ass wilt thou be, aye, and thou wilt die like an ass, when the course of thy life is finished; for I am convinced that thy days will reach their utmost period before thou shalt learn and know what a beast thou art."

Sancho looked woefully at his master, while he poured forth these reproaches, from which the squire felt such compunction, that the tears started in his eyes, and he replied, in a faint whimpering tone, "My good master, I confess that, in order to be really and truly an ass, I want nothing but a tail, which if your worship will furnish me with, I shall think it well bestowed, and serve you as a beast of burthen all the days of my life. Good your worship, forgive and look upon my green years with compassion; and consider that I know very little; and if I speak a great deal of nonsense, it does not proceed from malice, but infirmity; and those who sin and kiss the rod, find favour in the sight of God." "I should have been surprised, Sancho," said the knight, "if thou hadst not seasoned thy discourse with some proverbial expression. Well, then, for the present I forgive thee, in hope of thy amendment, and on condition that thou wilt not henceforward betray such a sordid and selfish disposition, but endeavour to enlarge thy heart, fortify and encourage thy mind, to wait the accomplishment of my promises, which, though it may not speedily happen, is nevertheless far from being impossible." Sancho said he would do his endeavour, and follow his advice, even though he should gather strength from feebleness.

Then they betook themselves to the covert of the

grove, where the knight accommodated himself at the root of an elm, and the squire retreated to the foot of a beech: for these and other such trees never want feet, though they are always destitute of hands. Sancho passed the night in great trouble, for the cold air augmented the pain of his bruises; whereas Don Quixote amused himself with his incessant meditations. Nevertheless, both master and man gave way to the operations of sleep, and at the approach of morn prosecuted their way to the banks of the renowned Ebro, where they were involved in an adventure that will be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. XII.

BY dint of travelling at a very deliberate pace, for the space of two days after they quitted the grove, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro, the sight of which afforded infinite pleasure to the knight, who eagerly contemplated the amenity of its banks, the transparency of its water, the tranquillity of its course, and the abundance of its crystal stream, the joyous prospect of which renewed in his remembrance a thousand amorous thoughts, that chiefly turned upon what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; for although Master Peter's ape had declared that part of those circumstances were true, and part of them false, he inclined more to the belief that they were altogether real; while Sancho, on the contrary, looked upon the whole detail as one continued lie.

As they jogged on in this manner, their view was saluted by a small boat, without oars, or any other tackle, close to the river side, and made fast to a tree that grew on the bank. Don Quixote, looking around him, without perceiving any living soul, alighted immediately from Rozinante, commanding Sancho to

quit the back of Dapple, and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew upon the spot. When the squire desired to know the cause of this sudden descent and ligation, "You must know, Sancho," said the knight, "that this vessel is here on purpose, without a possibility of any other design, to call and invite me to embark, that I may be conveyed to the succour of some knight, or other necessitous personage of high degree, who must certainly be involved in some dire disaster; for this is the very spirit of books of chivalry, and the practice of those enchanterers concerning whom they treat, who, when any knight in distress cannot be delivered by their art, but solely by the prowess of another errant, though perhaps at the distance of two or three thousand leagues, or more, they snatch him up in a cloud, or provide him with a vessel, in which he embarks, and, in the twinkling of an eye, he is transported, either through the air or by sea, to the place where his assistance is required: this bark, therefore, O Sancho, is brought hither for the like purpose, as sure as it is now day; and before the day be spent, take and secure Dapple and Rozinante together, and let us commit ourselves to the direction of God: for even the barefooted Carmelites shall not dissuade me from embarking." "Since that is the case," answered Sancho, "and your worship is resolved at every turn to plunge into these (I know not whether I shall call them mad) vagaries, I have nothing to do but bow and obey, according to the proverb, 'If you obey the commands of your lord, you may sit as a guest at his board.' Nevertheless, in order to disburthen my conscience, I must give your worship notice, that in my opinion this same bark has nothing to do with enchanted people, but belongs to some fishermen of this river, in which they catch the best shads in the world."

This remonstrance was made, while he tied the cattle, which he could not leave to the protection of enchanterers without being grieved to the very soul. But the knight exhorted him to banish his anxiety

on account of the animals, which would be carefully maintained and protected by the same sage destined to transport their riders through roads and regions of such longitude." "I do not understand what you mean by logichood," said the squire; "for I never heard such a word before in the whole course of my life." "By longitude, I mean length," answered the knight, "but I do not at all wonder that thou shouldst not understand the word; for thou art not obliged to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, like some arrogant people who pretend to knowledge of which they are entirely ignorant." "The beasts are now secured," said Sancho, "what is next to be done?" "What!" replied Don Quixote, "but to cross ourselves, and weigh anchor; I mean to embark, and cut the rope by which the vessel is made fast."

So saying, he leaped on board, whither he was followed by Sancho, and the fastening being cut, the boat edged gently off from the bank. The squire seeing himself about two fathoms from the shore, began to tremble, in the apprehension of perishing; but nothing gave him more pain than hearing Dapple raise his voice, and seeing Rozinante struggle for his freedom. "Now Dapple," said he to his master, "brays for grief at our departure, and Rozinante strives to get loose, that he may throw himself into the water and swim after us! Farewell, my dearly beloved friends, peace be with you, and may the madness that parts us be converted and undeceived, that we may be restored to your agreeable company."

Then he began to weep so bitterly, that the knight exclaimed, in a tone of rage and vexation, "Of what art thou afraid, cowardly miscreant? wherefore dost thou weep, thou heart of butter? who persecutes, who molests thee, thou soul of a garret-mouse? or what wants dost thou suffer, beggarly wretch, rolling as thou art in the very bowels of abundance? art thou, peradventure, travelling barefoot over the Riphean Mountains? No: seated like an archduke upon a convenient bench, thou art softly conveyed by the

gentle current of this delicious river, from which, in a little time, we shall launch into the wide and extended ocean: but, indeed, we must have already entered the open sea, aye, and sailed at least seven or eight hundred leagues; and if I had here an astrolabe to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell thee exactly what way we have made; though either I have little skill, or we have already passed, or will pass in a very little time, the equinoctial line, that divides the globe into two equal parts." "And how far shall we have gone when we come to that same line your worship mentions?" said Sancho. "A great way," replied the knight; "for of three hundred and sixty degrees, comprehending the whole terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer ever known, we shall have traversed one-half when we reach the equinoctial line." "'Fore God!" cried Sancho, "your worship has brought a set of rare witnesses to prove the truth of what you say, Copulation and Kiss-me-gaffer, with the addition of Tool-i'me, or some such name."*

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's blunders, upon the computation of the cosmographer Ptolemy, adding, "You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs by which those who embark at Cadiz for the East-Indies know they have passed the equinoctial, is the total destruction of vermin among the passengers and seamen; so that not one louse remains alive,

* As it is altogether impossible, in a translation, literally to preserve the low humour arising from blunders upon words or sounds, I have been obliged to substitute an equivalent jingle, in the room of *Puto*, *Gafo*, and *Meon*, which are Spanish words signifying a *whore*, a *catamite*, and a *piss-a-bed*: so that Sancho, deceived by the affinity of these sounds to *computo*, *cosmographo*, and *Ptolemeo*, thought he had reason to say his master had produced a fair set of evidences.

or can be had in the whole ship, even though you should give its weight in gold; thou mayest, therefore, slip thy hand along thy thigh, Sancho, and if thou canst catch any thing alive, our doubt will be resolved; but if there is nothing to be found, we must certainly have passed the line." "I can hardly believe it," answered the squire! "but, however, I will do as your worship desires; though there is no necessity for trying those experiments; for I can see, with my own eyes, that we have not moved five yards from the bank, no, nor have we driven two yards below the cattle; for there stand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very spot where they were left; and taking aim as I do now, I vow to God, we do not move, or go at the pace of a pismire." "Sancho," said the knight, "perform the investigation I have mentioned, and give thyself no trouble about any other circumstance; for thou dost not know the meaning of colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poies, solstices, equinoxes, planets, constellations, points, and measures, that compose the spheres, celestial and terrestrial. Wert thou acquainted with these, or even a part of them, thou wouldst distinctly perceive what parallels we have crossed, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us; I therefore repeat my request, that thou wouldst examine and go a-fishing upon thyself, for I am persuaded thou art clean and smooth as a sheet of white paper."

Sancho, in compliance with his desire, slipped down his hand softly, and felt about his left ham; then raising his head, and looking at his master, "Either the experiment is false," said he, "or we have not reached the place your worship mentioned by many leagues. "What!" said the knight, "hast thou found something?" "Aye, more than one something," answered the squire; who snapped his fingers, and afterwards washed them in the river, along the current of which the boat glided softly, without the assistance of any secret power, or concealed enchanter,

being conveyed by nothing but the stream, which then ran with a smooth and gentle course.

In this manner they proceeded, when they discovered some large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner perceived, than he addressed himself to Sancho, in an exalted voice. "Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, that contains some oppressed knight-errant, queen, infanta, or princess, in distress, for whose relief I am brought hither." "What the devil does your worship mean by a city, fortress, or castle?" cried the squire; "don't you see these are mills built in the river for grinding wheat?" "Peace, Sancho," replied the knight, "although they appear to be mills, they are in reality edifices of a very different nature: I have already told thee, that all things are transformed and changed by the power of enchantment; I do not mean that they are really changed in any circumstance but appearance, as we have been taught by woeful experience in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hope."

By this time, the boat being sucked into the middle of the stream, so as to move considerably faster than at first, was perceived by the millers, who seeing it advancing to the indraught of the wheels, came suddenly out in a body, with long poles to stop its motion: and as their faces and clothes were bepowdered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed with great vociferation, "You devils of men! where are you going? are you mad, to come and drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?"

Don Quixote hearing this address, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho," said he, "that we had arrived at the scene in which I must exert the prowess of mine arm. Behold what felons and assassins come forth to try my valour; behold what a number of hobgoblins range themselves against me; behold, I say, what horrid physiognomies appear to scare and overawe us; but you shall presently see what will happen, ye ruffians."

Then, starting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, "Ye scum, ye scoundrels, ill-intentioned, and worse-advised, release, I charge you, and restore to the full fruition of freedom, the person whom ye keep confined and oppressed in that fortress or jail, let him be high or low, or of what rank and quality soever he may be; for I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwise intituled the Knight of the Lions, destined by the appointment of Heaven above, to bring this adventure to an happy issue."

So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and brandished it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who hearing this rhapsody without understanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aside the boat, which by this time had entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that Heaven would deliver him from such imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the alertness and dexterity of the millers, who pushed back the boat with their poles; yet not without oversetting the vessel; so as that the knight and his squire were soused over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose; nevertheless, the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom, and had not the millers thrown themselves into the river, and weighed them up by main strength, it might have been said, Here Troy once stood."*

They were no sooner dragged ashore, rather drenched than dead of drought, than the squire humbling himself upon his knees, again clasping his hands, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, uttered a very fervent petition to God that he might be from thenceforward delivered from the frantic projects and mad attempts of his master. This ejaculation was scarce finished, when they were joined by the fisher-

* In allusion to the speech that Virgil puts in the mouth of Panthus Othryades, who says to Æneas,

—*fuit Ilium, et ingens*
Gloria Tincrorum!

men who were owners of the boat, which was crushed to pieces by the mill-wheels; and they perceiving the wreck, began to strip Sancho, and demand indemnification of his master, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing at all had happened, told the millers and fishermen, that he would pay for the bark with the utmost cheerfulness, on condition that they would release, without ransom or security, the person or persons whom they detained in durance and oppression within that castle.

“What does the madman mean by persons and castles,” answered one of the millers, “wouldst thou carry off the customers that bring grist to our mills, forsooth?” “Enough,” said Don Quixote within himself. “I might as well preach to the desert, as attempt by intreaties, to prevail upon such miscreants to do any virtuous action. In this adventure there must certainly be two powerful enchanters engaged on opposite sides, one of whom baffles the designs of the other; by one I was provided with a bark, and his antagonist overturned me in the water. Lord mend us! the world is nothing but a continual warfare of opposite machinations and deceit; for my own part I can do no more.” Then raising his voice, and fixing his eyes upon the mills, “Friends,” cried he, “whosoever you are, who lie confined within that prison, forgive me, that for my misfortune, as well as yours, it is not in my power to extricate you from your distress; for some other knight the adventure must be reserved.” Having pronounced this apostrophe, he compounded with the fishermen, for whose boat he paid fifty rials, which Sancho disbursed with great reluctance, saying, “Two such boats full will sink our whole stock to the bottom.”

The fishermen and millers gazed with admiration at those two figures, so different in appearance from other men; and as they could by no means understand the meaning and tendency of Don Quixote's discourse, and the questions he asked, they looked upon them as madmen, and went away. The millers retreated to their mills, the fishermen betook

themselves to their cottage; the knight and squire, like beasts, returned to their beasts: and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAP. XIII.

IN a melancholy plight did the knight and squire reach the place where their cattle stood; indeed they were both sufficiently out of humour, especially Sancho, who was cut to the soul by the encroachment upon their capital, which to him was as precious as the apple of his eye. At length they mounted, in the most profound silence, and departed from the banks of that famous river, Don Quixote buried, as it were, amidst the meditations of his love, and Sancho immersed in those of his preferment, which at that time seemed to be at a weary distance; for maugre all his simplicity and folly, he could easily perceive that all, or the greatest part of his master's actions, proceeded from frenzy and distraction: he therefore resolved to take an opportunity of retreating abruptly to his own house, without expostulation, or the ceremony of taking leave. But fortune ordained that things should fall out quite contrary to his apprehensions.

Next day at sun-set, as they came out of a wood, Don Quixote extending his view over a delightful green meadow, perceived some people at the farther end of it; and as he proceeded, saw they were hawkers: approaching still nearer, he observed among them a gay lady, mounted upon a palfrey or beautiful pad as white as the driven snow, adorned with green furniture and a saddle of silver; the lady was likewise dressed in a rich habit of the same colour, as fine as finery itself. On her left hand she carried a hawk, a circumstance from which the knight concluded she was some lady of high rank, and mistress of all the rest; nor was he mistaken. On this supposition, therefore, he said to his squire, "Make haste, son Sancho, go and tell that lady of the pal-

frey and hawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, send my respects to her exceeding beauty; and that, with her good leave, I will go and pay my compliments in person, and make her a tender of my service to the utmost of my power, in whatever she shall please to command; but keep a guard upon your tongue, Sancho, and beware thrusting in some of your proverbs, while you deliver my embassy." "To be sure you have found me a deadly thruster," answered the squire, "that you give me such warning, as if this were the first time in my life that I have carried embassies to ladies of high rank and augmentation." "Except that which you carried to the Lady Dulcinea," said the knight, "I do not know that ever you carried another, at least, while in my service." "That's true," replied Sancho, "but a good paymaster never wants bail; and a dinner is easily got, where there is plenty of meat for the pot: what I mean is, that there is no occasion to tell me, or advertise me, of any thing; for I am never out, and have a sort of a smack of every thing." "I believe it, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "go in peace, and God be your guide."

The squire setting out accordingly, at a good rate, and spurring Dapple beyond his natural pace, came up with the fair huntress; then alighting and kneeling before her, "Beautiful lady," said he, "yonder knight, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, known at my house by the name of Sancho Panza; and that same Knight of the Lions, though formerly of the Rueful Countenance, sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to allow him purposely, courteously, and consentingly, to come and gratify his desire, which is no other, as he says and I believe, than to serve your exalted beauty and hawkingship; and in so doing, your excellency will do a thing that will redound to your own advantage, and from which he will receive the most notorious honour and satisfaction."

"Worthy squire," replied the lady, "assuredly you have delivered your embassy with all the circum-

stances that such embassies require : pray rise, for it is not reasonable that the squire of such a great knight-errant as he of the Rueful Countenance, whose character is well known in these parts, should remain in that posture: rise, friend, and go and tell your master, that he shall be extremely welcome to command the services of me and the duke my husband, at our country house in the neighbourhood." Sancho arose, equally astonished at the beauty, good-breeding, and affability, of this worthy lady; but he was still more surprised at what she said concerning the well-known character of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; for if she did not give him the appellation of the Lions, it was because he had but lately assumed that epithet. "Pray, tell me, brother squire," said the dutchess, whose title is not known, "is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de La Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?" "The very same, my lady," answered Sancho, "and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, by the name of Sancho Panza, unless they have changed me in the cradle, I mean in the press." "I am extremely glad to hear it," replied the dutchess; "go, brother Sancho, and tell your master, that he is well met, and welcome to my estate; and that nothing could give me more pleasure than his arrival."

Sancho, in an excess of joy, occasioned by this agreeable answer, returned and recounted to his master all that this lady of rank had said, extolling to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her exceeding beauty, good-humour, and politeness. The knight chose one of his genteelst attitudes, fixed himself well in his stirrups, adjusted his vizor, quickened Rozinante, and with an agreeable air advanced to pay his respects to the dutchess, who, while he approached, caused her husband to be called, and communicated the curious embassy. As they had read the first part of the history, from which they learned the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited

with infinite pleasure, and the most eager desire of being acquainted with the original, fully determined to gratify his humour in every thing, and treat him all the time he should stay with them as a real knight-errant; that is, with all the ceremonies described in those books of chivalry they had read, and to which, indeed, they were greatly attached. Meanwhile Don Quixote, approaching with his beaver up, made a motion to alight, and Sancho made haste to hold the stirrup; but he was so unfortunate, that, in dismounting from Dapple, he slipped his foot through the noose of the stirrup-rope, in such a manner that he could not possibly disentangle himself, but continued hanging with his face and part of his body on the ground. The knight, who never alighted without his assistance, imagining that Sancho, as usual, held the stirrup, threw himself off with a swing, and the saddle, which must have been very ill-girted, and he came to the ground together; not without great disgrace and a thousand curses, which he muttered between his teeth against the unfortunate Sancho, whose leg was still in the stocks.

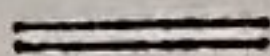
The duke seeing their distress, ordered his huntsman to assist the knight and squire; and they lifted up Don Quixote, who was very much bruised by the fall; nevertheless, he advanced as well as he could, with a limping pace, and kneeled before this noble pair; but the duke would by no means allow him to remain in that posture; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he ran to embrace the knight, saying, "I am heartily sorrow, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that the first time you touch my ground, you should be so unlucky; but the carelessness of squires is often the cause of greater misfortunes." "This accident, valiant prince," replied Don Quixote, "cannot possibly be deemed a misfortune, though I had been plunged into the profound abyss; for even from thence should I have been raised and extricated by the glory of seeing your grace. My squire, whom God confound, is more ready at untying his tongue, in order to utter malicious insinuations, than at tying

and securing the girth of a saddle: but, whether fallen or exalted, a-foot or on horseback, I shall always be devoted to your service and that of my lady dutchess, your grace's worthy consort, the dignified queen of beauty, and universal princess of politeness." "Softly, my good Signor Don Quixote de La Mancha," said the duke, "where my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso reigns, no other beauty deserves applause."

By this time Sancho Panza had disentangled himself and come up, and interposing in the discourse, before his master could make any reply, "It cannot be denied," said he, "but must always be affirmed, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is extremely beautiful: but the hare starts where she is least expected; for I have heard it said, that the power called Nature is like a potter, who, if he can make one beautiful vessel, can in like manner make two, three, aye, and an hundred: this I observe, because, in good faith, my lady dutchess comes not a whit behind my lady mistress Donna Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote turning to the dutchess, "Your grace must know," said he, "that no knight-errant upon earth has such a prattling and free-spoken squire as mine; and he will certainly verify my words, if your highness shall be pleased to make use of my service for a few days." "I have the better opinion of honest Sancho for his being free-spoken," answered the dutchess, "that is a sign of his discretion; for pleasantry and wit, Signor Don Quixote, as your worship very well knows, do not love to dwell in a reserved disposition; and, therefore, since honest Sancho is frank and free-spoken, I from henceforth set him down as a man of discretion." "And loquacity," added the knight. "So much the better," said the duke, "for a great deal of wit cannot be expressed in a few words; and that we may not spend more time in them, come, renowned Knight of the Rueful Countenance—" "Of the Lions, your highness must call him," cried Sancho; "the Rueful Countenance is no more." "Of the Lions let it be then," continued the duke; "I say, come, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a castle I have in

this neighbourhood, where you shall meet with that reception which is due to a person of your fame and character, and that respect which I and the dutchess always pay to the knights-errant who favour us with their company."

By this time Sancho having replaced and secured Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote bestrode that famous steed, and the duke mounting a beautiful courser, they rode towards the castle on each side of the dutchess, who desired Sancho to keep close to her; for she took infinite pleasure in hearing his conceits. Indeed, the squire did not need intreaty, but mingling among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the unspeakable satisfaction of their graces, who thought themselves extremely fortunate in having an opportunity of entertaining at their castle such a knight-errant, and such an erring squire.



CHAP. XIV.

SANCHO rejoiced exceedingly at seeing himself, as he thought, a favourite with the dutchess; for being a staunch well-wisher to good cheer, he imagined he should find the same abundance in the castle which prevailed in the houses of Don Diego and Basilius, and always took by the forelock every occasion of living at his ease. The history then relates, that before they reached the castle, or pleasure-house, the duke riding on before, directed his servants how to behave to Don Quixote, who no sooner arrived at the gate with the dutchess, than two lacquies or grooms came forth, clad in long trailing morning gowns of fine crimson satin, and lifting him off, said, without being heard or perceived, "Your highness must go and help my lady dutchess to dismount." The knight took the hint, and a dispute of compliments passed between them on the subject; but, at length, the obstinacy of the dutchess prevailed; for she would not quit her palfrey, or alight, except in

the arms of the duke, saying, she was not worthy to load such an excellent knight with such an useless burden: at last the duke came out to perform the office, and when they entered the court-yard, they were met by two beautiful damsels, who threw a mantle of the finest scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders, and the corridors were instantly crowded with servants of both sexes, who exclaimed aloud, "Welcome, thou flower and cream of knights-errant;" while all, or the greatest part of them, emptied bottles of sweet water upon him and their graces, to the admiration of Don Quixote, who now, for the first time, was sure and satisfied of his being a real, and not a fantastic knight-errant, because he saw himself treated as the knights of former ages, whose histories he had read.

Sancho quitted Dapple, and betaking himself to the dutchess, entered the castle, where, however, his conscience upbraiding him for having left his beast alone, he made up to a reverend duenna, who, with others, had come out to receive the dutchess, and, accosting her in a soft voice, "Signora Gonzalez," said he, "or what's your name, madam?" "My name is Duenna Rodrigues de Grijalva," answered the gentlewoman, "what are your commands, brother?" "I wish you would do me the favour, good madam," replied the squire, "to go to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine, and be so good as either to send, or lead him to the stable; for the poor creature is a little timorous, and cannot bear to be alone, by any manner of means." "If the master be as wise as the man," cried the duenna, "we have brought our pigs to a fine market; get you gone, brother, with a vengeance to you, and those who brought you hither, and take care of your ass with your own hands: the duennas of this house are not used to such employment." "But for all that," said Sancho, "I have heard my master, who is a perfect mine of history, tell as how, when Lancelot came from Britain, ladies tended his own person, and duennas took care of his horse; now, with respect to my ass, I declare I would not exchange him for

Signor Lancelot's courser." "Hark ye, friend," replied the duenna, "if you are a jack-pudding, keep your jokes for a proper place, where they may turn to account: from me you'll get nothing but a fig for them." "Very well," said the squire, "I'll answer for its ripeness: your ladyship won't lose your game by a short reckoning." "You whoreson," cried the duenna, in a violent rage, "whether I am old or not, I must render an account to God, and not to such a garlic-eating rascal as you."

This address she pronounced in such an audible voice, that she was overheard by the dutchess, who, turning about, and seeing her woman in such wrath and trepidation, asked with whom she was in such passion. "With this honest fellow here," answered the duenna, "who has earnestly desired me to go and house an ass of his that stands at the castle-gate, telling me, forsooth, as an example, that the same employment was undertaken by some ladies, who took care of one Lancelot, while the duennas looked after his horse; and, to crown the compliment, he tells me I am old." "I myself," said the dutchess, "would construe that into the greatest affront that could be given: take notice, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is in the prime of her youth; and that the veil which she wears is more for authority and custom, than on account of her years." "Accursed be those I have to live," cried the squire, "if I spoke to her for that reason; but only for the great affection I bear to my ass, whom I thought I could not recommend to a more charitable person than Signora Donna Rodriguez." Don Quixote overhearing all that passed, "Is that proper discourse for this place, Sancho?" said he. "Signor," replied the squire, "every man must speak of his wants where he finds them: here I thought of Dapple, and here I talked of him; and if he had come into my head in the stable, there too he should have been honourably mentioned." Here the duke interposing, "Sancho is very much in the right," said he, "and must not be blamed for what he has said: Dapple shall have

no more to do but ask and have as much provender as he can eat; so that Sancho may be quite easy in that respect, for his beast shall be treated like his own person."

This conversation, which was extremely agreeable to all except Don Quixote, brought them to the top of the stair-case; and the knight being conducted into an apartment, hung with the richest tissue and brocade, was unarmed, and attended by six sprightly damsels, well instructed by the duke and dutchess in the particulars of behaviour which they were to observe towards Don Quixote, in order to convince him that he was treated in all respects like a knight-errant. Thus disarmed, he remained in his straight breeches and hamoy doublet, so long, so lank, so lean, with his lanthorn jaws kissing each other, that if the damsels had not been very careful in preserving their gravity, according to the precise orders they had received, they must certainly have burst with laughing at sight of such an uncouth figure. They desired he would allow them to undress and shift him; but he would not assent to this proposal, saying, that knights-errant ought to be as remarkable for decency as for valour: he therefore bade them deliver the shirt to Sancho, with whom shutting himself up in a chamber, furnished with a magnificent bed, he was immediately undressed and shifted. Then being alone with his squire, "Tell me," said he, "thou modern buffoon and ancient blockhead! was it thy province to dishonour and affront a venerable duenna, so worthy of reverence and respect! Was that a time to think of Dapple? or couldst thou imagine those noble persons would neglect the cattle belonging to guests whom they treated with such elegance? For the love of God, Sancho, set a guard upon thy tongue, and behave so as that people may not discover by the thread, the coarse country web of which thou art woven: consider, sinner as thou art, that the master is respected in proportion to the discretion and good-breeding of his servants; and this is one of the great advantages which noblemen have over

people of inferior rank : dost thou not consider, thou plague to thyself, and vexation to me! that if they perceive thee to be a base-bred clown or blundering fool, they will take me for some cheating impostor or knight of the post ! No, no, Sancho, shun and avoid those inconveniences ; for he who sets up for a merry-andrew, falls at the first stumble into a disgraced buffoon : bridle thy tongue, therefore, consider and ruminate well before the words issue from thy mouth ; and remember that we are now arrived at a place from whence, by the favour of God, and the valour of mine arm, we shall depart, bettered three, nay five-fold, both in fortune and in fame." Sancho promised, with repeated assurances, that he would rather stich up his mouth, or bite off his tongue, than utter one word that should not be pat to the purpose and well considered, according to his command ; and that he might make himself perfectly easy on that score ; for by him it should never be discovered who they were.

Don Quixote having dressed himself, girded on his sword, thrown the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, and covered his head with a cap of green velvet, which he received from the damsels, came forth thus equipped into the great hall, where he found the maidens placed in two equal rows, furnished with the implements for hands-washing, which they administered with profound respect and abundance of ceremony : then came the major-domo, attended by twelve pages, to conduct them to the table, where their graces waited for him ; he was accordingly surrounded by these domestics, and led with great pomp and majesty into another hall, in which appeared a table nobly decorated with four covers. The duke and dutchess came to the door to receive him, attended by one of those grave ecclesiastics who govern the families of noblemen ; who, being of no birth themselves, know not how to direct those who are ; who seek to measure the grandeur of the great by the narrowness of their own souls, and in attempting to make their pupils economists, convert them into downright misers : such, I say, was the

grave clergyman who came out to receive Don Quixote, with the duke and dutchess. After a thousand courteous compliments, they walked on each side of him to the table, where the duke complimented him with the upper end: and though he refused that honour, they importuned him so much, that he was obliged to comply; the clergyman sitting opposite to him, and the duke and dutchess taking their places at the sides.

Sancho, who was present at all this ceremony, being confounded and astonished at the honours which were paid to his master, and perceiving the formality and entreaties that passed between his grace and Don Quixote about sitting at the head of the table, intruded himself, as usual, into the discourse, saying, "With your honour's leave, I'll tell you a story of what happened in our village, with respect to the upper-hand in sitting."

Scarce had he pronounced these words, when the knight began to tremble with apprehension that he was going to utter some absurdity; but the squire seeing, and understanding the cause of his master's trepidation, "Signor," said he, "your worship needs not be afraid that I shall misbehave, or say something that is not to the matter in hand; for I have not forgot the advice I just now received from your worship, about speaking a little or a great deal to the purpose, and not to the purpose." "I know nothing at all of the matter," answered the knight; "say what thou wilt, so thou sayest it quickly." "Well then," replied Sancho, "what I am going to say is true, for my master, Don Quixote, here present, would not suffer me to tell a lie." "As for me," said Don Quixote, "you may lie as much as you please, without let or molestation: but I advise you to consider well what you are about to say." "I have it so well considered and reconsidered, that I am as safe as he that has the repique in hand, as will appear in the performance." "Your graces will do well," said Don Quixote, "to order the servants to turn out this madman, who will commit a thousand blunders." "By the life of the

duke!" cried the dutchess, "I will not part with my good friend Sancho, for whom I have a very great respect, because I know him to be a person of wit and pleasantry." "Pleasant may all the days of your holiness be, for your good opinion of my deserts," said the squire; "though God knows, they are but slender enough: however, my story is this:

"There was an invitation given by a gentleman of our town, who was both rich and well born, as being come of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married to Donna Mencia de Quinones, daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, knight of the order of St. Jago, who was drowned in the Herradura, and occasioned a quarrel some years ago in our villlage, in which, if I am not mistaken, my master Don Quixote was concerned; but this I know, mad Tom, the son of old Balvastro the blacksmith, was hurt on that occasion: now, sir master of mine, is not this God's truth; speak upon your worship's honour, that these noble persons may not look upon me as a chattering liar." "Hitherto," said the clergyman, "I take you to be a chatterer rather than a liar; but I know not what I shall take you for in the sequel." "Thou hast produced so many witnesses and tokens," replied the knight, "that I cannot but say thy story looks like truth: proceed, however, and shorten thy tale, for thou art in the way of lengthening it out for the space of two whole days." "He shall not shorten it," said the dutchess, "if he consults my entertainment; but, on the contrary, tell it in his own way, though it should not be finished in six days; for should it hold out so long, they will be some of the pleasantest I ever passed."

"Well then, my masters," proceeded Sancho, "that same gentleman, whom I know as well as I know these two hands, for it is not above a bow-shot from his house to mine, invited a farmer, who though not rich, was a very honest man." "Dispatch, brother," cried the priest, interposing, "for at this rate your story will reach to the other world." "It will hardly go half as far, an' it please God," answered the squire, who thus proceeded: "So, as I was saying, the far-

mer going to the house of the gentleman-inviter, who is now dead, God rest his soul! by the same token, they say he died like an angel; for my own part, I was not present at his death, having gone a reaping to Tembleque." "As you hope to live, son," cried the ecclesiastic, "return quickly from Tembleque, and finish your story, without staying to inter the gentleman, unless you have a mind to bury us all?" "Well, to come to the point," replied Sancho; "when the two came to be seated at table. Methinks I see them now more than ever." The duke and dutchess were infinitely pleased with the disgust which the reverend ecclesiastic expressed at the tedious and circumstantial manner in which the squire related his story, while Don Quixote was almost consumed by shame and indignation. "I say, moreover," resumed Sancho, "that the two, as I have already observed, coming to sit down at the table, the farmer obstinately refused to take the upper end, according to the desire of the entertainer; while the gentleman on the other hand as obstinately insisted upon his compliance, alleging that he ought to be master in his own house; but the farmer, who piqued himself upon his politeness and good breeding, still persisted in his refusal, until the gentleman, growing angry, took him by the shoulders, and thrust him into the seat, saying, 'Know, Mr. Chaffthresher, that wheresoever I sit, I shall always be at the head of the table.' Now this is my tale, and I really believe it was brought in pretty pat to the purpose."

Don Quixote's brown face was speckled with a thousand different colours at this recital; and their graces restrained their laughter, that he might not be quite abashed at the sarcastic insinuation of his squire. To change the discourse, therefore, and prevent Sancho from uttering other such dangerous conceits, the dutchess, addressing herself to the knight, asked when he had heard from the Lady Dulcinea, and if he had lately sent her any presents from the great number of giants and robbers whom he must have vanquished? To this interrogation the knight replied, "My misfor-

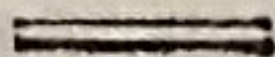
tunes, madam, though they had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have vanquished ; felons and robbers I have sent ; but where must they find her, enchanted and transformed as she is into the most homely country wench that can be imagined !”

“ This I know,” said Sancho Panza : “ to me she seemed the most beautiful creature in the whole world ; at least, in point of nimbleness and leaping, she would get the better of a professional rope-dancer ; in good faith ! my lady dutchess, she skipped from the ground upon her ass, like a perfect cat.” “ What ! have you seen her enchanted, Sancho ?” said the duke. “ How ! I seen her ?” replied the squire : “ who the devil but I was the first that fell upon the plot of the enchantment ; to be sure she is as much enchanted as my father.”

The ecclesiastic hearing them talk of giants, felons, and enchantments, began to imagine that this must be the Don Quixote de La Mancha whose history the duke took such delight in reading, that he had often reprehended his grace for being so mad as to read such nonsense ; and being now confirmed in his suspicion, he said to the duke, in a very choleric tone, “ Signor, your excellency is accountable to Heaven for the actions of that poor man. That Don Quixote, or Don Driveller, or what’s his name, would not, I imagine, be such a fool, if your excellency did not administer fuel and encouragement to his madness and folly.” Then addressing himself to the knight, “ And pray, Mr. Wiseacre,” said he, “ who has stuffed your brain with the ridiculous conceit of your being a knight-errant, conquering giants, and apprehending robbers ? Return, in good hour, (for in good hour I advise you) return to your own house, educate your children, if you have any, take care of your own concerns, and leave off strolling about the country, sucking the wind, and exposing yourself to the laughter of those who do, and those who do not know your infirmity. Where, in evil hour, did you find that there are, or ever were, knights-errant ? Where did you ever see giants in Spain, caitiffs in La

Mancha, or enchanted dulcineas, with all that tribe of absurdities that are recounted as your adventures."

Don Quixote, who listened attentively to the discourse of this venerable person, no sooner perceived he had left off speaking, than, forgetting the respect he owed to the duke and dutchess, he started up, and with an ireful aspect and glowing visage, replied—But the reply deserves a chapter for itself.



CHAP XV.

DON Quixote starting up, and trembling from head to foot, like quicksilver, thus accosted the ecclesiastic, with an eager yet faltering tongue: "The place and presence in which I am, and the respect which I always had and still have for the function you profess, withhold and tie up the hands of my just resentment: for these reasons, as well because I know, what all the world knows, that gownmen and women make use of no weapons but their tongues, I will, with mine, fairly engage your reverence, of whom I might have expected good advice, rather than infamous reproach, as wholesome and well-meant reproof requires for other circumstances, and ought to be conveyed in gentler terms: at least, a rebuke in public, delivered with such asperity, as exceeded all the bounds of Christian reprehension, the beginning of which ought to be mild rather than severe; nor is it just to call the delinquent, in plain terms, a wiseacre and a fool, without knowing the nature of the fault for which he is reprehensible. But pray tell me, reverend signor, for which of the absurdities you have noted in my behaviour do you condemn and reproach me, bidding me return to my own house, to take care of my family, my wife, and my children, without knowing whether I have either wife or children? What, then, is there nothing required but to enter a house at random, in order to lead the master by the nose; and shall a narrow-minded pedant, on the strength of having taught

a few pupils to read Latin, though he has seen no more of the world than what may be contained in twenty or thirty leagues of district, presume abruptly, without permission, to give laws to chivalry, and judge of knights-errant? Is it a vain undertaking then, or is the time mis-spent, which we employ in travelling about the world, not in quest of its delights, but its adversities, by which good men ascend the throne of immortality? Had I been counted a fool by knights, or people of fashion, birth, and generosity, I should have deemed myself irreparably affronted; but my being regarded as a madman, by book-worms, who never entered or trod the paths of chivalry, I value not a farthing: a knight I am, and a knight I shall die, according to the pleasure of the Almighty. Some choose the spacious field of proud ambition, others take that of base and servile adulation, a third set follows the paths of deceitful hypocrisy, and a fourth proceed in that of true religion; but I, by the influence of my stars, pursue the narrow track of knight-errantry, for the exercise of which I undervalue fortune in the chace of honour. I have assisted the aggrieved, redressed wrongs, chastised the insolent, overcome giants, and overthrown hobgoblins. I am enamoured, for no other reason but because it is necessary that knights-errant should be in love; and this being the case, I am not a vicious libertine, but a chaste Platonic admirer. My intention I always direct to a worthy aim, namely, to do good unto all men, and harm to no creature. Whether or not, he who thinks, acts, and speaks in this manner, deserves to be called a fool, let your graces determine."

"Well argued, master!" cried Sancho; "'Fore God! your worship needs say no more in behalf of your own character; for there is no more to be said, thought, or insisted upon; especially as that gentleman denies, and he certainly has denied, that there either are, or ever were, knights-errant in this world; so that he knows nothing at all of the matter!" "Brother," replied the priest, "belike you are that Sancho Panza to whom they say your master has pro-

mised an island?" "Yes, I am," said the squire, "and I hope I deserve it as well as another. I am one of whom you may say, Keep good company, and you'll learn good manners, and I ask not where you was hatched, but where you was watched. And again, Well sheltered shall he be, who leans against a sturdy tree. Now I have leaned against a good master, and accompanied him many months, and will learn to be just such another as himself; and if God pleases, and he live and I live, he will not want governments to give, nor islands to govern." "No, surely, friend Sancho," said the duke, "for I myself, in the name of Signor Don Quixote will confer upon you the government of an odd island, and that not inconsiderable, which is in my possession." "Fall upon your knees, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "and kiss his excellency's feet for the honour he has done you." Sancho did as he was desired; and the ecclesiastic no sooner saw the ceremony performed, than he rose from table in a violent passion, saying, "By the habit which I wear, I affirm that your excellency is as mad as these poor sinners; what wonder that they should be frantic, when people who are in their senses canonize their frenzy? Your excellency may enjoy their company by yourself; for while they remain in this house, I shall stay in my own, and excuse myself from reproving what I cannot remedy." Without further speech, or eating another mouthful, he went away abruptly, in spite of all their graces could say to detain him. Indeed, the duke said not much: for he was hindered by the laughter which the priest's impertinent indignation had produced; however, as soon as he could resume his gravity, he addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words:

"Sir Knight of the Lions, your worship has made such an ample reply, that nothing further remains to be done by way of satisfaction for that which, though it may seem an affront, falls by no means under that denomination; for neither the female sex, nor the clergy, can give affronts, as your worship so very well knows." "Undoubtedly," answered the knight,

“ and the reason is, because those persons who cannot receive, are not capable of giving an affront. Women, children, and ecclesiastics, as they cannot defend themselves when attacked, so neither can they be affronted : for there is this difference between an injury and an affront, as your excellency well knows : an affront comes from a person who is capable of giving an affront ; and when it is given, maintains it ; whereas, an injury may come from any quarter, unattended by an affront. For example, a man walking carelessly in the street, is assaulted and cudgelled by ten armed persons, against whom he draws his sword, and behaves like a man of honour ; but he is overpowered by the number of his antagonists, and prevented from executing his intention, which is to revenge the wrong ; this man is injured, not affronted. A truth which we will confirm by another example. A man comes and strikes another, whose back is turned, and then betakes himself to his heels ; and the other pursues, though he cannot overtake the fugitive : the man so struck received an injury, but no affront, because an affront ought to be maintained. If he who gave the blow, though it was done by stealth, in a cowardly manner, had drawn his sword, and stood facing the enemy, he who received the blow would have been both injured and affronted ; injured because he was surprised, and affronted, because he who gave the blow maintained it by keeping his ground. And therefore, according to the punctilios of honour, I may be injured but not affronted ; for women and children do not feel those things ; they can neither fly nor stand their ground : and the same rule holds good with those who are consecrated to the service of religion. Now these three classes of mankind are destitute of offensive and defensive weapons ; and though nature obliges them to stand in their own defence, yet they can offend nobody : and albeit I just now said I might be injured, I now affirm it cannot be in any shape ; for he who cannot receive, much less can he give an affront. For which reasons I ought not to resent, nor do I resent, the

reproaches of that honest man ; I only wish he had staid a little while until I should have convinced him of his error, in thinking and saying there never were, nor are, knights-errant upon the face of the earth ; an asseveration which might have turned to his prejudice, had it been overheard by Amadis, or any one of his infinite progeny." " I'll take my corporal oath," cried Sancho, " that they would have given a back-stroke that would have laid him open from top to toe, like a pomegranate or ripe melon : they were a rare set to endure such tickling. By my holidame ! I am well assured, that if Reynaldos of Montalvan had heard this manikin's discourse, he would have given him such a slap in the mouth, that he should not have spoke another word in three long years. No, no : let him meddle with them, and he'll see how well he'll escape out of their clutches." The dutchess had well nigh died with laughing at this speech of Sancho, who, in her sentiment, was a more diverting madman, than his master, and a great many people at that time were of the same way of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was appeased, dinner ended, and the cloth being taken away, in came four damsels, one of them with a silver ewer, another with a flask of the same metal, a third with a couple of very fine white towels over her arm, and a fourth with her arms bare up to the elbow, and in her white hands, for doubtless they were white, a wash-ball of Neapolitan soap. She who carried the ewer, approaching with a genteel carriage and modest assurance, thrust it under the beard of Don Quixote, who, without speaking one word, wondered at this ceremony ; from which he concluded that it was the custom of the country to wash beards instead of hands : he therefore stretched out his chin as far as he could, and immediately the flask began to rain : the damsel with the soap-ball lathered him with great expedition, raising flakes of of snow, (for the suds were as white) not only upon the beard, but also over the whole face of the obedient knight, insomuch that he was obliged to shut his eyes in their defence ; while the duke and dutchess, who

were not in the secret, sat impatiently waiting to see the issue of this ablution. The young she-barber having raised the lather as high as her hand, pretended the water was spent, and bade the damsel of the flask go for a fresh supply, and Signor Don Quixote would have patience till her return. He accordingly waited with patience, exhibiting the strangest and most ludicrous figure that ever was conceived, to the view of numerous spectators, who seeing half a yard of neck more than moderately brown, two eyes shut, and his beard covered with lather, had need of great discretion to restrain their laughter, and it was a wonder they could smother it at any rate. As for the damsels concerned in the joke, they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to look at the duke and dutchess, who were at once agitated by mirth and indignation; and did not know whether they should resolve upon chastising their presumption, or rewarding them for the pleasure they received in seeing the knight in such an attitude. At length the damsel returning with more water, they finished the ablution of Don Quixote; then she who carried the towels having wiped and dried him with great composure, all four at once made a complete curtsy, and were going away. But the duke, fearing the knight would smell the joke, called to the damsel of the ewer, saying, "Come hither and wash me too, and be sure you have water enough." The girl being very handy and acute, obeyed without hesitation, placed the ewer under his grace's chin, and when he was well washed, lathered, wiped, and dried, they dropped their curtsies and retired. It was afterwards known, the duke had sworn within himself, that if they should have refused to serve him in that manner, he would have chastised them for their assurance; but they prudently escaped a scouring, by scouring his grace.

Sancho having attentively considered this ceremony of cleansing, "God's mercy!" said he within himself, "is it the custom in this country to wash the squire's beard as well as the knight's? for God and my own conscience know I have need of such puri-

fication ; and, if they would give me the touch of a razor, the benefit would still be the greater. “ What is that you mutter, Sancho ? ” said the dutchess. “ I say, my lady,” answered the squire, “ I have always heard it said, that in the courts of other princes, when the cloth is taken away, water for the hands is brought in, but not suds for the beard ; so that the longer we live, the more we learn : yet it is also observed, that he who lives much time will bear much misfortune ; though to undergo such a purification as this may pass for a pleasure rather than a toil.” “ Give yourself no concern, friend Sancho,” said the dutchess, “ for I will order my maids not only to wash, but also to lay you a-bucking, should it be necessary.” “ I shall be satisfied with the lathering of my beard,” replied the squire, “ at least for the present ; and God will ordain what is to happen in the sequel.” The dutchess turning to the major-domo, “ Remember,” said she, “ what honest Sancho desires, and gratify his inclination with the utmost punctuality.” This domestic promised that Signor Sancho should be obeyed in all things ; and returning to dinner with the squire, left their graces and Don Quixote sitting at the table, discoursing on many and various subjects, though all of them related to chivalry and the exercise of arms.

The dutchess entreated the knight, who seemed to possess such a tenacious memory, to delineate and describe the beauty and deportment of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who she concluded, from what fame had proclaimed of her charms, must be the fairest creature not only in La Mancha, but even in the whole world. Don Quixote sighing at her grace’s request, “ If,” said he, “ I could take out my heart, and lay it before your highness in a plate upon this table, I should save my tongue the trouble of saying what is almost inconceivable, for in it your excellency would see her picture at full length : but why should I now attempt to delineate and describe circumstantially the particular charms of the peerless Dulcinea ?—a burden worthy of other shoulders

four

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than mine, and a task which ought to employ the perils of Parrhasius, Timanthes, and Apelles, together with the chissel of Lysippus, to exhibit her image on canvas, brass, and marble, as well as the Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence, to sound her praise.” “What does Signor Don Quixote mean by Demosthenian,” said the dutchess, “which is a word I never heard before in my life.” “Demosthenian eloquence,” answered the knight, “has the same signification as the eloquence of Demosthenes: and Ciceronian means that of Cicero; for these two were the greatest orators in the whole world.” “Certainly,” said the duke, “and you exposed yourself by such an interrogation: nevertheless, Signor Don Quixote would give us infinite pleasure, could he be prevailed upon to describe that beauty which, even in a sketch or rough draught, would certainly appear such as might excite envy in the most beautiful women of the creation. “I will assuredly comply with your grace’s desire,” replied the knight, “were not her idea blotted from my remembrance, by the misfortune which hath lately befallen her; a misfortune which induces me to bewail rather than describe her; for your highness must observe, that when I went some time ago to kiss her hands and receive her benediction, consent, and license, for this my third sally, I found her quite otherwise than I expected: I found her enchanted, and transformed from a princess into a country-wench, from beauty into deformity, from an angel into a demon, from a delicious perfume into a pestilential vapour, from the pink of compliment into the most clownish dialect, from light into darkness, from a sedate young lady into a rustic romp, and, finally, from Dulcinea del Toboso into a * Sayago drab.” “God protect us!” cried the duke with a loud voice, “who can have done such mischief to the world, in robbing

* Sayago is a district in the kingdom of Leon, the inhabitants of which were extremely poor, and very meanly clothed.

it of that beauty by which it was delighted, that good humour by which it was entertained, and that modesty which did it honour?" "Who?" answered the knight, "who could it be, but one of the malignant and envious tribe of enchanter, by whom I am persecuted? That accursed race, brought into the world on purpose to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to illustrate and extol the deeds of the wicked. Persecuted I have been by enchanter, persecuted I am by enchanter, and enchanter will persecute me, until I and all my lofty feats of chivalry are plunged into the abyss of oblivion: nay, they injure and wound me in that part where they know my feeling is most acute; for to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, the sun by which he is enlightened, and the support by which he is maintained: I have many times said, and now I repeat the observation, that a knight-errant without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without the substance by which it is produced."

"There is no more to be said," replied the dutchess: "nevertheless, if we are to believe the history of Signor Don Quixote, which has lately been ushered into the world, with the general applause of the different nations that compose it, we must conclude (if I right remember) that your worship never saw the Dady Dulcinea, and that there is no such person in being; but that it is only a fantastical mistress, begot and born in your imagination, which hath decked her with all the graces and perfection that fancy could conceive." "Much may be said on that subject," answered Don Quixote: "God knows whether or not there is such a person as Dulcinea in the world, whether she is fantastical or not fantastical; for these things are not to be too nicely investigated: for my own part, I neither begat nor bore my mistress, although I contemplate her with that admiration which is due to a lady, in whom are centered those qualities that ought to render her renowned throughout the whole world, such as beauty without blemish, gravity

without pride, tenderness with chastity, affability from courtesy, courtesy from good-breeding ; and, finally, dignity from birth ; because nobleness of blood reflects an additional splendour upon beauty, and shews it to greater perfection than that which we find among the fairest of those who are meanly born." "Your observation is extremely just," said the duke : "but Signor Don Quixote must give me leave to mention what the history of his adventures, which I have read, obliges me to declare ; namely, that though we grant there may be a Dulcinea, either in or out of Toboso ; and that she may be beautiful to excess, as your worship has described her ; yet, in respect to pedigree, she is by no means on a footing with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, and Madasimas, together with the rest of that class, which occurs so often in those histories that are so familiar to your worship."

"To that observation I can answer," said the knight, "that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works ; that good qualities ennoble the blood, and that a virtuous person of low descent ought to be more esteemed than a vicious man of high degree ; especially as Dulcinea possesses qualifications which may raise her to the throne of a crowned and sceptred queen ; for the merit of a virtuous and beautiful woman is sufficient to work still greater miracles, and virtually, though not formally, contains within itself still greater advantages." "Signor Don Quixote," said the dutchess, "every thing you say is spoken with deliberation, and according to the proverb, you proceed with the plummet in your hand : henceforth I shall firmly believe, and make my whole family, even the duke himself, should there be occasion, believe that Dulcinea is living at this day in Toboso ; that she is beautiful, high-born, and in all respects worthy to be served and admired by such a knight as Signor Don Quixote ; and that is the highest compliment that can be bestowed. But I cannot help forming a scruple, and entertaining a kind of grudge against Sancho Panza : the scruple arises from a particular of the history, importing, that the said

Sancho, found the Lady Dulcinea winnowing a sack of wheat when he carried a letter to her from your worship, by the same token it is said to have been red wheat; a circumstance that makes me doubt the nobleness of her pedigree."

To this remark Don Quixote replied, "Madam, your highness must know, that all, or the greatest part, of the incidents that happen to me, deviate from the ordinary limits of those adventures which occur to other knights-errant, either conducted by the inscrutable will of destiny, or effected by the malice of some envious enchanter: and it is a circumstance well known of all, or the greatest part, of renowned knights-errant, that one possessed the virtue of being proof against enchantment, another of being invulnerable, which was the case of the famous Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, who, as it is recorded, could not be wounded in any other place but the sole of his left foot, and even there with no other weapon than the point of a large pin; so that Bernardo del Carpio, who slew him at the battle of Roncesvalles, perceiving that he could make no impression upon him with steel, lifted him off the ground, and strangled him between his arms, in imitation of the manner in which Hercules destroyed Anteus, that ferocious giant, said to be the son of Earth. What I would infer from what I have said, is, that I too may have some of these virtues centered in my person, though not that of being invulnerable; for I have been frequently convinced by experience that my flesh is very tender, and by no means impenetrable: nor that of being proof against enchantment; for I once found myself cooped up in a cage, in which the whole world would not have had strength enough to enclose me, without the additional power of enchantment: but, since I freed myself from that confinement, I am apt to believe that no other will ever interrupt the course of my adventures; and, therefore, those enchanters seeing that their wicked arts will not take effect upon my own person, revenge themselves on those things to which my affection is chiefly attached,

and endeavour to deprive me of life, by persecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom alone I live. I, therefore, am persuaded, that when my squire delivered my message, they had converted her into a coarse country wench, employed in such a mean exercise as that of winnowing wheat : but I have already said, that it could not be red wheat, nor indeed any sort of wheat, but oriental pearls ; and, as a proof of this asseveration, I must tell your highnesses, that when I lately went to Toboso, I could by no means find Dulcinea's palace ; and the day following, while my squire Sancho beheld her in her own figure, which is the fairest in the whole world, to me she seemed a rustic and homely country wench, without any thing sensible in her conversation ; whereas she is in fact the very pink of discretion and good sense. Now, since I myself neither am, nor in all probability can be enchanted, she is the person enchanted, offended, changed, perverted, and transformed, and in her my enemies have taken vengeance upon me ; so that for her I shall live in perpetual affliction, until I see her restored to her former state : all this I have observed, that nobody may scruple about what Sancho said of her sifting and winnowing ; for, since they have transformed her in my view, no wonder they should change her form in his. Dulcinea is a person of birth and fashion, one of the genteel families of Toboso, which are very numerous, ancient, and noble, and certainly no small part of these qualifications falls to the share of the peerless Dulcinea, on whose account the place of her nativity will become famous and renowned, in future ages, as Troy is become famous by Helen, and Spain by Cava, though with a better title and nobler fame. On the other hand, I must inform your graces, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant squires that ever served a knight-errant : sometimes his simplicity is so arch, that to consider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleasure ; he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and absurdities sufficient to confirm him a fool ; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing ; and often, when I

think he is going to discharge nonsense, he will utter apothegms that will raise him to the skies ; in a word, I would not exchange him for any squire, even with a city to boot ; and, therefore, I am in doubt whether or not it will be expedient to send him to that government which your grace has been so good as to bestow upon him ; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for such an offence : so that when his understanding is a very little polished, he will agree with any government, like the king with his customs ; for we know by repeated experience, that great talents and learning are not necessary in a governor, as there are an hundred at least, who govern like jerfaulcons, though they can hardly read their mother tongue : provided their intention is righteous, and their desire to do justice, they will never want counsellors to direct them in every transaction ; like your military governors, who being illiterate themselves, never decide without the advice of an assessor. I shall advise him corruption to eschew, but never quit his due : and inculcate some other small matters that are in my head, which, in process of time, may redound to his own interest, as well as to the advantage of the island under his command."

Thus far the conversation had proceeded between their graces and Don Quixote, when they heard a number of people taking, and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho entered the hall in a fright, tucked with a dish-clout, by way of bib, and followed by several boys, or rather scullions and other small gentry, one of whom brought a tray full of water, which by its colour and filth appeared to be dish-washings, pursuing and persecuting the poor squire, and struggling to thrust it under his chin, while another, with the same earnestness, endeavoured to lather his beard. "What is the matter, fellows?" cried the dutchess, "what is the matter? what designs have you upon that worthy gentleman, ha! don't you consider he is governor elect?" To this apostrophe the barber-scullion replied, "The gentleman won't suffer himself to be washed according to the custom

and manner practised upon my lord duke and his own master." "Yes, I will," cried Sancho, in a violent passion, "but it must be with whiter towels, clearer suds, and cleaner hands; for surely there is not such a difference between me and my master as that he should be washed with angel water, and I drenched with devil's lye. The customs of different countries, and the fashions of princely courts, are no further good than as they are agreeable; but this here custom of lathering is worse than the exercise of disciplinants.* My beard is clean enough, and needs no such scrubbing; and if any man pretends to lather me, or touch a hair of my head, (my beard I mean) saving this honourable presence, I'll drive my fist in his scull; for these ceremonies of soap-scouring look rather like making game than making welcome." The dutchess was ready to burst with laughing at the rage and remonstrance of Sancho: but Don Quixote was not extremely well pleased to see his squire tucked up with such a dirty cloth, and surrounded with so many sons of the kitchen: he therefore, making a low bow to the duke and dutchess, by way of asking their permission to speak, thus addressed himself to the scullions, in a solemn tone: "So ho, you gentlemen cavaliers, I desire your worship's will let the young

* In Spain and Italy there is, upon every Holy Thursday, a procession of disciplinants, or people who do penance in sackcloth, carrying a flambeau in one hand, and in the other a scourge, with which they belabour their own shoulders in such a manner that the very street is sometimes coloured with their blood. Some of these disciplinants, however, are mere hypocrites, who under their sackcloth wear women's stays, buff jackets, and even plates of tin; so that they are often detected from the sound of the stroke: and at Rome nothing is more common than to hear the people who accompany these devotees, call out according to the report of the application, *Guippone di Buffalo! Busti di Donna!* and *Corrazini di Latta!*

man alone, and return to the place from whence you came, or go whithersoever you please: my squire is as cleanly as another, and those trays are as unfit for him as a narrow-necked bottle: take my advice, therefore, and let him alone; for neither he nor I understand such impertinent jokes." Here Sancho taking the word out of his master's mouth, proceeded, saying, "No, no, let them perform their clumsy joke, which I shall bear as sure as it is now night: let them fetch a comb, or what they will, to curry this beard, and if they catch any thing that should give offence to cleanliness, they shall shear me against the hair."

At this period, the dutchess still laughing, "Sancho Panza," said she, "is certainly in the right in all that he has said, and will be in the right in all that he shall say; he is already clean enough, and as he observes, has no occasion to be washed; and if he does not like the custom of the place he shall follow his own inclination: * besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and negligent, not to say presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage and such a beard, trays, wooden troughs, and dish-clouts, instead of ewers, and golden basons, and towels of the finest Holland; but the case is, you are base-born miscreants, and like caitiffs as you are, cannot forbear shewing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant." The whole scullion ministry, as well as the major-domo, who came in with them, believed her grace was actually in earnest, and sneaked away in great shame and confusion, after having untied the dish-clout from the neck of Sancho, who seeing himself delivered from that imminent danger, went and fell upon his knees before the dutchess, saying, "From great ladies great benefits are expected; and this that I have now received from your grace I can in no other shape repay, than in wishing I were dubbed a knight-errant, that I might spend all the days of my

* *Su alma en Su Palma*. The original expression literally signifies, "His soul is in his hand," *i. e.* He is at his own discretion.

life in the service of such a noble and exalted lady : a peasant I am, and Sancho Panza by name, with a wife and family, and serve in quality of a squire ; and if in any of these respects I can serve your highness, I shall be more speedy in obeying, than your grace in laying your commands." "Sancho," replied the dutchess, "it plainly appears that you have learned politeness in the school of courtesy itself : I say it plainly appears that you have been bred up at the feet of Don Quixote, who is the cream of compliment, and flower of ceremony, or, as you term it, Sarah-money : long life and prosperity to such a master and such a pupil ; one the north-pole of knight-errantry, and the other the very star of squirish fidelity. Rise, friend Sancho, and I will remunerate your politeness, by prevailing upon my lord duke to perform his promise of the government, with all possible dispatch."

Here the conversation being broke off, the knight retired to take his afternoon's nap,* and the dutchess desired Sancho, if he was not very much disposed to sleep, to go and pass the evening with her and her women, in a very cool and pleasant apartment. Sancho told her, that although it was really his custom to sleep for four or five hours every afternoon, in the heat of summer, yet for the satisfaction of her grace's goodness, he would that day strive with all his might to keep himself awake, and obey her commands in all things : he accordingly attended her steps ; while the duke gave fresh directions for treating Don Quixote as a real knight-errant, without deviating one tittle from the style in which the ancient knights are said to have been entertained.

* In Spain, the people always retire after dinner, and sleep till six o'clock, whence the afternoon's nap is called *Siesta*.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

THE history then relates, that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon, but according to his promise, went eating all the way into the apartment of the dutchess, who took great delight in hearing his conversation, and desired him to set close by her on a joint-stool, though the squire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excused: but her grace told him he should sit as governor, and speak as a squire, for in both capacities he deserved the individual seat of the champion Cid Ruy Dias.

Sancho shrugging up his shoulders, obeyed and took his place, surrounded by all the damsels and duennas, who listened with profound silence and attention. Nevertheless, the dutchess was the first who began the discourse, saying, “Now that we are by ourselves, unheard by any body, I must intreat Mr. Governor to resolve certain doubts of mine, produced by the printed history of the great Don Quixote; one of which doubts is this: as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor conveyed to her the letter of Signor Don Quixote, which remained with the memorandum book in Sierra Morena, how durst he feign an answer, and pretend that he found her winnowing wheat, a circumstance altogether ridiculous and untrue, so much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea’s reputation, and so ill-becoming the station and fidelity of a trusty squire?”

Without making any immediate answer to this interrogation, Sancho rose from his seat, and moving softly on his tiptoes, with his body bent, and a finger on his lips, examined the whole apartment, lifting up and looking behind the tapestry; and this scrutiny being made, returned to his stool, and replied, “Now, my lady dutchess, that I am assured there is no skulker listening, and that we are not overheard by any but this good company, I will, without fear or trembling, answer all the questions of your grace; and first and

foremost, I will own I look upon my master Don Quixote as an incurable madman; although sometimes he says things, which to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear them, are so sensible and well directed, that even Satan himself could not mend them: nevertheless, I am really and truly, and without any scruple, fully persuaded within myself, that he is downright distracted. Now, as I am possessed with this notion, I venture to make him believe any story, without either head or tail, like that of the answer to his letter, and another trick that I played him six or eight days ago, which is not yet recorded in the history; I mean the enchantment of Donna Dulcinea, which I palmed upon him, though it was a tale as wild and uncertain as the hills of Ubeda.*

The dutchess desired he would recount that enchantment or deception, and he accordingly related it exactly as it happened, to the no small entertainment of the hearers; but when he was about to proceed in his discourse, her grace interposing, said, "From this recital of honest Sancho, a scruple has started in my mind, and whispers me in the ear, since Don Quixote de La Mancha is so lunatic, crazy, and mad, and his squire Sancho Panza, who knows his infirmity, nevertheless serves and follows him, and even depends upon his vain promises; the said squire must, without all doubt, be more crazy and mad than his master: and if this be the case, as it certainly is, it would be no great sign of wisdom in you, my lady dutchess, to bestow an island on such a governor; for how will he be able to govern other people, who cannot govern himself?"

* This is an expression proverbially applied to any story that is vague, inconsistent, or of dubious authority; for the hills of Ubeda make an extensive chain, the different parts of which are differently denominated, from the different countries or districts through which it extends; so that the whole is not easily ascertained.

“ ’Fore God! my lady,” cried the squire, “ your scruple starts in the right place : and I beg your ladyship will let it speak out in its own way ; for I know it speaks truth. Had I been wise, I should have left my master long ago ; but this was my fate and my misventure : I cannot do otherwise ; but follow him I must : we are of the same town ; I have eaten of his bread ; I have an affection for him ; he returns my love, and has given me his colts ; but, above all, I am constant and faithful, and therefore nothing can possibly part us but the sexton’s shovel. If your highness does not choose to perform your promise of the island, God made me of a less matter, and perhaps your refusal may turn out to the ease of my conscience, for maugre all my madness, I understand the proverb that says, ‘ The pismire found wings to her sorrow : ’ and mayhap, Sancho the squire may get sooner to heaven than Governor Sancho ; there’s as good bread baked here as in France ; and by night all cats are grey ; and sure the man his lot may rue, who has not broke his fast by two ; between man and man the maw cannot differ a span ; and as the saying is, with hay or with straw we’ll fill up the craw ; the little birds of the field have God for their steward and shield ; four yards of coarse Cuença stuff are warmer than as much of fine Segovia serge ; when we leave this world, and are laid in the ground, the lord goes in as narrow a path as his labourer ; and the pope’s body takes up no more room than the sexton’s : for though the one be higher than the other, when we go to the pit, we must lie snug, and make it fit ; or we shall be obliged to find room, though scanty is the tomb ; and so good night. Wherefore, I say again, if your grace will not give me the island, because I’m a fool, I shall be so wise as not to break my heart at the disappointment ; and I have often heard that the devil skulks behind the cross ; it is not all gold that glitters ; and that from his oxen, his yokes, and his ploughs, Bamba the husbandman was raised to the throne of Spain ; and that from his

riches, pastime, and embroidery, Roderigo was taken to be devoured by serpents, if the rhimes of old ballads do not lie."

Here Donna Rodriguez, the duenna, who was one of the hearers, interposing, "Wherefore should they lie," said she, "for the ballad says as how they thrust King Roderigo all alive into a tomb full of toads, lizards, and snakes, and two days after he was heard to cry with a weak and doleful voice, 'Now they eat me! now they gnaw the part in which I sinned so heinously.' And, therefore, the gentleman is in the right to say he would rather be an husbandman than a king, to be devoured by vermin."

The dutchess could neither help laughing at the simplicity of her duenna, nor admiring the discourse and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she replied, "Honest Sancho very well knows, whatsoever a knight promises must be fulfilled, even though it should cost him his life; now, my lord and husband the duke, though no errant, is nevertheless a knight, and therefore will perform his promise of the island, in spite of all the envy and malice of the world: let Sancho then be of good cheer; for when he least thinks of the matter, he will see himself seated in the saddle of his island and dominion, and grasp his government, which he would not exchange for one of superfine brocade; but I charge him to mind how he governs his vassals, who, I give him notice, are all people of honest parents and approved loyalty."

"With respect to their being happy under my government," said the squire, "you need not give me any thing in charge; for I am naturally charitable and compassionate towards the poor; and from him who can knead and bake, it is not easy to steal a cake. By my salvation, they shall not pass false dice upon me! I am an old dog, not to be taken in with * 'Come hither, poor Tray.' I know how to snuff my peepers upon proper occasions;

* In the original, And thoroughly understand *Tus Tus*; which is an expression in Spain to wheedle a cur.

nor will I consent to walk with cobwebs in my eyes, for I know where the shoe pinches. This I observe, because the righteous shall always have the benefit of my heart and hand, but the wicked shall have neither foot nor footing. In my opinion, every governor must have a beginning in the art and mystery of government, and perhaps in a fortnight's administration I shall lick my fingers after the office, and know as much of the matter as I do of day-labour, to which I was bred."

"Sancho," said the dutchess, "you are certainly in the right: for no man was ever a scholar at his birth; and bishops are made of men, and not of blocks. But to return to our former discourse about the enchantment of the Lady Dulcinea; I take it for an absolute certainty, and not a bare asseveration, that Sancho's scheme of deceiving his master, and making him believe that the country wench was Dulcinea, whom the knight could not know, because she was enchanted; I say, this scheme was altogether the invention of one of those enchanters who persecute Don Quixote; for I know, from very good authority, that the village maiden who skipped upon the ass was really and truly the individual Dulcinea del Toboso; and that Sancho, in thinking himself the deceiver, was in fact the person deceived: a truth of which we ought no more to doubt, than of things we never saw; for Signor Sancho Panza must know that here also we have friendly enchanters, who, out of real regard, impart to us every thing that passes, truly and distinctly, without circumlocution or deceit; and, therefore, Sancho may believe me, when I affirm that the jumping wench was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as much enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we dream of no such thing, we shall see her in her own shape, and then Sancho will be undeceived.

"There is nothing more likely," cried the squire; "and now I am apt to believe my master's account of the cave of Montesinos, where he saw my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, dressed in the same manner which I described, when I enchanted her for my

own amusement. Now the whole affair must have been quite the reverse, as your ladyship observes; for it cannot be supposed that my ignorant pate could contrive in an instant such an ingenious stratagem; nor can I think my master such a fool as, upon my weak and meagre persuasion, to believe such an improbable device, but for all that, my lady, your goodness ought not to take me for an evil-minded person, seeing a blockhead like me is not obliged to bore into the designs and knavery of abominable enchanters. I contrived the scheme, in order to escape the displeasure of my master, Don Quixote, and not with any design to do him hurt; and if it has turned out otherwise, there's a judge in heaven who knows the heart." "Very true," answered the dutchess; "but tell me now, Sancho, the story of the cave of Montesinos, which I shall be extremely glad to hear."

Then Sancho Panza recounted every circumstance of that adventure, as it hath been already related; and her grace having heard the whole, "From this incident," said she, "we may infer, that since the great Don Quixote says he beheld in that place the same country wench whom Sancho saw in the neighbourhood of Toboso, it could be no other than Dulcinea, and that the enchanters of this country are very officious, and extremely curious." "This I will venture to say," replied Panza, "that if my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is really enchanted, 'tis her own loss, and that it is no business of mine to enter the lists with my master's enemies, who are certainly both wicked and numerous. True it is, she I saw was a country wench, for such I took her, and such I judged her to be. If that was Dulcinea, it ought not to be laid to my charge, nor am I to be blackened for that reason; yet I must be lugged in at every bawdy-house bench, with Sancho said this, Sancho did that, Sancho went, and Sancho came; as if Sancho were just such as they would please to make him, and not the very same Sancho Panza who has already travelled all the world over in books, as I have been informed by Sampson Carrasco, who is at least a

bacheleering person of Salamanca; and such people cannot tell an untruth, except when it comes into their heads, or will turn to their account; wherefore nobody has any right to meddle with me, and seeing I live in good repute, and I have heard my master say, a good name is better than tuns of wealth, even shove me into this government, and they shall see marvellous things; for he who has been a good squire will never become a bad governor."

"All that honest Sancho has uttered," said the dutchess, "is Catonian wisdom, or at least the very essence of Michael Verino, * *Florentibus occidit annis*. In a word, to speak in his own style, 'A good drinker is often found under a rusty cloak.'" "In sober truth, my lady," answered Sancho, "I never in my life drank out of malice; from thirst I might, for I have not the least spice of hypocrisy in my belly; I drink when I choose it, and even when I would rather be excused, because I am desired so to do, that I may not seem shy or ill-bred; for sure he must have an heart of marble who can refuse to pledge a friend, for though I put on my shoes, I will not defile them; especially as the squires of knights-errant usually drink water, as they are always strolling through forests, woods, and meadows, and over rocks and mountains, without finding the smallest charity of wine, even though one should offer to purchase it with an eye." "I believe what you say," answered the dutchess: "at present Sancho may go to rest; and we shall afterwards talk more at large upon these subjects, and take order that with all convenient dispatch he may be, to use his own words, shoved into that same government."

Sancho kissed his hands again, and begged her grace would be so good as to give directions about the entertainment of Dapple, who was the light of his eyes. When she asked what he meant by Dapple, "My

* A young Florentine of great genius, who died in the seventeenth year of his age, and was lamented by all the poets of his time.

ass," replied the squire, "whom, rather than use the vulgar term, I call Dapple: when I first came to the castle, I desired madam duenna here to take care of him; and truly she was as much affronted as if I had called her ugly and old; though I think it would be more natural and proper for duennas to look after cattle than to regulate rooms of state. God's my life! what a spite a gentleman of our town had to these waiting gentlewomen." "He must be some ill-bred clown," said Donna Rodriguez, the duenna; "for had he been a gentleman of birth, he would have exalted them above the horns of the moon." "Enough for the present," resumed the dutchess: "hold your tongue Donna Rodriguez, and let Signor Panza make himself perfectly easy, and leave me to take special care of Dapple, whom, as being a moveable appertaining to Sancho, I will place above the apple of mine eye." "The stable is a place good enough for him," answered the squire; "for neither he nor I are worthy of being placed for one moment above the apple of your highness's eye; and I will as soon consent to his being disposed of in that manner, as I would to drive a dagger in my breast; for although, as my master says, in point of courtesy one ought to lose the game by a card too much, rather than by a card too little; in respect to asses, and the apple of an eye, one ought to proceed cautiously with the compass in his hand, and measure as he goes."

"Sancho may conduct him to his government," said the dutchess, "and there entertain him to his heart's content; nay, even enfranchise him from all labour." "Your grace, my lady dutchess, needs not think much of that," replied the squire; "for I have seen more than one or two asses go to governments, and therefore it will be no new practice if I carry Dapple to mine."

This remark renewed the laughter and satisfaction of the dutchess, who having dismissed him to his repose, went to communicate the conversation to the duke, and this noble couple contrived and gave directions about the execution of a pleasant joke upon Don

Quixote, which should turn out a famous incident, and be conformable in all respects to the style of chivalry ; in which they invented a number, with such propriety and discretion, that they are counted the best adventures contained in this important history.

CHAP. II.

GREAT was the satisfaction which the duke and dutchess received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza ; and being confirmed in their design of practising some jokes, which should bear a faint shadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight's account of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos : but what mostly excited the admiration of the dutchess, was the amazing simplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the enchantment of Dulcinea, though he himself was the only enchanter and projector of that whole stratagem. Their graces having given directions to the servants, touching the execution of the scheme they had laid, at the end of six days they went forth to hunt the wild boar, with as great an apparatus of hunters and spear-men as used to attend the king in person. Don Quixote was presented with a hunting suit, and Sancho received another, of superfine green cloth ; but the knight excused himself from accepting the present, observing that in a few days he should be obliged to resume the rugged exercise of arms, and therefore could not encumber himself with baggage and wardrobes ; as for the squire, he took that which was offered to him, without scruple, intending to sell it the first opportunity.

On the morning of the appointed day Don Quixote armed himself at all points, Sancho put on his green suit, and mounting Dapple, which he would not exchange for the best steed in the stable, mingled among the troop of hunters : the dutchess came forth very

gaily caparisoned, and the knight, out of pure courtesy and good-breeding, would have held the reins of her palfrey; but the duke would not consent to his performing such an office. At length they arrived at a wood, between two very high mountains, where the disposition being made, the foils set, and the people distributed in their different posts, the hunt began with a vast noise of hallooing and crying; and nothing could be distinctly heard for the barking of the dogs and the sound of the horns. The dutchess alighted, and with a pointed boar-spear in her hand, took post in a place through which she knew the wild beasts were used to come; the duke and Don Quixote likewise dismounting, posted themselves on each side of her grace, while Sancho staid in the rear, without parting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some misfortune should happen to that darling beast.

Scarce had they set foot on ground, and taken their stations, supported by a number of servants, when they beheld a monstrous boar, baited by the dogs and pursued by the hunters, running towards them, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth. The knight no sooner perceived this savage, than bracing his shield and unsheathing his sword, he advanced to receive him; while the duke did the same with his boar-spear; but the dutchess would have been the foremost of the three, had she not been restrained by her lord. Sancho alone seeing this furious animal, forsook his friend Dapple, and running full speed in order to climb a lofty oak, found his endeavour altogether ineffectual; for having surmounted one half of the ascent, the branch on which he stood struggling to gain the top unfortunately gave way, and in falling he was caught by another stump of the tree, so that he hung dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. Perceiving himself thus suspended, that his green suit was torn, and supposing that if the wild boar should come up, he would be able to seize him as he hung, he began to utter such doleful cries, and roar so hideously for

assistance, that all those who heard his clamour, without seeing his situation, actually believed he was in the jaws of some savage beast. At length, the tusky boar being pierced and killed by the number of spears that opposed him, Don Quixote turned about his head, in consequence of Sancho's cries, by which he recognized his faithful squire, whom he saw hanging from the oak with his head downwards, and hard by he perceived Dapple, who did not forsake him in his calamity: and Cid Hamet observes, that he very seldom saw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, such was the friendship and fidelity subsisting between them. Don Quixote immediately advanced and unhooked Sancho, who finding himself delivered, and fairly placed upon firm ground, examined the rent in his hunting-suit, which grieved him to the soul; for in that dress he thought he had obtained an invaluable inheritance.

About this time they laid the mighty boar across a sumpter mule, and covering him with sprigs of myrtle and rosemary, carried him in triumph, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where they found the cloth ready laid, and the table furnished with such a grand and sumptuous entertainment as well bespoke the wealth and magnificence of the founder. Sancho presenting to the dutchess the skirts of his torn suit, "If," said he, "this had been hare or sparrow-hunting, my coat would have been secure from this unlucky accident; for my own part, I do not know what pleasure there is in attacking an animal, which, if he can once fasten his tusks on you, will deprive you of life. I remember to have heard people sing an old ballad that says,

May bears upon thy carcase feed,
As erst on Fabila they did."

"That was a Gothic king," said Don Quixote, "who, in going to the chace, was devoured by a bear." "That is the very thing I say," replied the

squire, "I would not have kings and noblemen run themselves into such dangers, for the enjoyment of a diversion, which, in my opinion, hardly deserves the name, as it consists in murdering a poor beast that never committed any crime." "There, Sancho, you are mistaken," said the duke, "for the exercise of hunting wild beasts is, of all others, the most necessary and suitable to kings and noblemen. The chase is a picture of war, comprehending schemes, feints, and stratagems, for taking advantage of the enemy: by this we are enabled to endure extreme cold and excessive heat, to contemn ease, and undervalue sleep: our bodies acquire strength, and our limbs agility: in a word, it is an exercise that affords pleasure to numbers, and does prejudice to none; and what renders it superior to all others is, that it cannot be enjoyed by every body, like all the other kinds of sport, except hawking, which is also peculiar to sovereigns and persons of rank: you must therefore alter your opinion, Sancho, and when you are governor, employ yourself in the chase, which you will find of incredible* service." "Surely that cannot be," answered the squire; "a good governor will stay at home, as if he had a broken bone. It would look rarely, indeed, if, when people fatigued with a journey come to visit him upon business, he should be taking his diversion upon the hills; in that case the government would go to wreck. In good faith, my lord, such pastime is more proper for idle folks than for governors: I intend, God willing, to amuse myself with a game at cards, at Easter, and with nine-pins on Sundays and holidays; for as to these chaces or cases, they neither suit my condition nor agree with my conscience." "God grant Sancho may behave as he says he will," replied the duke; "but there is a wide difference between saying and doing." "Let it be as wide as it pleases," cried Sancho, "a good paymaster needs no pawn; God's blessing is better than

* Literally, And you shall see it will be worth a loaf that will serve an hundred.

early rising; and the belly is carried by the feet, and not the feet by the belly: I mean, that with God's assistance, and a righteous intention, I certainly shall be able to govern like any goshawk; aye, aye, let them thrust their fingers in my mouth, and they shall see whether or no I can bite."

"The curse of God, and all his saints, light on thee, accursed babbler," cried Don Quixote: "will that day never come, as I have often said, when I shall hear thee speak sensibly and distinctly, without lugging in old saws? My lord and lady dutchess, I intreat your graces to let that madman alone; otherwise he will grind your souls, not between two, but two thousand proverbs, dragged in as much to the purpose, and as seasonably, as I wish God may give him health, or me protection, if I desire to hear them."

"The proverbs of Sancho Panza," said the dutchess, "though more in number than those of the Greek commentator, are not the less to be esteemed for the conciseness of the apothegms. I can safely say for myself, that they give me much more pleasure than I should receive from others, though better culled, and more suitable to the occasion."

In the midst of this, and other such savoury conversation, they quitted the tent to examine some snares they had laid, in which amusement the day was soon elapsed, and was succeeded by the night, which did not appear so serene and composed as it might have been expected at the season of the year, which was midsummer, but along with it came a certain darkness visible, which greatly assisted the design of the duke and dutchess. When the night, therefore, began to fall, a little after the twilight, all of a sudden the four quarters of the wood seemed to be on fire, and here and there, and every where, they heard an infinite number of cornets and other warlike instruments, as if a great number of cavalry had been marching through the wood: so that the light of the flames, and the sound of those warlike instruments, dazzled and astonished the eyes and ears of the bystanders, and, indeed, of all the people in the wood.

This noise was succeeded by innumerable leillies, or cries, used by the moors in battle; the trumpets and clarions exalted their brazen throats, the drums rattled, and the fifes resounded all together, in such a continued and alarming concert, that the man must have been utterly devoid of all sense who did not lose it in consequence of such confusion and uproar. The duke was confounded, the dutchess amazed, Don Quixote astonished, Sancho Panza affrighted; and, finally, even those who were let into the secret, seemed to be seized with consternation, which produced among them a most dreary silence.

During this pause came a postillion, dressed like a devil, and instead of a cornet, blew an immeasurable horn, which yielded an hoarse and dreadful sound. "Holla! brother courier," cried the duke, "who are you? where are you going? and what troops are those that seem to march across the wood?" To these interrogations the courier replied, in a dismal hollow tone: "I am the devil, going in quest of Don Quixote de La Mancha: those who follow, are six troops of enchanters, who bring upon a triumphant car the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso enchanted, accompanied by the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to instruct Don Quixote in a certain method for disenchanting the said Lady Dulcinea." "If you were the devil," answered the duke, "as you say you are, and your figure seems to declare, you would have distinguished that same Don Quixote de La Mancha, who now stands before you." "'Fore God! and upon my conscience!" cried the devil, "I did not see him; for my thoughts are so much distracted by different avocations, that I had forgot the principal aim of my coming." "Without doubt," said Sancho, "that devil must be an honest man, and a good Christian, otherwise he would not swear 'fore God! and on my conscience! Now am I fully convinced that there must be some worthy people even in hell."

Then the courier, without alighting, fixed his eyes upon Don Quixote, and pronounced: "To thee, the Knight of the Lions (and would I might see thee in

their clutches) am I sent, by the unfortunate, though valiant knight Montesinos, who commanded me to desire in his name, that thou wouldst wait on the very spot where I should find thee, because he brings along with him one Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to communicate what will be necessary towards her disenchantment: and as this message was the sole cause of my coming, there is no cause that requires my longer stay. Devils like me be with thee, and good angels guard that noble pair." So saying, he sounded his dreadful horn, and rode off, without waiting for the least reply.

This address renewed the astonishment of all present, especially of Sancho and Don Quixote: of Sancho, because, in despite of truth, he saw they were resolved that Dulcinea should be enchanted; and of Don Quixote, because he could not be certain of the truth of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos. While he was wrapt in these meditations, the duke accosted him, saying, "Signor Don Quixote, do you intend to wait?" "Wherefore not?" replied the knight, "here will I wait, courageous and intrepid, though all hell should come to assault me." "Then for my part," cried Sancho, "if I see another devil and hear another horn like that which passed, I should as soon wait here as in Flanders."

About this time, the night being more advanced, a number of lights began to gleam through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that glide through the air, and are mistaken by ignorant people for shooting stars: their ears were likewise invaded by a frightful sound, like that occasioned by the massy wheels of waggons drawn by oxen; an harsh and grating noise, from which the very bears and wolves, if any chance to be in the way) are said to fly with terror. This uproar was succeeded by another more terrible than all the rest; for, all at once, at the four corners of the wood, there really seemed to be four encounters or battles: in one place was heard the horrid din of cannon; in another, a vast number of muskets were fired; here, resounded the cries of the

combatants ; there the moorish leillies were repeated with vast vociferation. In a word, the cornets, horns, bugles, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery, and musketry, but above all, the dismal noise of the cars, formed altogether such a confused and horrible concert, that Don Quixote was obliged to recollect his whole courage, in order to bear it without emotion : but Sancho's heart died within him, and down he came in a swoon upon the train of the dutchess, who received him as he fell, and with marks of great concern, ordered her servants to throw water in his face : in consequence of this application he recovered, just as one of the waggons with the creaking wheels came up to the place where they stood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, wholly covered with black trappings, with a large lighted taper tied to each horn, and in the waggon was raised a lofty seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow itself, that flowed down below his middle, and a large loose garment of black buckram : for the waggon being stuck full of lights, it was easy to observe and distinguish every thing that it contained. It was conducted by two ugly devils, clad also in buckram, with such hideous features, that Sancho no sooner saw them than he shut his eyes, that they might not encounter such frightful objects. This carriage being come up, the venerable senior rose up from his lofty seat, and pronounced aloud, " I am the sage Lirgandeo." He said no more ; and the waggon proceeded. Another carriage followed in the same manner, with another old man enthroned, who ordering the waggon to stop, said with a voice as solemn as the first, " I am the sage Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the unknown." And so the carriage proceeded. Then a third approached in the same style : but he who possessed this throne, instead of being old like the others, was a robust man of a very disagreeable aspect, who rising from his seat, like the other two, exclaimed in a more hoarse and diabolical tone, " I am the enchanter Acalaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and his whole race."

And so the carriage passed on: but when they had proceeded a little way, the three waggons halted; then ceased the dismal creaking of the wheels, and no other sound was heard but that of an agreeable musical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and in that persuasion said to the dutchess, from whom he had not budged an hair's breadth, "My lady dutchess, where there is music there can be no harm." "As little should we expect any harm where there is light and illumination," answered the dutchess. "And yet," replied the squire, "we may be easily burnt by such torches and bonfires as these, notwithstanding all the light and illumination they produce; but music is always a sign of joy and feasting." "Time will shew," said Don Quixote, who overheard the conversation; and he said well, as will appear in the following chapter.



CHAP. III.

MOVING to the sound of this agreeable music, came one of those carriages called triumphal cars, drawn by six grey mules, covered with white linen, and upon each was mounted a * penitent of light, clad also in white, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice, nay thrice, as large as the carriages which had passed, and the tops and sides were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, with their lighted taper, a sight that excited equal terror and surprise. Seated on a lofty throne, appeared a nymph habited in robes of silver tissue, bespangled with innumerable leaves of gold brocade; so that her dress, if not rich, was extremely gaudy: her face was covered with a delicate and transparent veil of fine tiffany, the plaits of which could not conceal the beauteous features of a young lady; and

* *Disciplinante de Luz* is a cant phrase, applied to those who are exposed to public shame.

the number of lights enabled the spectators to distinguish her charms and her age, which seemed to be turned of seventeen, but under twenty. Close by her appeared a figure, clad in what is called a robe of state, that reached to his feet; and his head was muffled in a black veil. The cart had no sooner come opposite to the duke and dutchess, and Don Quixote, than the music of the waits, the harps, and lutes, ceased all at once; then this figure, rising, threw aside his robe, and taking off the veil, disclosed to view the horrible and uncarnate form of death; at sight of which Don Quixote was startled, Sancho overwhelmed with fear, and the duke and dutchess exhibited some affected marks of consternation.

This living death standing upright, began with a languid voice and tongue, but half awake, to repeat the following address.

I Merlin am, by histories belied,
That represent the devil as my sire:
A falsehood sanction'd by the lapse of time.
I am the prince of magic, in whose breast
The Zoroastic science lies intomb'd:
The rival of invidious Time, whose wings
Still seek to shade and darken all exploits
Achiev'd by the illustrious errant-knights,
For whom my friendship glows and ever glow'd.

Tho' all my fellows of th' enchanting tribe,
The magi and magicians, ever nurs'd
A disposition barbarous and harsh,
Mine still was tender, gentle, and humane;
A friend to all the various race of man.
In the profoundest caves of gloomy Dis,
Where my industrious spirit was employ'd
In forming mystic characters and spells,
Mine ears were wounded by the wailing cries
Of fam'd Dulcinea, that matchless fair.

I learn'd her strange enchantment, and condol'd
Her transformation, from a gentle nymph

To the vile figure of a rustic wench.
 An hundred thousand volumes I perus'd,
 Fraught with the dark and diabolic art ;
 Then in the horrible and ghastly trunk
 Of this dry skeleton my soul enclos'd :
 And now I come on purpose to impart
 An easy remedy for her mishap.

O thou ! the glory of all knights, who wear
 Impervious coats of mail and adamant,
 Thou light and lanthorn, path, and north, and guide,
 Of all who quit the drowsy joys of sloth,
 And, starting from the lazy down, embrace
 Th' intolerable use and exercise
 Of rude, unwieldy, sanguinary arms :
 To thee I speak, great chief, whose valiant deeds
 So far transcend the loudest blast of fame.

Quixote, for courage and discretion fam'd,
 La Mancha's mirror and the star of Spain,
 In order to recover and restore
 Thy peerless mistress to her former state,
 Sancho, thy faithful squire, must undergo
 Three thousand and three hundred stripes, applied
 To his posteriors, passively expos'd ;
 And he himself must wield the pliant scourge,
 And start, and smart, and tingle with the pain.
 Thus stands th' irrevocable doom, pronounc'd
 By the fell authors of her dire mischance,
 And on this errand, gentles, am I come.

" I vow to God ! " cried Sancho at this period,
 " not to mention three thousand, I will as soon give
 myself three stabs with a dagger as three single stripes
 with a scourge. Now devil take such ways of dis-
 enchanting. I cannot conceive what my buttocks
 have to do with enchantments. Before God ! if
 Signor Merlin can find no other method for disen-
 chanting my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may e'en
 go enchanted to her grave." " Hark ye, Don Garlic-
 eating Rustic," said Don Quixote, " I shall take and

tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bare you, and not to mention three thousand three hundred, give you six thousand six hundred lashes, so well laid on, that three thousand three hundred twitches shall not pull them off; and answer me not a syllable, or I will tear thy soul from thy body."

Merlin hearing this declaration, "Not so, neither," said he: "the lashes to be received by honest Sancho must be voluntary, not upon compulsion, and at his own leisure; for there is no time fixed for the final execution: nevertheless, he is so far indulged, that he may be quit for one half of the stripes, provided he will allow the other half to be inflicted by another hand, though it may chance to be a little weighty." "No man's hand shall touch my flesh; neither another's, nor my own, nor weighty, nor unweighed. What a plague! did I, forsooth, bring my Lady Dulcinea into the world, that my backside must suffer for the transgression of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is a part of her, and is continually calling her his life, his soul, his sustenance, and support, may, and ought to lash himself for her sake, and take with all dispatch the necessary steps for her disenchantment; but for me to scourge my own body, I denounce it."

Scarce had Sancho uttered this remonstrance, when the embroidered nymph who sat by Merlin's spirit, rising up, took off her transparent veil, and disclosing a face which to all the spectators seemed more than exceedingly beautiful, addressed herself in these words directly to Sancho Panza, with a masculine assurance, and a voice that was not extremely melodious. "O! ill-conditioned squire! thou soul of a pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels of flinty pebbles; hadst thou been commanded, thou nose-flaying caitiff, to throw thyself down from a lofty tower; hadst thou been desired, thou enemy of human species, to swallow a dozen of toads, twice the number of lizards, and three dozen of snakes; hadst thou been urged to murder thy wife and children with some sharp and ruthless scimeter, it would not have been strange to see thee shy and fearful; but to make such objections to three thousand

three hundred stripes, which there is scarce a naughty boy that does not receive every month, astounds, astonishes, and affrights the compassionate bowels of all this audience, as well as of all those who shall hear it in the future course of time. Turn, O miserable, hard-hearted, animal! turn, I say, thy mulish goggle eyes upon these balls of mine, that emulate the glittering stars, and see how they weep thread by thread, and skein by skein, creating trenches, paths, and furrows, through the delightful meadows of my cheeks. Wilt thou not relent, thou crafty and malicious monster, at seeing me in the flower of my age (for I am still in my teens, being no more than nineteen, which is one year short of twenty) consume and pine within the bark of an homely rustic wench? in which form if I do not now appear, it is owing to the particular favour of Signor Merlin, who has indulged me so far, that my beauty might melt thy savage heart; for the tears of afflicted beauty soften rocks to cotton, and transform tigers into gentle lambs. Chastise, chastise, obdurate beast, that brawny beef of thine; arouse that slothful spirit, which inclines thee to nothing but to gorge and regorge thy voracious maw, and set at liberty the beauty of my face; and if, for my sake, thou wilt not mollify thyself, and listen to any reasonable terms, at least relent in favour of that poor knight who stands forlorn at thy elbow; I mean thy master, whose soul I now can see traversed in his throat, not above ten fingers breadth from his lips, waiting for nothing but thy kind or rigorous reply, in consequence of which it will either leap out of his mouth, or retire to his stomach."

Don Quixote hearing these words, felt his throat, and turning to the duke, "By Heaven! my lord," said he, "Dulcinea has spoke truth; for here do I feel my soul traversed in my throat, like the nut of a cross-bow." When the dutchess asked what Sancho said to that circumstance, "I say," replied the squire, "what I have already said, that the whipping I denounce." "You must call it renounce," said the duke, "and not denounce." "I would your grace would let me

alone," answered Sancho ; " this is no time for me to mind niceties and letters, more or less ; for I am so confounded at those stripes which I am to receive, or execute upon myself, that I neither know what I am saying or doing : yet I should be glad to know where my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso learned that manner of asking favours. She comes to desise me to tear open my flesh with a horse-whip, and calls me soul of a pitcher, obdurate beast, and a whole rigmarole of villanous names, which the devil may suffer for me ! What a plague, is my flesh made of brass ; or is it any thing to me, whether she is disenchanted or no ? What baskets of white linen, shirts, caps, and socks, (though I wear none) does she bring to soften me ? Nothing but abuse upon abuse ; without remembering the proverb that says, An ass loaded with gold will skip over a mountain. A generous gift the rock will rift. We must fervently pray, and hammer away. I will give thee, is good ; but here take it, is better. Then my master, who ought to lead me fair and softly by the hand, and persuade me with gentle words to whip myself into wool and carded cotton, declares, forsooth, that if he should once take me in hand, he will tie me naked to a tree, and double the allowance of stripes. These angry gentlemen ought to consider, it is not only a squire, but a governor whom they desire to flog himself ; as if it was no more than drinking after cherries. Let them learn, let them learn, with a vengeance, how to entreat and beg with good breeding ; for all seasons are not the same ; and a man is not always in good humour ; here am I ready to burst with vexation to see the rent in my green coat ; and they must needs come and desire me to whip myself with good will, when, God knows, I am as far from doing it with good will, as I am from turning Turk." *

" Nevertheless, friend Sancho," said the duke, " if your heart does not become softer than a ripe fig,

* Literally, *cacique*, which was the appellation given to Indian princes.

you shall finger no government of mine. It would be a fine scheme, indeed, if I should send to my islanders a cruel, flinty-headed governor, who would not melt at the tears of damsels in affliction; nor at the intreaties of wise, imperious, ancient sages and enchanter. In a word, Sancho, you must either consent to whip yourself or be whipped, or lay aside all thoughts of being a governor." "My good lord," replied the squire, "will not they give me two days to consider and determine what will be for the best?" "By no means," cried Merlin: "on this very spot, and this very instant, the business must be discussed, otherwise Dulcinea will return to the cave of Montesinos, and the appearance of a country wench; whereas, if you comply, she will, in her present form, be transported to the Elysian fields, where she must reside until the number of the stripes be accomplished."

"Go to, honest Sancho," said the dutchess, "pluck up your spirits, and behave like a grateful squire, that has eaten the bread of Signor Don Quixote, who is entitled to the service and acknowledgments of us all, by his amiable disposition and sublime chivalry. Say aye, my son, to this same flagellation, and let the devil fetch the devil: leave fear to the coward; for a stout heart quails misfortune, as you very well know."

To these exhortations Sancho made no reply; but addressing himself to Merlin, with his usual extravagance, "Good your worship, pray tell me, Signor Merlin, the meaning of one thing. A certain courier devil came here with a message to my master from Signor Montesinos, desiring him to stay in this place until he should come up; for he would teach him a way to disenchant my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and hitherto we have seen no such person." To this interrogation Merlin replied, "That devil, friend Sancho, is an ignorant blockhead, and a very great knave. I sent him hither in quest of your master; not with a message from Montesinos, but from myself; for Montesinos is still in his cave planning, or rather expecting, his disenchantment, the worst of

which is still to come; but if he owes you any thing, or you have any business to transact with him, I will bring you face to face wherever you shall appoint. In the mean time dispatch, and give your consent to this discipline, which I assure you will greatly redound to the advantage both of your soul and body: to your soul, from the charity of the undertaking, and to your body, as I know you are of a florid complexion, and will be the better for losing a little blood."

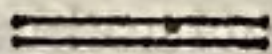
"What a number of leeches have we got in this world!" said Sancho, "the very enchanters are physicians: but since every body says so, although I cannot perceive it myself, I am content to give myself three thousand three hundred lashes, on condition that I may give them when and where I shall think proper, without being confined to any certain time, or rate of allowance; and I will endeavour to discharge the debt as soon as possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since, contrary to my former belief, she appears to be really beautiful. I likewise covenant that I shall not be obliged to fetch blood with the scourge, and that in case I should chance to be whipped by the officers* of justice, every lash so received shall enter into the tale: item, lest I should commit a mistake in the number, Signor Merlin, who knows every thing, shall take care to reckon them, and give me to understand how far I have fallen short, or exceeded the appointed score." There will be no occasion to apprise you of the overplus," said Merlin; "for as soon as the number shall be completed, the Lady Dulcinea will be disenchanted, and come out of pure gratitude to return thanks, and even a recompense, to the charitable Sancho for his good work. You need not, therefore, make any scruple about the superplus or

* The other translators have interpreted *mosqueo* into a fly flap, which is undoubtedly one of its meanings; but as it likewise signifies flagellation at the cart's tail, I have taken it in this last acceptation, which, I think, heightens the humour of the passage.

the deficiency ; nor will Heaven allow me to defraud, any person even of a single hair." " A'God's name, then," cried Sancho, " I consent in my tribulation : I say, I accept of the penance, on the conditions aforesaid."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when the music of the waits began to play again, and an infinite number of muskets was discharged, while Don Quixote, hanging about Sancho's neck, imprinted a world of kisses on his cheeks and forehead : the duke and dutchess, and all the by-standers, expressed the utmost pleasure, the car began to move, and the beauteous Dulcinea, in passing, bowed to their graces, and made a profound curtsey to Sancho.

About this time the cheerful smiling morn advanced ; the flowrets of the field, with heads erect, diffused their fragrance ; and the liquid crystal of the rills, murmuring among the variegated pebbles, went sliding on to pay its tribute to the rivers, that waited to receive their customary dues ; the joyous earth, the splendid firmament, the buxom air, and light unclouded ; each singly and altogether joined, prognosticated plainly that the day, which trod upon Aurora's skirts, would be serene and fair. The duke and dutchess, extremely well satisfied with the chase, as well as with the ingenious and fortunate execution of their design, returned to the castle, with full intention to perform the sequel of their jest, than which no real adventure could have given them more delight.



CHAP. IV.

THE duke's steward was a man of humour and ingenuity, who acted the part of Merlin, and adjusted all the apparatus of the foregoing adventure ; for he composed the verses, and directed a page to represent Dulcinea : finally, under the auspices of his lord and lady, he projected another, of the most agreeable and strange fancy that could possibly be conceived.

Next day the dutchess asking Sancho if he had begun the task of the penance which he was to undergo for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, he answered in the affirmative, and said he had that same night given himself five lashes; but when she inquired about the instrument with which they were inflicted, he owned they were applied with his hand. "That is rather clapping than lashing," replied her grace; "and I take it for granted the sage Merlin will not be content with such delicacy: it will be absolutely necessary that honest Sancho should make a scourge of briars, or use a switch that will make him feel it; for learning is not acquired without pain, and the liberty of such an high-born lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased for a trifle." To this remonstrance Sancho replied, "I wish your grace would lend me some convenient whip, or ragged rope's end, which would do the business without giving me a great deal of pain; for I would have your grace to know, that although I am a labouring man, my flesh has more of the cotton than the matt-weed in it; and there is no reason that I should destroy myself for another's advantage." "In good time be it," answered the dutchess: "to morrow morning I will give you a scourge that will fit you to an hair, and agree as well with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it was its own brother."

This affair being adjusted, "My lady," said Sancho Panza, "your highness must know I have writ a letter to my wife, Teresa Panza, giving an account of all that has befallen me since we parted: here it is in my bosom, and wants nothing but a superscription. I wish your grace, in your great understanding, would read it; for in my mind it smacks of the governor; I mean of the manner in which governors ought to write." "And who was the inditer?" said the dutchess. "Who should indite it, sinner that I am, but myself," answered the squire. "Did you likewise write it yourself?" replied her grace. "I did not so much as think of any such matter," said Sancho; "for the truth is, I can neither read nor write,

though I know very well how to set my mark.” “Let us see this epistle,” quoth the dutchess, “in which I dare say you have displayed the quality and extent of your understanding.”

Then Sancho pulling an open letter from his bosom, the dutchess took and read it, to this effect:

Sancho's Letter to his wife, Teresa Panza.

“IF I have been finely lashed, I have been well mounted; if I have obtained a good government, it has cost me a good whipping. This, Teresa, thou wilt not now understand, but shalt learn some other opportunity. Know, Teresa, I am determined thou shalt ride in a coach, which is a resolution pat to the purpose; for any other way of travelling is fit for none but cats. A governor's lady you shall be, and I would fain see the best of them tread upon thy heels. I have sent thee a green hunting-suit, which was a present from my lady dutchess. Make it up into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. My master, Don Quixote, as I have heard in this country, is a sensible madman, and a diverting fool, and I myself am nothing short of him in these respects. We have been in the cave of Montesinos, and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me to disenchant the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who in your parts is called Aldonza Lorenzo: with three thousand three hundred stripes, lacking five, which I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Thou shalt not mention a syllable of this to any person whatsoever; for if you go to seek advice about your own concerns, one will say it is white, and another swear it is black.

“A few days hence I shall set out for my government, whither I go with a most outrageous desire of getting money; and I am told this is the case with all new governors. I will feel the pulse of it, and give thee notice whether or no thou shalt come and live with me.

“Dapple is in good health, and sends his most hearty commendations: I believe I shall not forsake

him even if they should make me the Grand Turk. My lady dutchess kisses thy hands a thousand times; return the compliment with two thousand; for, as my master says, 'Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners.' It has not pleased God that I should stumble upon another portmanteau with a hundred crowns, as heretofore; but let that give thee no uneasiness, my dear Teresa; for he is safe who has good cards to play; and what is amiss will come out in the washing of this same government. One thing, I own, gives me great concern: I am told, that if once I taste it, I shall be apt to eat my fingers; and should that be the case, it will be no cheap bargain; though the lame and the paralytic enjoy a sort of canonry in the alms they receive. Wherefore, one way or another, thou wilt certainly be rich and fortunate. The lord make thee so, as he very well may, and preserve for thy service thy husband the governor.

"SANCHO PANZA."

From the Duke's Castle,

July 20, 1614.

The dutchess having read the letter to an end, "In two circumstances," said she, "the honest governor is a little out of the way. First, in saying, or insinuating, that the government was bestowed upon him in return for the stripes he must undergo; whereas he knows, and cannot deny, that when my lord duke promised him the island, nobody thought of any such thing as stripes in the world: secondly, he discovers an avaricious disposition, and I should not like to see him a skin-flint; for greediness bursts the bag, and a covetous governor will do very ungoverned justice." "I did not write with that intention," answered the squire: "and if your ladyship thinks this is not a proper letter, there is nothing to do but tear it and write another, which perhaps will be still worse, if it be left to my own numskull." "No, no," cried the dutchess, "this will do very well, and must be shown to the duke."

Accordingly, repairing to a garden, where they

were to dine that day, she communicated Sancho's epistle to the duke, who perused it with infinite pleasure. Here they went to dinner, and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with the savoury conversation of Sancho, their ears were suddenly invaded with the dismal sound of a fife, and a hoarse unbraced drum: all the company were startled at this confused, martial, and melancholy music, especially Don Quixote, whose emotion would not allow him to sit quiet. With regard to Sancho, all that can be said is, that he was driven by fear to his usual shelter, the side, or skirts of the dutchess: for the sound they heard was really and truly horrible and dreary. In the midst of this confusion and surprise, which took hold on all present, they saw two men enter the garden, in mourning-cloaks, so large and long that they trailed upon the ground. These figures were employed in beating two large drums, which were likewise covered with black, and they were accompanied by a fifer as black and dismal as themselves, and followed by a personage of gigantic stature, rolled, rather than clothed, with a cassock of the blackest hue, furnished with a train of an unmeasurable length. Over this cassock, his body was girded and crossed with a broad black belt, from which depended an immense scimeter, with hilt and sheath of the same sable colour. His face was covered with a black, transparent veil, through which appeared a huge and bushy beard, as white as snow; and in walking he kept time to the sound of the drums, with great gravity and composure. In a word, his tallness, his demeanour, his melancholy dress, and his attendants, were sufficient to surprise, and did surprise, all those who beheld him, without knowing the nature of the scheme. With the said solemnity of personification, he advanced in order to kneel before the duke, who, with the rest of the company, received him standing; but his grace would by no means hear his address until he rose. The prodigious spectre complied with his desire, and stood upright; then unveiling his face, and display-

ing the largest, whitest, thickest, and most stupendous beard that ever human eyes beheld, he fixed his eyes upon the duke, and in a grave, sonorous voice, extracted and discharged from his ample and dilated chest, pronounced, "Most high and mighty prince, I am Trifaldin of the snowy beard, squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise distinguished by the appellation of the afflicted duenna: from her I bring a message to your grace, requesting that your magnificence would be pleased to give her leave and opportunity to enter and declare in person her mishap, which is the strangest and the newest that ever the most hapless imagination could conceive: and first of all, she wants to know if the valiant and invincible knight Don Quixote de La Mancha now resides within your castle; for in quest of him she is come a foot, and fasting, from the kingdom of Candaya to these your territories; a circumstance which might and ought to be deemed a miracle, or at least effected by the power of enchantment. She is now at the gate of this fortress, or pleasure-house, and only waits for your permission to come in."

So saying, he hemmed, and with both hands stroking his beard from top to bottom, waited with great composure for the duke's reply, which was this: "Worthy Squire Trifaldin of the snowy beard, many days are passed since we have been apprised of the misfortune of my Lady Countess Trifaldi, on whom the enchanter has entailed the epithet of the afflicted duenna: well may you, stupendous squire, desire her to come in; and here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, from whose generous disposition she may securely promise herself all manner of aid and protection; and you may likewise give her to understand, in my name, that if my assistance be necessary, it shall not be wanting; for I think myself obliged to grant it, as being a knight, to which title is annexed, and belongs, that maxim of assisting the fair sex with all our might, especially widowed, reduced, and afflicted duennas like her ladyship." Trifaldin hearing this declaration, bent

his knee to the ground, and making a signal to the fifer and drums to repeat the same note, and resume the same pace with which they entered, he retired from the garden, leaving the whole company astonished at his presence and deportment.

Then the duke, turning to Don Quixote, "In a word, renowned knight," said he, "it is not in the power of all the clouds of ignorance and malice to conceal or obscure the light of valour and of virtue. This observation I make, because your excellency has been scarce six days in this castle, when the melancholy and afflicted come in quest of you from the most distant and sequestered countries, not on coaches or dromedaries, but a-foot and fasting, confident of finding, in that most valiant arm, the remedy and cure of their toils and misfortunes: thanks to your illustrious exploits, which pervade and encircle the whole habitable globe."

"My lord duke," replied the knight, "I wish that same pious ecclesiastic was here at present: he who at your grace's table the other day expressed so much ill-will, and such an inveterate grudge to knights-errant, that he might see with his own eyes, whether or not such knights are of any service in this world, or, at least, be fully convinced that the distressed and disconsolate, overwhelmed with extraordinary woes and enormous misfortunes, do not go for redress to the houses of learned men, to the mansions of parish priests, nor to the knights who never dreamed of going beyond the limits of his own estate; nor to the idle courtier who would rather inquire about news, that he might have the pleasure of repeating and retailing them, than endeavour to perform actions and exploits for others to perpetuate and record the redress of grievances, the support of the necessitous, the protection of damsels, and the consolation of widows, are found in no set of people more than in knights-errant: that I am one of these, I return infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall cheerfully undergo whatever danger and disgrace may befall me in the course of such an honourable exercise. Let this du-

enna approach, and beg what boon she shall desire, I will commit her cause to the strength of my arm and the intrepid resolution of my aspiring soul."

CHAP. V.

THE duke and dutchess were exceedingly rejoiced to see Don Quixote's behaviour correspond so well with their design. Sancho interposing, "I wish," said he, "this madam duenna my not throw some stumbling-block in the way of my government; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, observe that nothing good could happen where duennas interfered. Lord help us! what a spite that same apothecary had to the whole tribe! From whence I conclude, that seeing duennas of all qualities and degrees whatsoever are offensive and impertinent, what must those be who are afflicted, which they say is the case with this Trifaldis,* or three-tailed countess? for, in my country, skirts and tails, and tails and skirts, are the same thing." "Hold your tongue, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote: "this lady, who is come in quest of me from remote countries, cannot be one of those to whom the apothecary alluded, especially as she is a countess; and when ladies of that rank serve as duennas, it must be under queens and empresses; for in their own houses they are honoured with the title of ladyship, and have other duennas in their service."

To this remark Donna Rodriguez, who was present, replied, "My lady dutchess has duennas in her service, who might have been countesses, had it pleased fortune; but the law's measure is the king's pleasure: and let nobody speak disrespectfully of duennas, especially of those who are ancient and maidens; for, although I am not of that class, I can easily perceive and comprehend the advantage a maiden duenna has

* *Faldas*, in Spanish, signifies skirts.

over one that is a widow: and he that undertakes to shear us, will have no easy task to perform." "And yet for all that," replied Sancho, "if my barber's word may be taken, you duennas require so much to be shorn that—You had better not stir the porridge, though it stick to the pot." "The squires are always our enemies," answered Donna Rodriguez: "they are imps of the antichamber, who are every minute making a jest of us; and except when they are at prayers, which is not often the case, their whole time is spent in back-biting, disinterring our bones, and interring our reputations. But let me tell those moving blocks, that in spite of all they can do, we will live in the world, aye, in noble families, though we should die of hunger; and clothe our delicate or indelicate bodies with a black shroud, as they cover or shade a dunghill with tapestry on a day of procession. In good faith! if I were allowed, and the time required it, I could demonstrate not only to those who are now present, but likewise to the whole world, that there is no kind of virtue which does not centre in a duenna." "I believe there is reason, and a great deal of reason, in what the worthy Donna Rodriguez observes," said the dutchess, "but she must wait for a proper opportunity to appear in behalf of herself and other duennas, and confute the ill opinion of that malicious apothecary, as well as to eradicate those sentiments from the breast of the mighty Sancho Panza." To this remark the squire replied: "Since the fumes of a governor have expelled the vapours of a squire, I value not all the duennas upon earth a fig's end."

They would have proceeded with this duennian conference, had not they heard again the sound of the fife and drums, which announced the entrance of the afflicted duenna. The dutchess asked the duke, if it would be proper to advance and receive her, as she was a countess and person of quality. "With regard to her being a countess," said Sancho, "before the duke could reply, it would be right for your graces to go and receive her; but in respect to her being a duenna, I think you should not move a step."

“Who taught thee to interfere in such matters?” said Don Quixote, “Who, signor!” replied Sancho, “I interfere, because I am qualified to interfere, as a squire who has learned all the punctilios of courtesy in the school of your worship, who is the most courteous and best-bred knight that ever the province of courtesy produced; and in these matters, as I have heard your worship observe, the game is often lost by a card too many, as one too few; but a word to the wise is sufficient.” “It is even so as Sancho has remarked,” said the duke; “let us first see a specimen of the countess, and from that sample consider what courtesy she deserves.”

At that instant the fifers and drummers entered as before: and here the author concludes this short chapter, in order to begin another with the sequel of the same adventure, which is among the most remarkable of the whole history.

CHAP. VI.

IN the rear of those melancholy musicians, about a dozen duennas, divided into two files, began to enter the garden, clad in loose mourning gowns, seemingly of milled stuff, with white veils of fine muslin, so long that nothing but the borders of the gowns were seen. After these came the Countess Trifaldi, led by her Squire Trifaldin of the snowy beard, and clothed in a robe of the finest black serge, which, had it been napped, would have displayed grains as large as the best Martos garavances.* The tail or skirt, or whatsoever it is called, was divided into three parts, supported by three pages, who were likewise in mourning, making a remarkable mathematical figure, with the three acute angles formed by the three divisions, a circumstance from which all who saw this divided train, concluded, that from hence she was called the

* A kind of pea that grows at Martos, a town in the province of Andalusia.

Countess of Trifaldi, as if we should say the Countess of Three Skirts; and this is what Benengeli affirms for truth, observing, that her proper appellation was the Countess de Wolf, because her country produced a great number of those animals, and if it had been famous for foxes, she would have been called my Lady Fox; for it is the custom in those countries, for people of fashion to take their denomination from the thing or things with which their estates chiefly abound; but this countess, in order to favour the fashion of her train, laid aside the name of Wolf, and assumed that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and their lady advanced at a procession-pace, their faces covered with white veils, though not transparent, like that of the Squire Trifaldin; on the contrary, they were so close that nothing appeared through them. When the whole duennian squadron appeared, the duke and dutchess, Don Quixote, and all those who beheld the procession, stood up; and the twelve duennas halting, made a lane, through which the afflicted lady advanced, without quitting the hand of Trifaldin, while their graces and Don Quixote went forwards about a dozen steps, to receive her: then she kneeled upon the ground, and with a voice that was coarse and rough, rather than smooth and delicate, pronounced this address: "I beg your graces will be pleased to wave all this courtesy to your humble varlet*—I mean your handmaid—Indeed I am so overwhelmed with affliction, that I can hardly return a rational answer; for my strange and unheard-of misfortune hath hurried away my understanding I know not whither, though it must be at a great distance, because the more I seek, the farther I am from finding it." "He must be deprived

* This blunder is much more natural in the Spanish *Criado* for *Criada*; but as in the English language the gender is not distinguished by the termination, I have been obliged to substitute the words *varlet* and *handmaid*. Varlets were the servants of yeomen, though formerly squires were known by that appellation.

of it altogether, my lady countess," answered the duke, "who could not discover your worth from the appearance of your person, which, without further inquiry, is deserving of the whole cream of courtesy, and the very essence of polite ceremony."

So saying, he presented his hand, and raising her up, seated her in a chair close by the dutchess, who likewise received her with great respect. Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho ready to burst with curiosity to see the faces of the Countess Trifaldi and some of her duennas; but he could not possibly gratify his desire until they unveiled themselves, of their own free will and motion. Every body was hushed, expecting who would put an end to the general silence, which the afflicted countess broke, in these words: "Confident I am, O powerful lord, most beautiful lady, and most sagacious by-standers, that my most wretchedness will find a reception equally placid, generous, and dolorous, within your valorous bosoms; for such it is, as were enough to soften marble, melt the diamond, and mollify the steel of the most obdurate heart; but, before it appears in the parade of your hearing, not to say your ears, I would I were certified whether or not the perfectionatissimo knight Don Quixote de La Manchissima, and his squirissimo Panza, are in this groupe, circle, or assembly." Before any other person could reply, "Panza," cried Sancho, "is here, and likewise Don Quixotissimo; and, therefore, most dolorous duennissima, you may say what you think properissimo; for we are all ready and promptissimos to be your servantissimos." Then Don Quixote rising, and addressing himself to the afflicted duenna, "If your misfortunes, distressed lady," said he, "can derive any remedy or redress from the valour or strength of any knight-errant, here are mine, which, though feeble and defective, shall be wholly exerted in your behalf. I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose office it is to assist the necessitous of all degrees; and this being the case, as it really is, you have no occasion, madam, to bespeak benevolence, and seek after preambles:

but only to rehearse your misfortunes plainly, and without circumlocution, and they shall be heard by those who, though perhaps unable to redress, will at least condole them."

The afflicted duenna, hearing this declaration, attempted to throw herself at the feet of Don Quixote, nay even executed the attempt, and struggling to embrace them, exclaimed, "O invincible knight; I prostrate myself before these feet and legs, which are the bases and supporters of knight-errantry: suffer me to kiss these feet, on whose footsteps the cure of my misfortune solely depends. O valiant errant! whose real exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous feats of all Amadis, Belianise, and Esplandian—."

Then turning from the knight, and seizing Sancho by the hand, "And O!" said she, "thou loyalest squire that ever served knight-errant, in the past or present age, whose virtue exceeds in length the beard of this my domestic Trifaldin, well mayest thou boast that, in attending the great Don Quixote, thou dost attend, in epitome, the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms on this terrestrial ball. I conjure thee, by thy own most faithful benevolence, to be my intercessor, with thy master, that he may instantly favour me, the most humble and unfortunate countess that ever was born."

To this address Sancho replied, "Whether my virtue, my lady, be as long and broad as your squire's beard, is of very little signification; so that my soul be bearded and whiskered when it leaves this life, which is the main point, I care little or nothing for beards here below. But without all this coaxing and begging, I will desire my master, who I believe has a respect for me, especially now that I am become necessary in a certain affair, to favour and assist your ladyship to the utmost of his power: your ladyship may therefore unpack, and recount your griefs, that all of us may understand the nature of your misfortune."

The duke and dutchess were ready to burst with laughing at this dialogue; for they knew the drift of

the adventure, and were extremely well pleased with the acuteness and dissimulation of the Countess Trifaldi, who seating herself again, began her story in these words :

“Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, situated between the great Trapobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, Donna Maguncia was queen, as widow of King Archipiela, her lord and husband; in which marriage they begat and procreated the Infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the crown, which said Infanta Antonomasia was bred and brought up under my care and instruction; for I was her mother's most ancient and principal duenna. And it came to pass, in process of time, that the young Antonomasia attained the age of fourteen, with such perfection and beauty as nature could not exceed. Nay, we may even say that discretion itself was but a girl, compared to her, who was equally discreet and beautiful, and surely she was the most beautiful creature upon earth, and is so still, if the invidious fates and hard-hearted sisters have not cut short the yarn of her life: but surely they have not, for Heaven would not permit such mischief to be done on earth, as to tear the green cluster from the most beautiful vine that ever soil produced. Of this beauty, which my coarse tongue can never extol, an infinite number of noblemen, natives as well as strangers, became enamoured. Among these, a private knight belonging to the court, had the presumption to raise his thoughts to the heaven of such perfection, confiding in his youth, his gallantry, his various talents, and accomplishments, and the facility and felicity of his wit; for I must tell your graces, if you are not offended at the subject, that he touched the guitar so nicely as to make it speak; besides, he was a poet, a great dancer, and could make bird-cages so curiously, that he might have earned his bread by that employment, had he been reduced to want. Such a number of natural gifts and qualifications was enough to overthrow a mountain, much more a delicate young maiden; but all his gaiety and gallantry, his gifts and graces, would

have availed little or nothing against the fortress of my charge, if the treacherous ruffian had not practised means to reduce me first. The base robber and lewd vagabond began by cultivating my good will, and corrupting my taste, that, like a disloyal governor, I might deliver up the keys of the fort which I guarded. In a word, he flattered my understanding, and obtained my consent, by presenting me with some jewels and trinkets; but what chiefly contributed to lay me on my back, were some couplets which I heard him sing one night while I stood at a rail that looked into an alley where he was, and which, to the best of my remembrance, were to this effect:

A thousand shafts from my sweet foe,
Are launched unerring to my heart,
Yet must I not reveal the smart;
And silence aggravates my woe!

“ I thought the turn of the rhyme was as smooth as pearls, and his voice as sweet as sugar-candy; and, since that time, seeing the mischief that hath befallen me, through these and other such verses, I have often thought, that wise and well-regulated commonwealths ought to expel the poets, according to the advice of Plato; at least your lascivious writers, who compose couplets, not like those of the Marquis of Mantua, that entertain and draw tears from women and children, but your pointed conceits, which like agreeable thorns, prick, as it were, the very soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and untouched. Another time he sung the following stanza:

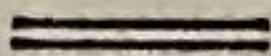
Come, gentle death, so soft and sly,
That thy approach I may not see;
Lest I rejoice to such degree,
That I shall not have pow'r to die.

“ And other tags and couplets of the same kidney, which when written, confound; and when chanted, enchant; for, when they condescend to compose a sort of verse, in fashion at that time in Cadaya,

called roundelays, they produce a kind of palpitation in the soul, a titilation of good humour, an agitation in the nerves, and finally, a tremulous motion, like that of quicksilver, in all the senses. Therefore, I repeat it to this honourable company, that such dangerous rhymers ought to be banished to the isle of lizards: yet they are not so much to blame as the simple wretches who applaud, and the boobies who believe them. If I had adhered to the duty of a good duenna, I should not have been moved by his serenading concerts, nor believed the truth of these expressions: 'In death I live; in frost I burn; in fire I shiver; in despair I hope; though I depart I still remain;' and other impossibilities of the same strain, with which their works abound. When they promise the phœnix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the locks of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tyber, and the balsams of Pancaya, they give the greatest latitude to their pens; for it costs them but a small matter to promise what they have neither inclination nor ability to perform. But, woe is me! ah, wretched creature! whither am I straying? What madness or despair now hurries and prompts me to rehearse the faults of other people? me who have so much to say of my own infirmities. Woe is me again, unhappy woman! Not by his verses, but my own simplicity, was I vanquished! it was not his music that softened me; but my own levity, inadvertency, and ignorance, opened the way, and cleared the path, for the passage of Don Clavijo, which is the name of the said knight; and therefore, I being the go-between, he was once, and often admitted into the chamber of the (by me, and not by him) misled Antonomasia, under the title of her lawful spouse; for, sinner as I am, without being her husband, he should not have come near enough to touch the sole of her slipper. No, no, marriage must go before in every business of that kind, where I am concerned: the only misfortune in this affair, was the inequality between Clavijo, who was but a private knight, and the Infanta Antonomasia, who as I have

already said, was heiress of the kingdom. For some time the plot was covered and concealed in the sagacity of my circumspection, until I perceived a small protuberance daily increasing in the belly of my Antonomasia, whose fears obliged us to lay our three heads together; and the result of our consultation was, that before the misfortune should come to light, Clavijo should demand Antonomasia in marriage before the vicar-general, by virtue of a contract signed by the infanta, which was indicted by my ingenuity, in such strength of terms as Sampson himself could not break. The scheme was accordingly executed; the vicar perused the contract, and confessed the princess, who owned the whole affair, and was committed to the care of a very honourable alguazil of the court."

Here Sancho interposing, "So then," said he, "there are alguazils of the court, poets, and roundelays, in Candaya, as well as in Spain! I swear, I think, the world is every where the same! but I beg your ladyship, Madam Trifaldo, would dispatch; for it grows late, and I die with impatience to know the end of this long-winded story." "I will comply with your request," answered the countess.



CHAP. VII.

EVERY word that Sancho uttered gave as much pleasure to the dutchess as pain to Don Quixote, who having imposed silence on the squire, the afflicted duenna thus proceeded: "At length, after innumerable questions and replies, as the infanta continued still in her story, without variation, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, whom he declared her lawful husband; a circumstance that so deeply affected Queen Maguncia, mother to the Infanta Antonomasia, that we buried her in three days." "Not before she was dead, I hope," said Sancho. "No, certainly," replied Trifaldin; "for, in Candaya, people do not bury the living, but the dead."

“ And yet, signor squire,” said Sancho, “ we have seen a person in a swoon buried for dead : and, in my opinion, Queen Maguncia ought to have swooned rather than died ; for, while there is life, there is hope ; and the infanta’s slip was not so great as to oblige her to take on so much. Had the young lady buckled with her own page, or any other servant in the family, as I have heard many others have done, the mischief would not have been easily repaired ; but to marry such a genteel, accomplished knight as the countess hath described ;—verily, verily, although it was indiscreet, the indiscretion was not so great as people may imagine : for according to the maxims of my master, who is here present, and will not suffer me to tell a lie, as learned men are created bishops, so may knights, especially knights-errant, be created kings and emperors.” “ Thou art in the right Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “ for a knight-errant, with two fingers breadth of good fortune, is the very next in proportion to the greatest lord in the universe : but pray, afflicted lady, proceed ; for I guess the bitter part of this hitherto agreeable story is still to come.” “ How ! the bitter part to come ?” replied the countess : “ aye, and so bitter, that, in comparison with it, gall and wormwood are sweet and savoury.”

“ Well, then, the queen being really dead, and not in a swoon, was buried ; but scarce was she covered with the mould, and scarce had we pronounced the long and last farewell, when, ‘ *Quis Talia fando, temperet a lachrymis ?*’ all of a sudden, above the tomb, appeared upon a wooden horse the Giant Malambruno, Maguncia’s first cousin, who, exclusive of his cruel disposition, was an enchanter, and by his diabolical art, in order to revenge his relation’s death, and chastise the presumption of Don Clavijo, together with the folly of Antonomasia, fixed them both enchanted on Maguncia’s tomb, after having converted her into a monkey of brass, and him into a frightful crocodile of some unknown substance : between them, is a plate of metal, displaying an inscription in the Syrian language, which being trans-

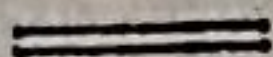
lated into the Candayan, and afterwards into the Castilian tongue, contains this sentence: 'These two presumptuous lovers will not recover their pristine form until the valorous Manchegan shall engage with me in single combat: for his stupendous valour alone, the fates have received this unseen adventure.' This metamorphosis being affected, he unsheathed a vast unmeasurable scimeter, and twisting his left hand in my hair, threatened to slit my windpipe, and slice off my head. I was confounded, my voice stuck in my throat, and I remained in an agony of fear: nevertheless, I made one effort, and in a faltering accent and plaintive tone, uttered such a pathetic remonstrance as induced him to suspend the execution of his rigorous revenge. In fine, he ordered all the duennas of the palace (there they are) to be brought into his presence, when, after having exaggerated our fault, reviled the disposition of duennas, their wicked schemes and contrivances, and accused them all of the crime of which I alone was guilty, he said he would not punish us with instant death, but with a more tedious penalty, by which he should suffer a civil and continued death. He had no sooner done speaking than, that very moment and instant, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and the whole surface tingle as if pricked with the points of needles: then clapping our hands on the part, every one found her visage in the condition which you shall now behold."

So saying, the afflicted duenna and her companions, lifting up their veils, disclosed so many faces overgrown with huge beards, red, black, white, and party-coloured; at the sight of which the duke and dutchess were amazed, Don Quixote and Sancho confounded, and all present overwhelmed with astonishment; as for the countess, she pursued her story in these words:

"In this manner were we punished by the felonious and ill-designing Malambruno, who covered the smoothness and delicacy of our faces with the roughness of these bristles; and would to Heaven he had rather struck off our heads with his unmeasurable scimeter, than obscured the light of our countenances

with this frightful bush : for if this honourable company will but consider, and in speaking what I am now going to say I wish I could turn my eyes into fountains; but the consideration of our misfortune, and the oceans they have already rained, have drained them as dry as beards of corn; and therefore, I must speak without tears. I say then, whither can a duenna go with a beard upon her chin? What father or mother will condole her disgrace? or who will give her the least assistance? for if, when her face is smoothed and martyred by a thousand cosmetic slops and washes, she can scarce find one who will favour her with affection, what must she do when her face becomes a perfect coppice of brushwood? O ye wretched duennas! my companions dear! in an unlucky minute did we see the light, and in an hapless hour were we engendered by our fathers!"

So saying, she pretended to faint away.



CHAP. VIII.

VERILY, and in good truth! all those who take pleasure in reading such histories, ought to manifest their gratitude to its first author, Cid Hamet, for his curiosity in recounting the most trivial incident, without neglecting to bring to light the least circumstance, how minute soever it may be. He describes the thought, discloses the fancy, answers the silent, explains doubts, discusses arguments, and, finally, displays the very atoms of the most curious disposition. O celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! may you flourish, conjunctly and severally, to the end of time, for the entertainment and pastime of mankind in general!

The history relates, that Sancho seeing the afflicted faint away, "Now, by the faith of man!" cried he,

“and by the pedigree of all the Panzas, my forefathers! never did I hear or see, nor did my master recount, or indeed conceive such an adventure as this. A legion of devils confound thee for a giant and enchanter, accursed Malambruno! couldst thou find me no other method to punish these sinners, but by clapping beards to them? Would not it have been better, at least it would have been more for their advantage, to cut off half their noses, even though they should snuffle in their speech, than to encumber them with beards? I’d lay a wager, too, they have not wherewithal to pay a barber.” “What you say is very true,” replied one of the dozen: “we have not wherewithal to be trimmed; and therefore some of us, by way of economy, make use of sticking-plaister, which being applied to our faces and plucked off with a jerk, leave us as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a marble mortar: for although there are women in Candaya, who go from house to house, taking off the hair, arching the eye-brows, and composing slip-slops for the uses of the fair sex, we who belonged to her ladyship would never admit them into the family, because, for the most part they are persons who, having ceased to be principals, exercise the occupation of procuress; and, therefore, if we are not redressed by Signor Don Quixote, we must e’en carry our beards to the grave.” “If I do not redress your whiskers,” cried the knight, “I will leave mine among the moors.”

Here the Countess Trifaldi recovering, “Valiant knight,” said she, “the tingling of that promise reached mine ears while I lay in a swoon, and hath been the cause of my recovering and retrieving the use of all my senses: therefore, renowned errant and invincible knight, I again intreat you, to put your gracious promise in execution.” “In me there shall be no delay,” replied Don Quixote: “consider then, my lady, and tell me what I am to do: my mind is perfectly disposed for your service.” “The case is this, then,” answered the afflicted duenna, “from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, you must travel five thousand leagues, it may be one

or two more or less; but if you go through the air in a right line, you measure no more than three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must likewise know, Malambruno told me, that whenever fortune should furnish me with our deliverer, he would send him a steed that should be much better, and less vicious, than any of your return post-horses, as being the very individual wooden horse upon which the valiant Peter carried off the fair Magalona: he is governed by a peg in his forehead that serves instead of a bridle, and he flies so swiftly through the air, that one would think he was transported by all the devils in hell. This steed, according to ancient tradition, was contrived by the sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Peter, who, by means of such conveyance, performed incredible journies, and stole, as I have observed, the fair Magalona, who sat behind him, and was transported through the air, to the astonishment of all those who gaped after her from the earth. Yet he would lend him to none but his particular favourites, or such as would pay him a handsome price; we do not know that he was ever mounted, from the days of the great Peter to the present time. Malambruno, by dint of art, has got, and keeps him in his possession, making use of him in his journies, which he performs in an instant, from one part of the world to another; now here, to morrow in France, and next day in Peru: and there is one great advantage in this horse; he neither eats nor sleeps, nor costs any thing in shoeing, and ambles through the air without wings, in such a manner, that his rider may hold a cup full of water in his hand without spilling a single drop, his motion is so smooth and easy: for which reason the fair Magalona delighted much in taking the air upon his back."

"As for his going smooth and easy," said Sancho, "there is my Dapple, whom (though he does not go through the air, but along the ground) I will match against all the amblers that ever the earth produced." All the company laughed at this observation, and the afflicted duenna proceeded: "Now, this horse,

if Malambruno is actually disposed to put an end to our misfortune, will he here in less than half an hour after it is dark; for he told me the signal by which I should be certain of having found the knight I was in quest of, would be his sending the horse thither with all convenient dispatch." "And pray," said Sancho, "how many persons will this horse carry?" "Two," replied the afflicted; "one upon the saddle, and the other upon the crupper, and these are commonly the knight and the squire, when there is no damsel to be stolen." "I should be glad to know, afflicted madam," resumed the squire, "what is the name of that same horse." "His name," answered the afflicted, "is not like that of Bellerophon's horse, which was called Pegasus, nor does it resemble that which distinguished the steed of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus: nor that of Orlando Furioso, whose appellation was Brilladoro; nor Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldo de Montalban; nor Frontino, that appertained to Rugero; nor Bootes, nor Peritoa, horses of the sun; nor is he called Orelia, like that steed upon which the unfortunate Rodrigo, last king of the Goths, engaged in that battle where he lost his crown and life." "I will lay a wager," cried Sancho, "that, as he is not distinguished by any of those famous names of horses so well known, so neither have they given him the name of my master's horse Rozinante: a name which, in propriety, exceeds all those that have been named." "Very true," replied the bearded countess: "nevertheless it fits him very well, for he is called Clavileno Aligero,* an appellation that suits exactly with his wooden substance, the peg in his forehead, and the swiftness with which he travels; so that, for his name, he may be brought in competition even with the famous Rozinante." "The name pleases me well enough," said Sancho; "but what sort of bridle or halter must be used in managing him?" "I have already told you," answered Trifaldi, "that by turning the peg, the knight who rides can make him travel just as he

* Or, in English, *Wooden Peg the Winged*.

pleases, either mounting through the air, or else sweeping, and as it were brushing, the surface of the earth ; or, lastly, sailing through the middle region, which is the course to be sought after and pursued in all well-concerted enterprises."

" I should be glad to see this same beast," replied the squire ; " but to think that I will mount him, either in the saddle or on the crupper, is all the same thing as looking for pears upon an elm. A fine joke, i'faith ! I can scarce keep the back of my own Dapple, though sitting upon a pannel as soft as satin, and they would now have me get upon a crupper of board, without either pillow or cushion. By the Lord ! I have no intention to bruise myself in order to take off the beard of any person whatsoever ; let every beard be shaved according to the owner's fancy : for my own part, I have no notion of accompanying my master in such a long and tedious journey ; for surely I have no concern in the shaving of beards, whatever I may have in the disenchantment of Dulcinea." " Indeed you have, my friend," answered Trifaldi, " aye, and so much, that without your presence, I believe we shall do no good." " In the king's name," cried Sancho, " what have squires to do with the adventures of their masters ? What ! are they to run away with all the reputation, and we to undergo all the trouble ? Body o'me ! would your historians but mention, that such a knight achieved such and such an adventure, with the assistance of his squire What-d'ye-callum, without whom he could not possibly have finished the exploit ; but they drily relate, as how Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars, finished the adventure of the Six Goblins, without even naming the squire, who was present all the time, no more than if there was not such a person in the world : I therefore say again to this honourable company, that my master may go by himself, and good luck attend him ; but for my own part, I will stay where I am, and keep my lady dutchess company : and, peradventure, at his return, he may find my lady Dulcinea's business well forwarded ; for I intend, at my idle and leisure hours, to whip myself

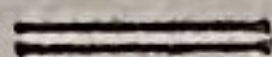
to such a tune, that not a single hair shall stand before me."

"But, for all that," said the dutchess, "honest Sancho, you must attend him, should there be occasion; for you will be solicited by the righteous; and surely it would be a great pity, that the faces of these gentlewomen should continue overshadowed with hair, merely from your needless apprehension." "I say again, in the king's name!" cried Sancho, "if this charity should be of any benefit to release maidens, or parish children, a man might venture to undergo some trouble; but to take such pains in order to rid duennas of their beards, a plague upon the whole generation! I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, tag, rag, and bobtail." "Friend Sancho," said the dutchess, "you are on bad terms with duennas, and very much infected with the opinion of that apothecary of Toledo; but, in good sooth, you are very much in the wrong: there are duennas in my house who might serve as patterns of virtue; and here stands Donna Rodriguez, who would not suffer me to say otherwise." "Your excellency may say what you please," answered Rodriguez; "but God knows the truth of all things, and good or bad, bearded or smooth, we duennas were born of our mothers, as well as other women; since, therefore, God sent us into the world, he knows for what, and in his mercy do I put my trust, and not in the beard of any person whatsoever—."

"'Tis very well, Signora Rodriguez, Madam Trifaldi, and you ladies of her company," said Don Quixote; "Heaven, I hope, will look upon your misfortunes with propitious eyes, and Sancho will cheerfully obey my orders: let Clavileno come, so as that I may once see myself engaged with Malambruno, and confident I am, that no razor can shave your ladyships with more facility than my sword should find in shaving the giant's head from his shoulders: for though God permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time." The afflicted duenna hearing this declaration, exclaimed, "Now may all the stars of the ce-

lestial regions shed their benign influence upon your worship, most valiant knight, infusing courage into your soul, and crowning your achievements with prosperity, that you may be the shield and support of this our slighted and depressed duennian order, abominated by apothecaries, grumbled at by squires, and jeered by pages! now, ill betide the wretch who, in the flower of her youth, would not rather take the veil than become a duenna. Unfortunate duennas that we are! for though we may be descended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our ladies will not fail to throw thou in our teeth, even if they thought they should be crowned for it. O thou giant Malambruno, who, though an enchanter, art always punctual in thy promises, send hither the peerless Clavileno, that our disaster may be done away; for if our beards continue until the dog-days begin, woe be unto us."

Trifaldi pronounced these words in such a pathetic strain, as brought tears from the eyes of all the bystanders, and even filled Sancho's to the brim; so that he resolved in his heart to accompany his master to the utmost limits of the earth, providing his attendance should be necessary towards shearing the wool of those venerable countenances."



CHAP. IX.

MEANWHILE, night came on, and along with it the time fixed for the arrival of the famous steed Clavileno, whose delay began already to afflict Don Quixote; for he looked upon the detention of the horse, as a sign that he himself was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno was afraid to engage with him in single combat. But, lo! all of a sudden, four savages, clad in green ivy, entered the garden, bearing on their backs a great wooden horse, which being placed on the ground, one of the number pronounced, "Let him who has courage

mount this machine." "For my own part," said Sancho, "I do not mount; for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight." But the savage proceeded, saying, "Let the squire, if he has one, occupy the crupper; and he may confide in the valiant Malambruno; for, except the sword of that giant, no other steel or malice shall offend him; and the knight has no more to do but turn this peg upon his neck, and he will carry them through the air to the place where Malambruno waits for their arrival: but lest the height and sublimity of the road should turn their heads, their eyes must be covered until such time as the horse shall neigh; for that will be the signal of their having performed their journey." This intimation being given, they left the horse, and retired to the place from whence they came with great solemnity.

The afflicted duenna no sooner beheld the steed, than addressing herself to Don Quixote, with tears in her eyes, "Valiant knight," said she, "Malambruno's promise is made good: here stands the horse, our beards are still growing, and each of us, nay, every hair upon our chins, supplicate thee to shave and shear them, since there is nothing else required but to mount with thy squire, and happily begin your journey." "That will I do, my lady Countess Trifaldi," replied Don Quixote, "with good will, and hearty inclination; nor will I delay the expedition, by spending time in furnishing myself with a cushion, or even in putting on my spurs, so impatient I am to see your ladyship and those duennas quite smooth and shaven." "That will I not," cried Sancho, "neither with hearty nor heartless inclination, nor in any manner of way; and if the shaving cannot be performed without my mounting upon the crupper, my master must look for another squire to attend him, and these ladies must find another method for smoothing their faces; for I am no wizard, to take delight in flying through the air; and pray, what would my islanders say, should they know their governor was riding upon the wind? moreover, it being three thousand and so many more leagues from hence to Candaya, should the horse be

nevertheless a Christian, and performs his enchantments with great sagacity and caution, nor does he intermeddle in any person's affairs." "Well then," cried Sancho, "God and the most holy Trinity of Gaeta, be my guide and protection." "Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills," said Don Quixote, "I have never seen Sancho so infected with fear as upon this occasion; and if I were as much addicted to superstition as some people are, his pusillanimity would produce some compunction in my soul: but come hither, Sancho; for, with the permission of that noble pair, I would speak two words with you in private."

Then taking his squire aside into a tuft of trees, and grasping both his hands, "You see, brother Sancho," said he, "the long journey that awaits us, and God knows when we shall return, and what leisure or convenience our business may allow; I, therefore, beg thou wilt now retire to thy apartment, on pretence of fetching some necessaries for the road, and, in the twinkling of a straw, inflict upon thyself some five hundred of those three thousand three hundred lashes for which thou art engaged, and they shall stand good in the account; for when a thing is once begun, it is almost as good as half finished." "Before God!" cried Sancho, "your worship must be out of your senses; this is just as they say, 'You see me in a hurry, and ask me to marry.' Now, when I am going to ride upon a wooden crupper, would your worship have me afflict my posteriors? Verily, verily, your worship was never more out of the way: at present let us proceed and shave those duennas, and at our return, I promise to your worship, on the faith of my character, to quit my score with such dispatch that your worship shall be satisfied: and I'll say no more." "Well then," answered the knight, "I will console myself, honest Sancho, with that promise, which I really believe thou wilt perform; for surely, though thy head be but green, thy heart is true blue." "Green," said Sancho; "my head is not green, but black; but even though it were pyebald, I would perform my promise."

After this short dialogue they returned, in order to take horse ; then the knight, addressing himself to the squire, "Sancho," said he, "suffer yourself to be hoodwinked, and get up : he who sends for us from such distant regions, can have no intention to deceive us, because he could reap no glory from having deceived those who depended upon his sincerity ; and although the event may turn out contrary to my expectation, the glory of having undertaken such an exploit no malice whatsoever can impair." "Come then, signor," cried the squire ; "for the beards and tears of those ladies are so imprinted in my heart, that I shall not swallow a mouthful to do me good, until I see them restored to their original smoothness. Get up, signor, and hoodwink yourself first : for if the crupper is to be my seat, it is plain that you must mount first into the saddle." "You are in the right," replied Don Quixote ; who pulling an handkerchief from his pocket, desired the afflicted duenna to fasten it round his eyes, which, however, were no sooner covered, than he took off the bandage, saying, "If I remember aright, I have read in Virgil of the Trojan Palladium, a wooden horse offered to the goddess Pallas, the bowels of which horse were filled with armed men, who afterwards occasioned the total destruction of Troy ; and, therefore, it will not be amiss, first of all, to examine the belly of Clavileno." "There is no occasion," said the afflicted duenna ; "for I am certain that Malambruno has neither treachery nor malice in his heart : your worship, Signor Don Quixote, may therefore mount, without the least apprehension ; and if any mischance befall you, lay it at my door." The knight reflecting that any hesitation about his personal safety would be a disparagement to his valour, mounted Clavileno without further altercation, and tried the peg, which turned with ease ; and his legs hanging down at full length, for want of stirrups, he looked like a figure in some Roman triumph, painted or wrought in Flemish tapestry.

Then Sancho, very slowly, and much against his will, crept up behind, and seating himself as well as

he could upon the crupper, found it so hard and uneasy, that he begged the duke would order him to be accommodated with some cushion or pillow, though it should be taken from my lady dutchess's sofa, or some page's bed; for the crupper of that horse seemed to be made of marble rather than of wood.

Here Trifaldi interposing, assured him that Clavileno would bear no kind of furniture or ornament; but said he might sit sideways like a woman, in which attitude he would not be so sensible of the hardness. Sancho took her advice, and saying adieu, allowed his eyes to be covered; but afterwards pulling up the bandage, and looking ruefully at all the people in the garden, he, with tears in his eyes, besought them to assist him in that extremity with a brace of *paternosters*, and as many *ave marias*, as God should provide somebody to do as much for them in like time of need."

Don Quixote hearing this apostrophe, "How now, miscreant!" said he, "are you brought to the gallows, or in the last agonies of death, that you make use of such intreaties? Dispirited and cowardly creature! art not thou seated in the very same place which was occupied by the fair Magalona, and from which she descended, not to her grave, but to the crown of France, if history speaks truth? And I, who sit by thy side, surely may vie with valiant Peter, who pressed the self-same back now pressed by me. Shroud, shroud thine eyes, thou animal without a soul, and let not those symptoms of fear escape thy lips, at least in my presence." "Hoodwink me then," answered Sancho, "and since I must neither recommend myself, nor be recommended, to the protection of God, what wonder is it if I am afraid we shall meet with some legion of devils, who will treat us according to the Peralvillo law?" *

* Equivalent to Abington law; in consequence of which a criminal is first executed and then tried. *Peralvillo* is a village near Cindad Real, in Castile,

Their eyes being covered, and Don Quixote perceiving he was fixed in his seat, turned the peg; and scarce had his finger touched this rudder, when the whole bevy of duennas, and all that were present, raised their voices, crying, "Heaven be thy guide, valorous knight! God be thy protection, intrepid squire. Now, now you rise, and cut the liquid sky more swiftly than an arrow; now you begin to astonish and confound all those who gaze upon you from this earthly spot! Hold fast, valiant Sancho, for we see thee totter; beware of falling: to fall from such an height, would be more fatal than the fall of that aspiring youth, whose ambition prompted him to drive the chariot of the sun, his father."

Sancho, hearing this exclamation, crept closer to his master, and hugging him fast in his arms, "Signor," said he, "how can we be so high as those people say we are, seeing we can hear them speak as well as if we were within a few yards of them?" "You must not mind that circumstance," answered the knight; "for these incidents and flights being altogether out of the ordinary course of things, you may hear and see what you please at the distance of a thousand leagues: but do not squeeze me so hard, lest I tumble from my seat. I really cannot imagine what it is that disturbs and affrights thee; for I swear, in all the days of my life I never bestrode a horse of a more easy pace: indeed, he goes so smoothly, that I can hardly feel him move. Dispel thy fear, my friend; for truly the business goes on swimmingly, and we sail right afore the wind." "You are certainly in the right," answered Sancho; "for on this side there blows as fresh a gale as if I was fanned with a thousand pair of bellows."

where the officers of the holy brotherhood execute robbers taken in *flagrante*, who require no trial.—Hence the phrase *la justicia de Peralvillo, que ahorcado el hombre, le haze la Pesquisa*. Peralvillo law, which begins the process after the man is hanged.

Nor was he much mistaken in his conjecture; for the wind that blew was actually produced by one of those machines; so well had the adventure been contrived by the duke and dutchess, and their steward, that nothing was wanting to render it complete. Then, the knight, feeling the same breeze, "Without doubt," said he, "we must be arrived at the second region of the air, in which hail and snow are produced: meteors, thunder, and lightning, are engendered in the third region: if we continue to mount at this rate, we shall in a very little time reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, so as to put a stop to our rising, and prevent our being scorched to a cinder."

In the midst of this conversation their faces were warmed with some tow that was kindled for the purpose, at the end of a long pole, and Sancho, feeling the heat, "Let me perish!" cried he, "if we are not now come to that same habitation of fire; for a great part of my beard is already singed; and I am resolved to uncover my eyes, that I may see whereabouts we are." "By no means," answered the knight: "remember the true story of the licentiate Toralva, who being mounted on a cane, was conveyed through the air with his eyes shut, by the devils: in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is one of the streets of that city, whence he beheld the whole tumult, assault, and death of the constable of Bourbon; and before morning he had returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of that transaction. He likewise affirmed, that while he travelled through the air, the devil bade him open his eyes, and he saw himself so near the body of the moon, that he could have touched it with his hand; but he durst not look towards the earth, lest his head should have turned giddy. Let us not, therefore, uncover our eyes, Sancho: he in whose charge we are will give a good account of us; and perhaps we are now at the very point of our elevation, from whence we shall come souse upon the kingdom of Candaya, as a saker or

or jerfaulcon darts down upon an heron, with a force proportioned to his rise : and although it seems to us no more than half an hour since we set out from the garden, you may depend upon it we have travelled an immense way." " As to that matter, I am quite ignorant," said Sancho : " this only I know, that if Madam Magallanes, or Magalona, took pleasure in sitting upon this crupper, her flesh must not have been very tender."

All this dialogue of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and dutchess, and the rest of the company in the garden, to whom it afforded extraordinary entertainment : at length, desirous of finishing this strange and well-concerted adventure, they set fire to Clavileno's tail with some lighted flax : his belly being filled with squibs and crackers, he instantly blew up with a dreadful explosion, and Don Quixote, with his squire, came to the ground more than half singed. By this time the whole bearded squadron, with my Lady Trifaldi, had vanished from the garden, and all the rest of the company were stretched upon the ground, as in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho, getting on their feet, in a very indifferent condition, and looking all around, were astonished to find themselves in the same garden from which they took their flight, and to see such a number of people extended along the grass : but their admiration was still more increased, when at one corner of the garden they beheld a huge lance fixed in the ground, and tied to this lance by two cords of green silk, a smooth, white skin of parchment, on which was the following inscription in large golden letters :

" The renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha has finished and achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, alias the Afflicted Duenna, and her companions, solely by his having undertaken the enterprise.

" Malambruno is wholly satisfied and appeased ; the chins of the duennas are smooth and clean ; their majesties Don Clavijo and Antonomasia are restored

to their original form: and when the squirely flagellation shall be accomplished, the white dove will be delivered from the pestilential talons of her persecutors, and find herself within the arms of her beloved turtle; for such is the decree of the sage Merlin, the prince and prototype of all enchanters."

Don Quixote having read this scroll, at once comprehended the meaning, which related to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and returning a thousand thanks to Heaven for his success, in having finished such a mighty exploit with so little danger, and reduced to their pristine form the faces of those venerable duennas who had disappeared, he went towards the place where the duke and dutchess still lay entranced, and pulling his grace by the arm, "Courage! courage, my noble lord," said he; "all is over now; the adventure is finished, without damage to the barrier, as will plainly appear by the inscription on yonder scroll."

The duke seemed to recover gradually, like one waking from a profound sleep; his example was followed by the dutchess, and all the rest who lay along the garden; and they exhibited such marks of fear and astonishment, that even almost to themselves, that seemed to have happened in earnest which they had so well acted in jest. The duke, having read the inscription with his eyes half shut, ran with open arms to embrace Don Quixote, calling him the most worthy knight that any age had ever produced: while Sancho went looking about for the afflicted matron, to see if her beard was quite gone, and whether her face, without hair, was as beautiful as her gallant deportment seemed to promise. But he was told, that as Clavileno descended in a flame from the sky, the whole squadron of duennas, with Trifaldi at their head, had vanished, with their faces smack smooth as if they had been clean shaven.

Then the dutchess asking how it had fared with Sancho in his long journey, the squire replied, "As for me, my lady, I perceived, as my master told me, that we flew through the region of fire, and I felt a

strong inclination to have a peep; but my master would not consent, when I begged his permission to uncover my eyes: nevertheless I, who have a sort of a chip of curiosity, and an eager desire to know what I am forbid to inquire about, fair and softly, without being perceived by any living soul, pulled down upon my nose the handkerchief that covered my eyes, and by these means had a glimpse of the earth, which seemed no bigger than a grain of mustard, and the men that walked upon it almost as little as hazle nuts; so you may guess how high we must have soared by that time."

To this asseveration the dutchess answered, "Have a care, friend Sancho; from what you say, it appears, that it could not be the earth, but the men walking upon it, whom you saw; for if the earth appeared like a grain of mustard, and every man as big as a nut, it clearly follows, that one man must have covered the whole earth." "Very true," said Sancho; "but for all that, I had a side-view, by which I discovered the whole globe." "Take notice, Sancho," resumed the dutchess, "it is impossible to see the whole of any thing by a side-view." "I know nothing of views," replied the squire: "this only I know, your ladyship ought to consider, that as we flew by enchantment, so might I, by enchantment, see the whole earth, and all the men upon it, in any sort of view whatsoever: and if your ladyship will not believe me in that, no more will you believe me when I tell you, that pushing up the handkerchief towards my eye-brows, I found myself within an hand's breadth and an half of heaven, which I'll assure your ladyship upon oath is very huge; and it came to pass that our road lay close to the seven nanny goats: * now I having been a goatherd in my youth, before God and my conscience! I no sooner set eyes on them, than I was seized with the inclination to divert myself a little with the pretty creatures, and if I had not

* In Spain, the Pleiades are vulgarly called *Ca-brillas*, uanny-goats.

done it, I believe I should have burst for vexation. Come on then, what does I? but, without saying a word to any living soul, not even to my master, fairly and softly slide down from Clavileno, and sport with the nannies, which are like violets and lilies, for the space of three quarters of an hour, and all that time the horse did not budge a step from the place."

"And while honest Sancho diverted himself with the goats," said the duke, "how was Signor Don Quixote entertained?" To this interrogation the knight replied, "As all these adventures and incidents are out of the ordinary course of nature, we are not to wonder at what Sancho has told; for my own part, I can safely affirm, that I neither shoved up nor pulled down the bandage, nor did I see either heaven or earth, or sea or land. True it is, I perceived we passed through the region of the air, and even bordered upon the region of the fire; but that we travelled beyond it I cannot believe: for the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon and the utmost region of the air, we could not reach the firmament in which are placed the seven nannies, as Sancho calls them, without being scorched to death; and seeing we are not scorched, either Sancho lies, or Sancho dreams." "I neither lie nor dream," cried the squire; "let them ask the marks of the nanny-goats, and by my answers you will perceive whether or not I speak truth." "Describe them then, Sancho," said the dutchess. "Two of them," replied Sancho, "are green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley." "This is a new breed," said the duke: "in our region of earth there are no such colours; I mean among the nanny-goats." "That is very plain," replied the squire: "there must be some difference between the goats of heaven and those upon earth." "Pray tell me, Sancho," said his grace, "didst thou see never a he-goat

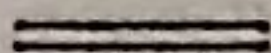
* There is a kind of pleasantry in this question of the duke, which cannot be translated; for the Spanish word *Cabron* signifies a cuckold as well as an he-goat.

among those females?" "No, my lord," answered the squire; "I have been told none of those pass beyond the horns of the moon."

They did not choose to interrogate him further about his journey; for they concluded that Sancho was in a fair way to travel through all the heavens above, and tell the news of each; though he had never stirred from the garden.

Finally, thus ended the adventure of the afflicted duenna, which afforded a fund for laughter to the duke and dutchess, not only at that time, but during the whole course of their lives; as well as matter for Sancho to relate, had he lived whole centuries.

Don Quixote coming to the squire, whispered in his ear, "Hark ye, Sancho; since you would have us believe what you say, touching the things you saw in heaven, I desire the like credit from you, with regard to those things I saw in the cave of Montesinos. That's all."



CHAP. X.

THE duke and dutchess were so well pleased with the diverting and happy success of the adventure of the afflicted duenna, that they resolved to proceed with the jest, seeing what a proper subject they had to make it pass for earnest. Having, therefore, communicated their scheme and instructions to their servants and vassals, touching their behaviour to Sancho in his government of the promised island; on the day succeeding the flight of Clavileno, the duke desired him to prepare and make himself ready to set out for his government, as the islanders already longed for him as much as for May showers.

Sancho, having made his obeisance, "Since my descent from heaven," said he, "and since from its lofty summit I have viewed the earth, and found it of such small extent, my desire of being a governor is

much moderated : for what grandeur can there be in reigning over a grain of mustard seed ? or what dignity and empire in governing half a dozen of mortals no bigger than filberts ? for the whole earth seemed to contain nothing more. If your lordship would be pleased to bestow upon me a small trifling space in heaven, though it should not be above half a league, I would more gladly receive it than the best island in the world." " You must consider, friend Sancho," replied the duke, " that I have it not in my power to give away any part of heaven ; no, not a nail's breadth ; these favours and benefits are in the gift of God alone. What is in my power I freely give you ; namely, a good island, right and tight, round and well proportioned, above measure fertile, and so abounding with all good things, that if you mind your hits, you may with the riches of earth purchase the opulence of heaven." " Well then," cried Sancho, " let this island be forthcoming, and I will struggle hard, but I shall be such a governor, that, in spite of knaves, I may go to heaven ; and, take notice, it is not from avarice that I desire to quit my cottage, and raise myself to a footing with my betters ; but solely to taste and try what it is to be a governor." " Nay, if once you taste it," said the duke, " you will be ready to eat your fingers after the government ; for nothing is so delicious as to command and be obeyed : certain I am, that when your master shall come to be an emperor, as will doubtless be the case, considering the current of his affairs, it will not be in the power of any person upon earth to tear it from him, and he will sorely grieve, and heartily rue the time he has lost before his advancement to such an imperial station." " Indeed, my lord," replied Sancho, " I imagine it must be a very pleasant thing to govern, even though it should be but a flock of sheep." " May I be buried with you, Sancho, but you know every thing !" answered the duke : " I hope you will turn out such a governor as your judgment and sagacity seem to promise : but here let that matter rest : and take notice, that to-morrow

morning you must set out for the government of the island ; and, this evening you shall be accommodated with a convenient dress, and all other necessities for your departure." " They may dress me as they will," said the squire ; " but, be that as it may, I shall still be Sancho Panza." " True," replied the duke ; " but the garb ought always to be suited to the dignity and function of the profession : for it would be a great impropriety in a lawyer to appear in the dress of a soldier, or in a soldier to wear canonicals : you, Sancho, must wear an habit that shall partly bespeak the gown, and partly the sword : for, in the island which I have bestowed upon you, letters and arms are both necessary." " As for letters," answered Sancho, " I am but indifferently stored, as I am even ignorant of the a, b, c ; but, provided I remember my Christcross, I shall be sufficiently qualified for a good governor ; with regard to arms, I shall use those that may be put into my hand until I can stand no longer, and God be my shield." " With such an excellent memory," said the duke, " Sancho can never fall into the least mistake."

Here they were joined by Don Quixote, who, understanding the subject of their conversation, and the short space allotted to Sancho to prepare for his departure, took the squire by the hand, with the duke's permission, and led him to his apartment, in order to instruct him how to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he locked the door, and obliging Sancho to sit down by him, spoke to this effect, in a grave and solemn tone :

" I return infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, for having ordained, that, before I myself have met with the least success, good fortune hath gone forth to bid thee welcome. I, who had balanced the remuneration of thy service in my own prosperity, find myself in the very rudiments of promotion ; while thou, before thy time, and contrary to all the laws of reasonable progression, findest thy desire accomplished : other people bribe, solicit, importune, attend levees, intreat, and persevere, without obtaining their suit ; and another comes, who, without know-

ing why or wherefore, finds himself in possession of that office to which so many people laid claim : and here the old saying is aptly introduced, A pound of good luck is worth a ton of merit. Thou who, in comparison to me, art doubtless an ignorant dunce, without rising early, or sitting up late, or, indeed, exerting the least industry ; without any pretension, more or less, than that of being breathed upon by knight-errantry, seest thyself created governor of an island, as if it was a matter of moonshine. All this I observe, O Sancho, that thou mayest not attribute thy success to thy own deserts ; but give thanks to Heaven for having disposed matters so beneficially in thy behalf, and then make thy acknowledgments to that grandeur which centres in the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being thus predisposed to believe what I have said, be attentive, O my son, to me who am thy Cato, thy counsellor, thy north pole, and guide, to conduct thee into a secure harbour, from the tempestuous sea into which thou art going to be engulfed ; for great posts, and offices of state, are no other than a profound gulf of confusion.

“ In the first place, O my son, you are to fear God : the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom ; and if you are wise you cannot err.

“ Secondly, you must always remember who you are, and endeavour to know yourself ; a study of all others the most difficult. This self-knowledge will hinder you from blowing yourself up like the frog, in order to rival the size of the ox : if, therefore, you succeed in this learning, the consideration of thy having been a swine-herd, will, like the peacock’s ugly feet, be a check upon thy folly and pride.”

“ I own I once kept hogs, when I was a boy,” said Sancho ; “ but after I grew up, I quitted that employment, and took care of geese : but, I apprehend, that matter is not of great consequence ; for all governors are not descended from the kingly race.” “ No, sure,” answered the knight ; “ and for that reason, those who are not of noble extraction ought to sweeten the gravity of their function with mildness

and affability ; which, being prudently conducted, will screen them from those malicious murmurs that no station can escape. Rejoice, Sancho, in the lowness of your pedigree, and make no scruple of owning yourself descended from peasants ; for nobody will endeavour to make you blush for that of which they see you are not ashamed ; and value yourself more upon being a virtuous man of low degree, than upon being a proud sinner of noble birth : innumerable are those who from an humble stock have risen to the pontifical and imperial dignity ; a truth which I could prove by so many examples that you would not have patience to hear them.

“ Take notice, Sancho, if you choose virtue for your medium, and pique yourself upon performing worthy actions, you will have no cause to envy noblemen and princes ; for blood is hereditary, but virtue is acquired ; consequently, this last has an intrinsic value which the other does not possess.

“ This being the case, as undoubtedly it is, if peradventure any one of your relations should come to visit you in your island, you must not discountenance and affront him, but, on the contrary, let him be kindly received and entertained ; and, in so doing, you will act conformably to the will of Heaven, which is displeased at seeing his own handy-work despised ; and perform your duty to the well-concerted rights of nature.

“ If you send for your wife, and indeed those who are concerned in governing ought not to be long without their helpmates, take pains in teaching, improving, and civilizing her : for all that a sagacious governor can acquire is very often lost and squandered by a foolish rustic wife.

“ If, perchance, you should become a widower, (a circumstance that may possibly happen) and have it in your power to make a more advantageous match, you must not choose such a yokefellow as will serve for an angling hook fishing rod, or equivocating*

* The phrase *No quiero de tu capilla*, alludes to the practice of friars, who, when charity is offered,

hood: for verily I say unto thee, all that a judge's wife receives must be accounted for at the general clearance, by the husband, who will repay fourfold after death what he made no reckoning of during life.

“ Never conduct yourself by the law of your own arbitrary opinion, which is generally the case with those ignorant people who presume upon their own self-sufficiency.

“ Let the tears of the poor find more compassion in thy breast, though not more justice, than the informations of the rich.

“ Endeavour to investigate the truth from among the promises and presents of the opulent, as well as from the sighs and importunities of the needy.

“ When equity can, and ought to take place, inflict not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for severity is not more respected than compassion in the character of a judge.

“ If ever you suffer the rod of justice to be bent a little, let it not be warped by the weight of corruption, but the bowels of mercy.

“ If ever you should have an opportunity to judge the process of your enemy, recal the attention from the injury you have received, and fix it wholly upon the truth of the case.

“ In another man's cause, be not blinded by private affection; for the errors thus committed are generally incurable; or, if they admit of remedy, it will be greatly at the expense of your fortune and credit.

“ If a beautiful woman should come to demand justice, withdraw your eyes from her tears, and your hearing from her sighs, and deliberate at a distance upon the substance of her demand, unless you have a mind that your reason should be overwhelmed by her complaint, and your virtue buried in her sighs.

“ Abuse not him in word whom you are resolved to chastise in deed: for to such a wretch the pain

hold out their hoods to receive it, while they pronounce a refusal with their tongues.

of the punishment will be sufficient without the addition of reproach.

“ In judging the delinquents who shall fall under your jurisdiction, consider the miserable object man, subject to the infirmities of our depraved nature ; and, as much as lies in your power, without injury to the contrary party, display your clemency and compassion : for although the attributes of God are equally excellent, that of mercy has a better effect in our eye, and strikes with greater lustre than justice.

“ If you observe, and conduct yourself by these rules and precepts, Sancho, your days will be long upon the face of the earth ; your fame will be eternal, your reward complete, and your felicity unutterable ; your children will be married according to your wish ; they and their descendants will enjoy titles ; you shall live in peace and friendship with all mankind : when your course of life is run, death will overtake you in an happy and mature old age, and your eyes will be shut by the tender and delicate hands of your posterity, in the third or fourth generation.

“ The remarks I have hitherto made are documents touching the decoration of your soul ; and now you will listen to those that regard the ornaments of the body.”

CHAP. XI.

WHO that had heard this discourse of Don Quixote, would not have taken him for a person of sound judgment and excellent disposition ? but as we have oftentimes observed in the progress of this sublime history, his madness never appeared, except when the string of chivalry was touched : and on all other subjects of conversation, he displayed a clear and ready understanding : so that every minute his works discredit his judgment, and his judgment his works. But, in this second set of instructions com-

municated to Sancho, he discovered great ingenuity, and raised his madness and discretion to a most elevated pitch.

Sancho listened with the utmost attention, and endeavoured to retain his advice, like a man who desired to preserve it, as the infallible means to promote the happy birth of that government with which he was so far gone. Don Quixote then proceeded in these terms :

“ With respect to the government of your person and family, Sancho :—In the first place, I charge you to be cleanly, and pare your nails ; and do not let them grow like some people, whose ignorance teaches them, that long nails beautify the hand ; as if that additional excrement, which they neglect to cut, were really and truly the nail : whereas, it more nearly resembles the talons of a lizard-hunting wind-wiffer, and is a most beastly and extraordinary abuse.

“ You must never appear loose and unbuttoned ; for a slovenly dress denotes a disorderly mind ; unless that looseness and negligence be the effect of cunning, as we suppose to have been the case with Julius Cæsar.

“ Examine sagaciously the profits of your place ; and if they will afford livery to your servants, let it be rather decent and substantial, than gay and tawdry ; and be sure to divide it between your servants and the poor. For example, if you can clothe six pages, put three in livery, and clothe as many poor boys ; and then you will have pages for heaven as well as earth : now this is a method of giving livery, which the vain-glorious could never conceive.

“ Abstain from eating garlic and onions, lest your breath should discover your rusticity.

“ Walk leisurely, speak distinctly, but not so as to seem delighted with your own discourse ; for all affectation is disagreeable.

“ Dine sparingly, and eat very little at supper ; for the health of the whole body depends upon the operation of the stomach.

“ Be temperate in drinking ; and consider, that

excess of wine will neither keep a secret, nor perform a promise.

“Beware, Sancho, of chewing on both sides of your mouth, as well as eructing before company.”

“I do not understand what you mean by eructing,”

said the squire. “By eructing,” answered the knight,

“I mean belching; which, though one of the most expressive, is at the same time one of the most vulgar

terms of our language; therefore people of taste have

had recourse to the Latin tongue, saying, To eruct,

instead of To belch, and substituting eructations in

the room of belchings: and though some people may

not understand these terms, it is of small importance;

for time and use will introduce and render them in-

telligible: and this is what we call enriching the

language, over which the practice of the vulgar has

great influence.” “Truly, signor,” said Sancho, “one

of the advices and good counsels which I intend to

remember must be that of not belching; for it is a

fault of which I am very often guilty.” “Eructing,

Sancho, and not belching,” replied Don Quixote.

“Eructing it shall be henceforward,” said the squire;

“and I will take care that it shall not be forgotten.”

“Moreover, Sancho, you must not intermingle so

many proverbs with your discourse; for although

proverbs are short sentences, you very often bring

them in by the head and shoulders so preposterously,

that they look more like the ravings of distraction

than well-chosen apothegms.”

“That defect God himself must remedy,” said

Sancho; “for I have more proverbs by heart than

would be sufficient to fill a large book; and when I

speak, they crowd together in such a manner as to

quarrel for utterance; so that my tongue discharges

them just as they happen to be in the way, whether

they are or are not to the purpose: but I will take

care henceforward to throw out those that may be

suited to the gravity of my office: for, Where

there's plenty of meat, the supper will soon be com-

plete. He that shuffles does not cut. A good hand

makes a short game; and, It requires a good brain

to know when to give and retain." "Courage, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "squeeze, tack, and string your proverbs together; here are none to oppose you. My mother whips me, and I whip the top. Here am I exhorting thee to suppress thy proverbs, and in an instant thou hast spewed forth a whole litany of them, which are as foreign from the subject as an old ballad. Remember, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb properly applied is amiss, but to throw in, and string together old saws, helter skelter, renders conversation altogether mean and despicable.

"When you appear on horseback, do not lean backwards over the saddle, nor stretch out your legs stifly from the horse's belly, nor let them hang dangling in a slovenly manner, as if you was upon the back of Dapple! for some ride like jockies, and some like gentlemen.

"Be very moderate in sleeping; for he who does not rise with the sun cannot enjoy the day; and observe, O Sancho, industry is the mother of prosperity; and laziness, her opposite, never saw the accomplishment of a good wish.

"The last advice which I shall now give thee, although it does not relate to the ornament of the body, I desire thou wilt carefully remember; for, in my opinion, it will be of as much service to thee as any I have hitherto mentioned; and this it is: Never engage in a dispute upon pedigree, at least, never compare one with another; for, in all comparisons, one must of consequence be preferred to the other; and he whom you have abased will abhor you; nor will you ever reap the least return from him whom you have extolled.

"Your garb shall consist of breeches and stockings: a full waistcoat with skirts and hanging sleeves, and a loose coat; but never think of wearing trunk hose, which neither become gentlemen nor governors.

"This is all that occurs to me at present, in the way of advice; but, in process of time, my instructions shall be proportioned to thy occasions, provided

thou wilt take care to communicate, from time to time, the nature of thy situation."

"Signor," said Sancho, "I plainly perceive that all the advices you have given me are sound, and good, and profitable; but of what signification will they be if I forget them all? indeed, as for the matter of not letting my nails grow, or marrying another wife, in case I should have an opportunity, it will not easily slip out of my brain; but as to those other gallimaw-fries, quirks, and quiddities, I neither do retain them, nor shall I ever retain more of them than of last year's rain; and, therefore, it will be necessary to let me have them in writing; for though I myself can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, that he may repeat and beat them into my noddle, as there shall be occasion."

"Ah, sinner that I am!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "what a scandal it is for governors to be so ignorant that they can neither read nor write. Thou must know, Sancho, that for a man to be totally devoid of letters, or left-handed, argues either that he was descended from the very lowest and meanest of people, or that he was so wicked and stubborn, that good example and judicious precepts have had no effect upon his mind or understanding. This is a great defect in thy character, and I wish thou wouldst learn, if possible, to write thy name." "I can sign my name very well," answered Sancho, "for during my stewardship of the brotherhood, I learned to make such letters as are ruddled upon packs, and those they tell me stood for my name; besides, I can feign myself lame of my right hand, and keep a secretary to sign in my room; so that there is a remedy for every thing but death. And I, having the cudgel in my hand, will make them do as I command; for, He whose father is mayor—you know—and I shall be a governor, which is still better. Let them come and see, but not throw their squibs and slanders at me: otherwise they may come for wool, and go home shorn. The house itself will tell, if God loves its master well. A rich man's folly is wisdom in the

world's eye: now I being rich, as being governor, and liberal withal, as I intend to be, no body will spy my defects. Make yourself honey, and a clown will have flies. You are worth as much as you have, said my grannam: and might overcomes right."

"O! God's curse light on thee!" cried Don Quixote: "threescore thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! A full hour hast thou been stringing them together, and every one has been like a dagger to my soul. Take my word for it, these proverbs will bring thee one day to the gallows! for these, thy vassals will deprive thee of thy government, or at least enter into associations against thee. Tell me, numscull, where didst thou find this heap of old saws; or how didst thou learn to apply to them, wiseacre? It makes me sweat like a day-labourer to utter one proverb as it ought to be applied." "'Fore God, sir master of mine," replied Sancho, "your worship complains of mere trifles. Why the devil should you be in dudgeon with me for making use of my own: I have no other fortune or stock, but proverbs upon proverbs; and now there are no less than four at my tongue's end, that comes as pat to the purpose as pears in a basket; but, for all that, they shall not come forth; for sagacious silence is * Sancho." "That thou art not, Sancho," said the knight, "far from being sagaciously silent, thou art an obstinate and eternal babbler. Nevertheless, I would fain hear those four proverbs that are so pat to the purpose; for I have been rummaging my whole memory, which I take to be a good one, and not a proverb occurs to my recollection." "What can be better than these?" replied the squire: "Never thrust your thumb between another man's grinders; and to Get out of my house; what would you with my wife? There is no reply: Whether the stone goes to the pitcher, or the pitcher to the stone, 'ware pitcher. Now all these fit to a hair. Let no man meddle with a governor or his substitute; otherwise he will suffer, as if he had

* Instead of *saintly*.

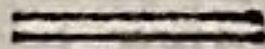
thrust his finger between two grinders; and even if they should not be grinders, if they are teeth, it makes little difference: then, to what a governor says, there is no reply to be made; no more than to get out of my house, what would you with my wife? and as to the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see the meaning of it: Wherefore, let him who spies a mote in his neighbour's eye, look first to the beam in his own, that people may not say of him, The dead mare was frightened at the flea'd mule: and your worship is very sensible that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in that of his neighbour."

"There, Sancho, you are mistaken," answered Don Quixote; "a fool knows nothing either in his own or his neighbour's house; because, no edifice of understanding can be raised upon the foundation of folly. But here let the subject rest: if thou shouldst misbehave in thy government, thine will be the fault, and mine the shame: I console myself, however, in reflecting that I have done my duty in giving thee advice, with all the earnestness and discretion in my power; so that I have acquitted myself in point of promise and obligation. God conduct thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from an apprehension I have, that I would turn the island topsy turvy; a misfortune which I might prevent, by discovering to the duke what thou art, and telling him all that paunch and corpulency of thine is no other than a bag full of proverbs and impertinence."

"Signor," replied Sancho, "if your worship really thinks I am not qualified for that government, I renounce it from henceforward, for ever, amen. I have a greater regard for a nail's breadth of my soul, than my whole body; and I can subsist as bare Sancho, upon a crust of bread and an onion, as well as governor on capons and partridges; for, while we sleep, great and small, rich and poor, are equal all. If your worship will consider, your worship will find that you yourself put this scheme of government into my head: as for my own part, I know no more

of the matter than a bastard ; and if you think the governorship will be the means of my going to the devil, I would much rather go as simple Sancho to heaven, than as a governor to hell-fire."

"Before God!" cried the knight, "from these last reflections thou hast uttered, I pronounce thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou hast an excellent natural disposition, without which all science is naught: recommend thyself to God, and endeavour to avoid errors in the first intention; I mean, let thy intention and unshaken purpose be, to deal righteously in all thy transactions; for Heaven always favours the upright design. And now let us go in to dinner; for I believe their graces wait for us."



CHAP. XII.

THE original of the history, it is said, relates that the interpreter did not translate this chapter as it had been written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who bewails his fate in having undertaken such a dry and confined history as that of Don Quixote; which obliged him to treat of nothing but the knight and his squire, without daring to launch out into other more grave and entertaining episodes and digressions. He complained, that to be thus restricted in his hand, his pen, and his invention, to one subject only, so as to be obliged to speak through the mouths of a few persons, was an insupportable toil, that produced no fruit to the advantage of the author; and that, in order to avoid this inconvenience, he had in the first part used the artifice of some novels, such as the Impertinent Curiosity, and the Captive, which were detached from the history, although many particulars there recounted are really incidents which happened to Don Quixote; and therefore, could not be suppressed. It was likewise his opinion, as he observes, that many readers, being wholly engrossed with the exploits of Don Quixote, would not bestow attention

upon novels, but pass them over either with negligence or disgust, without adverting to the spirit and artifice they contain; a truth which would plainly appear, were they to be published by themselves, independent of the madness of Don Quixote, and the simplicities of Sancho. He would not, therefore, insert in the second part any novels, whether detached or attached; but only a few episodes that seem to spring from those very incidents which truth represents; and even these as brief and concise as they could possibly be related: and since he includes and confines himself within the narrow limits of narration, though his abilities and understanding are sufficient to treat the whole universe, he hopes that his work will not be depreciated, and begs he may receive due praise, not for what he has written, but for what he has left unwritten. Then the history proceeds in this manner:

In the evening that succeeded the afternoon on which the knight admonished his squire, he gave him his admonitions in writing, that he might find some person to read them occasionally; but scarce had Sancho received, than he dropped them by accident, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who communicated the contents to the dutchess, and both admired anew the madness and ingenuity of Don Quixote. Resolving to prosecute the jest, they that very evening dismissed Sancho, with a large retinue, to the place which he supposed to be an island; the execution of the whole scheme being left to the sagacity of the duke's steward, who was a person of great humour and discretion; for without discretion there can be no humour. He it was who acted the part of the Countess Trifaldi, with that pleasantry above related. Thus qualified, and in consequence of the instructions he received from their graces, touching his behaviour to Sancho, he had performed his part to admiration. It happened, then, that Sancho no sooner beheld the said steward, than he traced in his countenance the very features of Trifaldi, and turning to his master, "Signor," said he, "the devil may fly away with me from this spot where I stand, as an

honest man, and a believer if your worship will not confess that the face of the duke's steward here present, is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna!" Don Quixote having attentively considered the steward's countenance, replied, "There is no occasion for the devil's running away with thee, Sancho, either as an honest man or a believer; (indeed I cannot guess thy meaning) for sure enough, this steward's face is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna: but, nevertheless, the steward and the duenna cannot possibly be the same person: that would imply a downright contradiction, and this is no time to set on foot such inquiries, which would entangle us in the maze of inextricable labyrinths. Believe me, friend, we ought to beseech the Lord very earnestly to deliver us from those two evils, of wicked wizards and vile enchanters." "But this is no joke," answered Sancho; "for I heard him speak a little while ago, and methought the very voice of Trifaldi sounded in mine ears. At present, however, I will hold my tongue; but nevertheless, I will keep a strict eye over him from henceforward, in order to discover some other mark, either to destroy or confirm my suspicion." "Do so, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and be sure to send me notice of the discoveries thou shalt make in this particular, as well as of every thing that shall happen to thee in the course of thine administration."

At length Sancho departed, with a numerous attendance: he was dressed like a gownman, with a long cloak of murrey-coloured camblet, and a cap of the same stuff: he rode upon a mule, with short stirrups, and was followed by Dapple, who, by the duke's express order, was adorned with rich trappings of flaming silk; so that the governor, from time to time, turned about his head to contemplate the finery of his ass, with whose company he was so well content, that he would not have exchanged it for that of the German emperor.

At parting, he kissed the hands of the duke and dutchess, and asked the benediction of his master,

which was given with tears, and received with a whimper.

Courteous reader, suffer honest Sancho to depart in peace and happy time, and lay thy account with two bushels of laughter, which will proceed from thy knowing how he behaved himself in office; and in the mean time attend to what befel his master this very night; an incident which, if it cannot excite thy laughter, will at least induce thee to grin like a monkey; for the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated either with mirth or admiration.

It is related, then, that Sancho was no sooner gone than his master became solitary, and, had it been possible, would have revoked the commission, and deprived him of his government, but the dutchess, being apprised of his melancholy, desired to know the cause, observing, that if it proceeded from Sancho's absence, there was plenty of squires, duennas, and damsels in the family, who should serve him to the satisfaction of his utmost wish. "True it is, my lady dutchess," replied Don Quixote, "I feel the absence of Sancho; but that is not the principal cause of my seeming sadness: and of all the generous proffers of your excellency, I choose to accept nothing but the good-will with which they are made; for the rest, I humbly beg your excellency will consent, and permit me to wait upon myself in my own apartment." "Truly," said the dutchess, "that must not be; Signor Dox Quixote shall be served by four of my damsels, as beautiful as roses." "With regard to me," answered the knight, "they will not be roses, but thorns to prick my very soul; and, therefore, I will as soon fly as permit them, or any thing like them, to enter my chamber. If your grace would continue to bestow your favours, which I own I do not deserve, suffer me to be private, and make use of my own doors, that I may raise a wall between my passions and my chastity; a custom which I would not forego for all the liberality which your highness is pleased to display in my behalf: and, in a word, I will rather sleep in my clothes, than consent to be

undressed by any person whatsoever." "Enough, enough, Signor Don Quixote," answered her grace; "you may depend upon it I shall give such orders, that not even a fly, much less a damsel, shall enter your apartment: I am not a person to discompose the decency of Signor Don Quixote, among whose virtues, I perceive, that of decorum shines with superior lustre. Your worship may dress and undress yourself alone, after your own fashion, when and how you please, without let or impediment; for in your chamber you will find every utensil suited to those who sleep under lock and key, without being obliged to open upon any necessary occasion. Long live the great Dulcinea del Toboso, and may her fame be extended around the whole circumference of the earth, seeing she is worthy to be beloved by a knight of such valour and chastity; and may propitious Heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a promptitude to finish his flagellation, that the world may soon re-enjoy the beauty of such an excellent lady." To this compliment the knight replied, "Your highness hath spoken like yourself; for from the mouths of such benevolent ladies nothing evil can proceed: and Dulcinea will be more fortunate, and more renowned through the world, by your grace's approbation, than by all the applause of the greatest orators upon earth."

"Well then, Signor Don Quixote," answered the dutchess, "it is now supper-time, and the duke probably stays for us; let us go and sup, therefore, that you may be a-bed betimes; for your journey to Candaya was not so short, but that it must have fatigued your worship in some measure." "Madam," replied Don Quixote, "I feel no sort of weariness; and I swear to your excellency, that in my life I never crossed a better or easier-going steed than Clavileno; nor can I conceive what should induce Malambruno to deprive himself of such a light and gentle carriage, by burning it without scruple or hesitation." "As to that particular," said the dutchess, "we may suppose, that, repenting of the injury he

had done to the countess and her company, as well as to other people, and being sorry for the mischief he must certainly have produced as a wizard and enchanter, he resolved to destroy all the instruments of his art : as the principal of these, which gave him the greatest uneasiness, because it had transported him from place to place in his operations, he burned Clavileno, that by means of his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, the valour of Don Quixote might be eternized."

The knight made fresh acknowledgments of her grace's politeness, and after supper retired to his apartment, without suffering any person to accompany or minister unto his occasions ; so much was he afraid of meeting with trials, which might provoke or compel him to forego the chastity and decorum which he had hitherto preserved for his mistress Dulcinea, ever schooling his imagination with the exemplary virtue of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knight-errantry.

Having locked the door behind him, he undressed himself by the light of two wax tapers, and in the course of this occupation (O misfortune, ill decreed to such a personage !) forth broke—not a volley of sighs, or any thing else to discredit the purity of his politeness, but about two dozen of stitches in one stocking, which being thus torn, resembled a lattice ; a mishap which was the source of extreme affliction to our worthy signor, who, on this occasion, would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk ; for his stockings were of that colour.

Here Benengeli exclaims, " O poverty, poverty ! I know not what should induce the great Cordovan poet to call thee an holy, unrequited gift. I, though a moor, am very sensible, from my correspondence with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, poverty, and obedience : yet, nevertheless, I will affirm that he must be holy indeed, who can sit down content with poverty, unless we mean that kind of poverty, to which one of the greatest saints alludes, when he says, possess all things

as not possessing them: and this is called spiritual poverty. But thou second poverty, which is the cause I spoke of, why wouldst thou assault gentlemen of birth rather than any other class of people? Why dost thou compel them to cobble their shoes and wear upon their coats one button of silk, another of hair, and a third of glass? Why must their ruffs be generally yellow and ill-starched?" (* By the bye, from this circumstance we learn the antiquity of ruffs and starch.) But thus he proceeds; "O wretched man of noble pedigree! who is obliged to administer cordials to his honour, in the midst of hunger and solitude, by playing the hypocrite with a toothpick, which he affects to use in the street, though he has eat nothing to require that act of cleanliness: wretched he! I say, whose honour is ever apt to be startled, and thinks that every body at a league's distance observes the patch upon his shoe, his greasy hat, and thread-bare cloak, and even the hunger that predominates in his belly."

All these reflections occurred to Don Quixote when he tore his stockings; but he consoled himself for the misfortune, when he perceived that Sancho had left behind him a pair of travelling-boots, which he resolved to wear next day: finally, he crept into bed, where he lay pensive and melancholy, as well for the absence of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, which he would have gladly mended, even with silk of a different colour; one of the greatest marks of misery which a gentleman can exhibit in the course of his tedious poverty. After having extinguished the lights, he found the weather so hot that he could not sleep: he therefore arose again, and opened the casement of a grated window that looked

* Cervantes has been frequently caught napping, and here in particular; how could this be any proof of the antiquity of ruffs, when the adventure happened after the first part of Don Quixote was published? But perhaps this is no other than an ironical animadversion upon the trifling discoveries of antiquarians.

into a fine garden : then it was, that perceiving and hearing people walking and talking together, he began to listen attentively, while those below spoke so loud that he heard the following dialogue :

“ Do not, O Emerencia, press me to sing ; for well thou knowest, that from the moment this stranger entered the castle, and mine eyes beheld his merit, instead of singing, I can do nothing but weep : besides, my lady’s sleep is rather slight than profound ; and I would not for all the wealth in the world that her grace should find us here.— Moreover, suppose she should still sleep on, without waking, vain would be my song, unless it should awake, and attract the attention of this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories, in order to leave me forlorn.” “ Let not these suppositions have any weight with you, my dear Altisidora,” replied another voice : “ the dutchess is doubtless asleep, and every body in the house, except the lord of your heart, and watchman of your soul, who must certainly be awake ; for I just now heard him open the casement in his apartment : sing, therefore, my disastrous friend, in a low, sweet, and plaintive tone to the sound of thy harp : and should the dutchess overhear us, we will lay the blame upon the heat of the weather.” “ That is not the cause of my hesitation, O Emerencia!” replied Altisidora ; “ but I am afraid that my song will disclose the situation of my heart, and I myself be censured, by those who never felt the almighty power of love, as a light and liquorish damsel ; but come what will ; better have a hot face than a heavy heart.” At that instant a harp was ravishingly touched ; and Don Quixote hearing the sound, was struck with amazement ; for his imagination was instantly filled with an infinity of similar adventures of rails and gardens, serenades, courtships, and swoonings, which he had read in his vain books of chivalry ; and he concluded that some damsel of the dutchess was enamoured of him, but that modesty compelled her to keep her inclinations secret. Possessed of this no-

tion, he began to be afraid of his virtue; but he resolved in his own mind to hold out to the last; and, recommending himself with all his soul and spirit to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, determined to listen to the song. With a view, therefore, to let them know he was there, he pretended to sneeze, a circumstance which not a little pleased the damsels, who desired nothing so much as that Don Quixote should hear them. Then the harp being tuned, Altisidora, after a flourish, began the following ditty:—

SONG.

O THOU! who now a-bed,
In Holland sheets are laid,
And sleep'st from night till morn,
Untouch'd by care and scorn;
The knight of greatest worth
La Mancha e'er brought forth;
More chaste an hundred-fold,
Than pure Arabian gold;
O hear an hapless maid,
By cruel love betray'd!
The flame of thy two suns,
Hath scorch'd her to the bones!
Thou, seeking thy own foe,
Hast found another's woe:
Thou gav'st the wound, and sure
Wilt not refuse the cure.
O tell me, valiant youth,
(So God shall prosper truth)
Wast thou in deserts bred,
Or among mountains fed?
Did serpents give thee suck,
On some bleak, barren rock,
Deep in the wild recess
Of forest or morass?
Dulcinea fat and fair,
May boast her shape and air,
That in subjection hold
A tiger fierce and bold.

Her fame shall live in stanza
From Ebro to Arlanza,
From Tagus to Henarez
From Seine to Manganarez.
Would I her place could fill,
I'd give her for good-will
My gayest petticoat
With golden fringes wrought.
How happy then should I
In thine embraces lie?
Or on some cushion loll,
And scratch thy valiant poll.
Such joys are far above
The merits of thy love;
Let me then, bending low,
With rapture kiss thy toe.
What presents would be made,
Of satin and brocade!
I'd give thee shoes and socks,
Silk hose with silver clocks:
Of cash uncounted sums,
And pearls as big as plumbs,
So precious, each would sell
As perfect nonpareil.
Manchegan Nero say,
Dost thou aloof survey
The flames that rage and smart
Within my love-sick heart?
A maid, I vow and swear,
Young, tender, and sincere;
As yet I have not seen
The borders of fifteen.
My sides are not awry,
Nor lame, nor blind, am I:
My locks with ribands bound,
Like lilies, sweep the ground:
My nose is flat 'tis true,
And eke my mouth askew;
But teeth as topaz fine,
Complete my charms divine:
My voice, as you may hear,
Is tuneful, sweet, and clear:

My temper soft and good,
If rightly understood.
These beauties all so clever,
Are yielded to thy quiver,
And I who tell my story,
Am called Altisidora.

Here ended the song of the hapless Altisidora, and here began the horror of the courted Don Quixote, who, fetching a heavy sigh, said within himself, "What an unfortunate errant am I, whom no damsel can behold without being enamoured of my person! and how hapless is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, who cannot enjoy my incomparable constancy without a rival! Queens, what would you have? Emperresses, why do you persecute her beauty? Damsels of fifteen, why do you molest such virtue? Leave, leave, I say, that wretched lady to taste, enjoy, and triumph in the lot which love hath decreed her, by subduing my heart, and captivating my soul. Take notice, enamoured tribe, that to Dulcinea alone I am sugar paste, but flint to all the rest of her sex: to her I am honey, but gall and bitterness to such as you. In my eye, Dulcinea alone is beauteous, wise, gay, chaste, and well-born; but all others are homely, foolish, idle, and of humble birth. To be her slave, and her's alone, nature has thrown me into the world: Altisidora may weep or sing; and that lady may despair, on whose account I was pummelled in the castle of the enchanted moor; Dulcinea's I am resolved to be, boiled or roasted, neat, chaste, and well-bred, in spite of all the witchcraft upon earth." So saying, he shut the casement with a slap, and retired to bed in as much anxiety and concern as if some great misfortune had befallen him. There, then, we will leave him for the present, as we are summoned by the mighty Panza, who is impatient to begin his famous administration.

CHAP. XIII.

O THOU ! perpetual explorer of the Antipodes, torch of nature, eye of heaven, and agreeable motive for wine-cooling jars ; Thymbrius here, Phœbus there, archer in one place, physician in another, father of poetry, and inventor of music ; thou who always risest, but never settest, although thou seem'st to set. Thee I invoke, O sun ! by whose assistance man is by man engendered ; thee I implore, that thou wouldst favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, and enable me to write with precision an account of the great Sancho Panza's administration : for without thy aid, I find myself lukewarm, feeble, and confused.

To begin then : Sancho, with his whole retinue, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, one of the best in the duke's possession ; which they told Sancho was called the island Barataria, either because the name of the place was really Barataria, or because he had very * cheaply purchased the government. When he reached the gates of the town, which was walled, the magistrates came forth to receive him, the bells were set a ringing, and the inhabitants, with expressions of universal joy, conducted him with vast pomp to the great church, in order to return thanks to Heaven for his safe arrival ; then, with some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the island Barataria.

The equipage, matted beard, corpulency, and diminutive stature of the new governor, furnished food for admiration to every body who did not know the juggle of the contrivance ; aye, and even to those acquainted with the mystery, who were not a few. In fine, they carried him from the church to the town-hall, and placing him upon the bench, the duke's steward addressed himself to the governor

* Barato signifies cheap.

in these words:—"It is an ancient custom in this famous island, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of it, is obliged to answer some difficult and intricate questions that shall be put to him, and by his response the inhabitants feel the pulse of their new governor's genius, according to which they rejoice or pine at his arrival." While the steward pronounced this address, Sancho was contemplating a number of large letters written upon the wall that fronted his tribunal, and as he could not read, he desired to know the meaning of that painting on the wall. "In that place, my lord," replied the steward, "is written and recorded the day on which your excellency has taken possession of this island, for the inscription runs, On such a day, and such a month, Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy the government thereof." "And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" said the governor. "Who, but your excellency?" answered the steward; "for this island never saw any other Panza than him who sits on that tribunal." "Take notice then, brother," replied Sancho, "the Don belongs not to me, nor did it ever belong to any of my generation. Simple Sancho is my name; so was my father called, and so my grandfather; and they were all Panzas, without addition of Don or Donna; and I begin to imagine there are as many Dons as stones in this island—but no more of that: God knows my meaning: and peradventure, if my government lasts above three days, I shall weed out these Dons, which from their swarms must be as troublesome as vermin. But pray, Mr. Steward, proceed with your question, which I shall answer to the best of my understanding, whether the townsmen should repine, or not repine."

At that instant two men entered the hall, one in the habit of a labouring man, and the other a tailor, with shears in his hand, who approaching the bench, "My lord governor," said he, "this countryman and I are come before your lordship about an affair which I am going to explain. This honest man comes yes-

terday to my shop, for, saving your presence, I am an examined tailor, God be praised! and putting a remnant of cloth in my hand, 'Gaffer,' said he, 'is there stuff enough here to make me a cap?' I, having handled the piece, replied yes: now, he supposing, as I suppose, and to be sure it was a right supposition, that I wanted to cabbage part of the stuff, grounding his suspicion on his own deceit, and the bad character of us tailors, desired I would see if there was enough for two caps; and I, guessing his thoughts, answered yes: and so my gentleman, persisting in his first and evil intention, went on, adding cap to cap; and I proceeded to answer yes, till the number increased to five caps. This very moment he called for them, and when I produced them, he not only refused to pay me for my work, but even demanded that I should either restore the cloth, or pay him the price of it." "Is this really the case, brother?" said Sancho. "Yes, my lord," replied the countryman; "but I beg your lordship would order him to shew what sort of caps he has made." "With all my heart," cried the tailor, who immediately pulling out his hand from under his cloak, produced five small caps fixed upon the tops of his four fingers and thumb; saying, "Here are the five caps which this honest man desired me to make; as I shall answer to God and my own conscience, there is not a scrap of the stuff remaining; and I am willing to submit the work to the inspection of the masters of the company." All the people in court laughed at the number of caps, and the novelty of the dispute, which Sancho having considered for a few moments, "Methinks," said he, "this suit requires no great discussion, but may be equitably determined out of hand: and, therefore, my determination is, that the tailor shall lose his work, and the countryman forfeit his cloth; and that the caps should be distributed among the poor prisoners, without farther hesitation."

If the sentence he afterwards passed upon the herdsman's purse, excited the admiration of the spectators, this decision provoked their laughter:

nevertheless they executed the orders of their governor, before whom two old men now presented themselves, one of them having a cane, which he used as a walking-staff. The other making up to the governor, "My lord," said he, "some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and assist him in an emergency, on condition that he should pay them upon demand; and, for a good while, I never asked my money, that I might not put him to greater inconvenience in repaying, than that which he felt when he borrowed the sum; but as he seemed to neglect the payment entirely, I have demanded the money again and again, and he not only refuses to refund, but also denies that I ever lent him the ten crowns; or, if I did, he says he is sure they were repaid: now I having no witnesses to prove the loan, nor he evidence of the repayment, for indeed they never were repaid, I intreat your lordship to take his oath, and if he swears the money was returned, I here forgive him the debt, in the presence of God." "What have you to say to this charge, honest Gaffer with the staff?" said Sancho. "My lord," replied the senior, "I confess he lent me the money; and since he leaves the matter to my oath, if your lordship will lower your rod of justice, I will make affidavit that I have really and truly returned and repaid the sum I borrowed." The governor, accordingly, lowering his wand, the defendant desired the plaintiff to hold his cane until he should make oath, because it encumbered him; then laying his hand upon the cross of the rod, he declared that the other had indeed lent him those ten crowns which he now demanded; but that he, the borrower, had returned them into the lender's own hand, and he supposed he dunned him in this manner, because he had forgot that circumstance. This oath being administered, the great governor asked what further the creditor had to say to the allegation of the other party? and he answered, that, doubtless, the defendant had spoke the truth; for he looked upon him as an honest man and a good Christian; and that he himself must have forgot the par-

particulars of the payment, he would never demand it from thenceforward. Then the defendant, taking back his cane, and making his obeisance, quitted the court; while Sancho, seeing him retire in this manner, and perceiving the resignation of the plaintiff, hung down his head a little, and laying the fore-finger of his right hand on one side of his nose, continued in this musing posture for a very small space of time: then raising his head, he ordered them to call back the old man with the staff, who had retired. He was accordingly brought before Sancho, who said to him, "Honest friend, lend me that staff, I have occasion for it." "With all my heart, my lord," replied the elder, reaching it to the judge: then Sancho took and delivered it to the plaintiff, saying, "Now go your ways a-God's name, you are fully paid." "How, my lord," said the old man, "is this cane then worth ten crowns of gold?" "Yes," replied the governor, "otherwise I am the greatest dunce in nature: and now it shall appear whether or not I have a noddle sufficient to govern a whole kingdom." So saying, he ordered the cane to be broke in public; and when, in consequence of his command, it was split asunder, ten crowns of gold were found in the heart of it, to the astonishment of all the spectators, who looked upon their new governor as another Solomon. When he was asked how he could conceive, that the money was in the cane, he answered, that seeing the deponent give his staff to the other party before he made the oath, then hearing him declare that he had really and truly returned the money; and lastly, perceiving that after his deposition he took back the staff, it came into his head, that the money was concealed within the cane. And, in this instance, we see that governors, though otherwise fools, are sometimes directed in their decisions by the hand of God: besides, Sancho had heard such a story told by the curate of his village, and his memory was so tenacious, in retaining every thing he wanted to remember, that there was not such another in the whole island. Finally, the two old men went away; the one overwhelmed

with shame, and the other miraculously repaid ; the by-standers were astonished : and he whose province it was to record the sayings, actions, and conduct, of Sancho, could not determine in his own mind, whether he should regard and report him as a simpleton or as a sage.

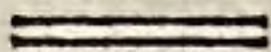
This suit being determined, a woman came into court, holding fast by a man habited like a rich herdsman, and exclaiming with great vociferation, " Justice, my lord governor ! justice, which if I find not on earth, I will go in quest of to heaven ! My lord governor of my soul, this wicked man has forced me in the middle of a field, and made use of my body, as if it had been a dirty dish-clout : alack ! and a-well-a-day ! he has robbed me of that which I had preserved for three and twenty years, in spite of moors and Christians, natives and foreigners : and have I, who was always as hard as a cork-tree, maintained my virtue entire, like a salamander in the midst of flames, or wool among brambles, to be handled by the clean hands of this Robin Goodfellow ? " " That must be inquired into," said Sancho, " whether the gallant's hands be clean or no." Then turning to the man, he asked what he had to say to the complaint of that woman ? To this question the culprit replied with great perturbation, " My lord, I am a poor herdsman who deal in swine, and this morning went to market, saving your presence, with four hogs, and the duties and extortions, and one thing and another ran away with almost all they were worth ; and so, in my return, I lighted on this honest damsel in the road ; and the devil, who will always meddle and make, and have his finger in every pie, yoked us together : I paid her handsomely ; but she, not satisfied, laid fast hold on me, nor would she quit her hold, until she had brought me hither : she alleges I forced her ; but by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lies : and this is the whole truth, without the least crum of prevarication." Then the governor asked if he had any money about him ; and when he owned he had a leathern purse with twenty ducats in his bosom, Sancho ordered

him to pull it out, and deliver the whole to the complainant. The man obeyed this command with fear and trembling; the woman received the money, and making a thousand curtsies to all the by-standers, prayed God would preserve the life and health of my lord governor, who took such care of damsels and orphans in necessity. So saying, she went away, holding the purse with both hands, though not before she had examined the contents. Scarce had she quitted the court, when Sancho said to the herdsman, who stood with tears in his eyes, sending his heart, and many a long look, after his purse, "Hark ye, friend, go after that woman, and take the purse from her, either by fair means or force, and bring it hither to me." This command was not imposed upon one that was either deaf or doating; for he darted like lightning, in order to put it in execution: while all the spectators waited in suspense to see the issue of the suit. In a little time the parties returned, but more closely engaged, and clinging faster together than before, she with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse in her lap, and he struggling to no purpose to take it from her; so vigorously did she defend her acquisition, crying aloud, "Justice, in the name of God and his creatures! Take notice, my lord governor, of the impudence and presumption of this miscreant, who in the very face of the people, and the middle of the street, wanted to rob me of the purse which I received by your lordship's decree. "Has he taken it from you then?" said the governor. "Taken it from me!" replied the wench; "I'll sooner part with my life than with my purse. I should be a precious ninny indeed! otherguise cats must scratch my beard, and not such a pitiful muck-worm as he. Pincers and hammers, mallets and chissels, should not tear it out of my clutches; no, not the claws of a lion: my soul and body shall rather be tore asunder." "It is even so," said the man; "I submit as the weaker vessel, and own I have not strength enough to recover my purse." He quitted her accordingly. Then the governor said to the woman, "Come hither my virtuous

and spirited dame ; let me see thy purse." Which, when she delivered it, he restored to the man ; and, turning to the wench, who was too forceful to be forced, " Sister of mine," quoth he, " if you had exerted the same vigour and perseverance, or even half so much, in preserving your chastity as you have shewn in defending the purse, the force of Hercules would not have forced you. Begone, a-God's name ! begone, I say, with a vengeance, and never more appear in this island, or within six leagues of it, on pain of receiving two hundred stripes. Begone immediately, you chattering, shameless impostor." The woman, terrified at his menaces, sneaked off, hanging her head, and discontented ; and the governor spoke to the man in these words : " Honest friend, get you home with your money, in the name of God : and, unless you are inclined to lose it again, from henceforward avoid all temptations to yoke with any woman whatsoever."

The herdsman thanked him as sheepishly as he could, and went away ; and the audience were struck with admiration afresh, at the judgment and decisions of their new governor ; every circumstance of which being recorded by his historiographer, was immediately communicated to the duke, who waited for the account with the utmost impatience.

But here let honest Sancho rest a little : for we are summoned in all haste by his master, who is greatly disturbed by the music of Altisidora.



CHAP. XIV.

WE left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in those cogitations that were suggested by the music of the enamoured damsel Altisidora. With these companions he crept into bed ; but, as if they had been fleas and vermin, they would not suffer him to sleep, or indeed enjoy a moment's repose, especially when reinforced with the reflection of his wounded

stocking. But as Time is so light and nimble, that no rub can retard his career, he galloped along upon the hours, and soon ushered in the morning, which was no sooner beheld by the knight, than he forsook the gentle down, and being the reverse of lazy, dressed himself in his shamoy suit. He put on his travelling boots to conceal the misfortune of his hose; threw his scarlet cloke over his shoulder, cased his head in a green velvet cap, trimmed with silver, slung his trusty hanging sword in his buff-belt, took up his large rosary, which always depended from his wrist, and with great port and solemnity went forth into the hall, where the duke and dutchess, already dressed, staid for him. As he passed through a gallery, he perceived Altisidora, and the other maiden, her friend, who stood waiting for his appearance; and he was no sooner beheld by the love-sick damsel than she pretended to faint away; while her companion received her in her arms, and with all possible dispatch began to unclasp her bosom. The knight, seeing her fall, approached the place where they were, saying, "I know whence these accidents proceed." And the companion replied, "I do not know whence—for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel of the whole family; and I never knew her so much as fetch a sigh from the first minute of our acquaintance. Ill betide all the knights-errant in the world if they are so shy and scornful. Signor Don Quixote, I wish your worship would leave the place: for this poor girl will not come to herself while you stand here." To this intreaty the knight replied, "Be so good, madam, as to order a lute to be left in my apartment; and at night I will to the best of my power console this unfortunate damsel: for a speedy explanation in the beginning is often an effectual cure for those who are indiscreetly in love." So saying, he went away, that he might not be observed in conference with the damsels; and scarce was he gone, when the swooning Altisidora, coming to herself, said to her companion, "It will be requisite to leave the lute: for, doubtless, Don Quixote intends to enter-

tain us with music, which cannot be bad if he is the performer." Then they went and gave an account of what had passed, and in particular of the lute, to the dutchess, who was rejoiced beyond measure, and concerted with her lord, and her women, how to execute another joke which should be more merry than mischievous. This being accordingly contrived, they with great glee waited for night; and it came posting along in the same pace that brought in the day, which their graces spent in savoury discourse with Don Quixote. On this day, the dutchess really and truly dispatched one of her pages, who had acted the part of the enchanted Dulcinea in the wood, to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and a bundle, which he had left on purpose to be sent home; and the messenger had particular orders to bring back a circumstantial detail of every thing that should pass between him and the governor's lady.

This step being taken, and the hour of eleven at night arrived, Don Quixote found a lute in his apartment; this he tuned, and having opened the window, perceived people walking below in the garden: he immediately ran over the strings of his instrument, making as good a prelude as he could, then hemming and clearing his pipes, he with a hoarse, though not untuneful voice, sung the following sonnet, which he had that very day composed.

SONG.

LOVE, with idleness combin'd,
Will unbinge the tender mind:
But to few, to work and move,
Will exclude the force of love.
Blooming maids that would be married,
Must in virtue be unwearied:
Modesty a dow'r will raise,
And be trumpet of their praise.
A cavalier will sport and play
With a damsel frank and gay:

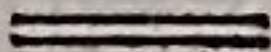
But, when wedlock is his aim,
Choose a maid of sober fame.
Passion kindled in the breast,
By a stranger or a guest,
Enters with the rising sun,
And fleets before his race be run:
Love that comes so suddenly,
Ever on the wing to fly,
Neither can nor will impart
Strong impressions to the heart.
Pictures drawn on pictures, shew
Strange confusion to the view:
Second beauty finds no base,
Where a first has taken place;
Then Dulcinea still shall reign
Without a rival or a stain;
Nor shall fate itself controul
Her sway, or blot her from my soul.
Constancy, the lover's boast,
I'll maintain whate'er it cost:
This my virtue will refine;
This will stamp my joys divine.

So far had Don Quixote proceeded with his song, which was overheard by the duke and dutchess, Altisidora, and almost all the people in the castle, when all of a sudden, from the top of a corridor immediately above Don Quixote's window, came down a cord, to which above an hundred horse-bells were tied; and after these was discharged a whole sackful of cats, with smaller bells fastened to their tails. Such was the noise occasioned by the tinkling of these bells, and the mewling of the cats, that even the duke and dutchess, who invented the joke, were terrified and confounded, and Don Quixote astonished and dismayed; especially when two or three cats chanced to enter his window, and coursed up and down through his apartment, which seemed to be haunted by a whole legion of devils: for they extinguished the lights, and ran to and fro, endeavouring to escape, while the rope with the large bells was lowering

down, and pulling up incessantly ; so that the greatest part of the people in the family, who were ignorant of the scheme, listened with fear and admiration. Then Don Quixote starting up, and unsheathing his sword, began to fence with the window, exclaiming aloud, "Avaunt, malignant enchanter! avaunt, ye wizard crew! for I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, against whom your whole power and malice shall not avail." So saying, he laid about him among the cats which had entered his apartments ; and they sprung towards the casement, from whence two of them made their escape ; but the third, finding itself hard pressed by the valour and backstrokes of the knight, flew at his face, and laid fast hold on his nose with its teeth and claws. The pain of this assault affected Don Quixote in such a manner, that he began to roar with vast vociferation, which being heard by the duke and dutchess, who guessed the cause of his cries, they ran instantly to his chamber, which they opened with a master key ; and lights being brought, they found the poor knight endeavouring with all his strength to disengage the cat from his visage. Seeing the unequal fray, they made haste to part the combatants ; when Don Quixote called aloud, "Let no man part us ; but leave me hand to hand with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter ; and I will make him sensible of the difference between him and me, who am Don Quixote de La Mancha." The cat, however, without minding his threats, stuck fast to his nose ; but, at length, the duke tore it away, and threw it out at the window : so that the knight remained with his face like a sieve, and his nose in no very sound condition ; though he was very much dissatisfied, that they would not suffer him to finish the engagement he had so obstinately maintained with that felonious enchanter.

Oil of Aparicio was immediately fetched, and Altisidora herself, with her snowy hands, applied the balsam, saying in a low voice as she bound up his wounds, "All these misadventures befall thee, hard-hearted knight, as a punishment for thy cruelty and

disdain; and God grant thy squire Sancho may forget to scourge himself, that thy so much beloved Dulcinea may never be disenchanted, nor thou enjoy her as a wedded wife; at least during the life of me, by whom thou art adored." To all this apostrophe Don Quixote answered not a word; but heaving a profound sigh, laid himself along in his bed, and thanked their graces for this instance of their concern; not that he was afraid of such a cattish enchanting and bell-ringing crew; but on account of the kind intention they had manifested, in coming to his relief. As for the duke and dutchess, they left him to his repose, and went away extremely sorry for the unfortunate issue of their joke; for they did not think Don Quixote would have suffered so terribly by the adventure, which cost him five days confinement in his bed, where he was engaged in another still more diverting; which, however, the historian will not at present recount, that he may return to Sancho Panza, who proceeded in his administration with equal pleasantry and solicitude.



CHAP XV.

THE history relates, that, from the town-hall Sancho Panza was conducted to a sumptuous palace, in the great hall of which was a royal table most elegantly furnished: when the governor entered, the waits struck up, and four pages came forth and presented him with water for his hands, which he received with great solemnity; then the music ceasing, he took his place at the upper end of the table, which was accommodated with one seat only, and a cover for himself alone; while close by him stood a personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, with a rod of whalebone in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth that covered the fruit, and a great variety of dishes: one who looked like a student said grace; a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho's chin; and

another person, who acted the part of sewer, set a plate of fruit before the governor; but scarce had he swallowed a mouthful, when the doctor, touching the said plate with his wand, it was snatched from him in the twinkling: the sewer presented him with another dish, which the governor resolved to prove; but before he could finger or taste it, the plate being also touched by the wand, one of the pages conveyed it away with incredible dispatch, to the amazement of Sancho, who, looking round him, asked if he must be obliged to eat like a juggler, by slight of hand?

To this interrogation, he of the wand replied: "My lord governor must, in eating, conform to the use and customs of other islands where governors reside. I, my lord, enjoy a salary as physician to the governors of this island, and take more care of their health than of my own; studying night and day, and considering the governor's constitution, that I may be able to cure him, in case he should be taken ill; but the principal part of my office is to be present at his meals, where I allow him to eat what I think will agree with his complexion, and restrain him from that which I conceive will be hurtful and prejudicial to his stomach. I, therefore, ordered the fruit to be removed, because it is dangerously moist; and, likewise, commanded the other dish to be conveyed away, because it is excessively hot, as containing a number of spices, which create thirst, and copious drinking drowns and destroys the radical moisture, which is the essence of life." "By that way of reasoning," said Sancho, "that there dish of roasted partridges, which seem to be very well seasoned, will do me no harm." To this hint the physician replied, "Of these my lord governor shall not eat while there is breath in my body." "And pray for what reason?" said the governor. "Because our master, Hippocrates, the north-star and luminary of physic, expressly says, in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdix autem pessima*; that is, All repletion is bad, but that with partridge worst of all." "If that be the case," said Sancho, "good Mr. Doctor, pray examine all the

messes on the table, so as to point out that which will do me least harm and most good, that I may eat without fear of conjuration ; for, by the life of the governor, and as God shall prolong it ! I am ready to die of hunger ; and to deny me victuals, even though Signor Doctor should prescribe fasting, and say a thousand things in its praise, will, instead of preserving my health, deprive me of life entirely."

"Your lordship is very much in the right," replied the physician : "and to begin, I would not have you touch these ragoo'd rabbits, because they are a sharp-haired food : of that veal, indeed, you might pick a little, if it was not roasted *a-la-daube* ; but as it is, touch it not." "The dish that smokes yonder," said Sancho, "seems to be an olla podrida, and considering the variety of ingredients of which these ollas are composed, surely I cannot fail to light on something that will be both savoury and wholesome. "Absit !" cried the physician, "far from us be such a thought. There is not a more pernicious nutriment upon the face of the earth : leave your ollas to canons, rectors of colleges, and country weddings ; but let them never appear upon the tables of governors, where elegance and neatness ought to reign. The reason is clear ; at all times, in all places, and by all the learned, simple medicines are more esteemed than those that are compound : for, in the first, no mistakes can be committed ; whereas, in the other, numberless errors may take place, in the quantity and proportion of the ingredients ; but what I would advise my lord governor to eat at present, in order to preserve and corroborate his health, is about an hundred confected wafers, and a few thin slices of quinces, which will sit easy on his stomach, and assist digestion."

Sancho, hearing this prescription, threw himself backwards in his chair, and surveying the physician from head to foot, asked in a grave and solemn tone, what was his name, and where he had studied ? To this question the other replied, "I, my lord govern

or, am called doctor Pedro Positive de Bode-well,* native of a place called Snatchaway, on the right-hand between Caraque! and Almodobar del Campo; and I took my doctor's degree at the university of Ossuna." To this declaration Sancho replied in a rage, "Hark ye then, Mr. Doctor Pedro Positive de Bode-ill, native of Snatchaway, which is on the right-hand as we go from Caraque! to Almodobar del Campo, graduate of Ossuna, get out of my presence this instant, or, by the body of the sun! I will snatch up a cudgel, and beginning with you, employ it in such a manner, as not to leave a physician on the whole island; of those I mean who are ignorant fellows; as for the learned, virtuous, and discreet members of the faculty, I will place them on my head, in token of respect, and honour them as things divine. But, I say again, begone Doctor Pedro Positive, or positively, I will take up this chair on which I sit, and make immediate application to your skull: and should I be called to account for it, when I resign my government, I will exculpate myself by proving that I have done service to God in slaying a wicked physician, who was a scandal to the commonwealth. Let me have something to eat, therefore, or take back your government; for a post that will not afford victuals, is not worth a pease-cod."

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor in such a passion, and was going to snatch himself away from his presence, when, at the very instant, their ears were saluted with the noise of a post boy's horn in the street; and the gentleman-sewer going to the window, informed the governor that there was a courier arrived from my lord duke, with some dispatches of importance. Accordingly, the messenger entered the hall, sweating, with marks of consternation in his countenance; and taking a packet out of

* The Spanish name is *Pedro Rezio de Aguero*; which, together with *Tirte Afuera*, the place of his nativity, I have translated into English, that the humour may be better understood.

his bosom, delivered it into the hands of the governor, who gave it to the steward, with orders to read the superscription, which ran thus: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island Baratania, to be delivered into his own hand, or that of his secretary." Sancho hearing the direction, "Who is my secretary?" said he. One of the people who were present answered, "I am secretary, my lord; for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan." "Nay, with that addition," said Sancho, "you might be secretary to the emperor himself: open this packet, and see what it contains." The new-born secretary obeyed the command; and having perused the contents, told his excellency it was business for his private ear. Then Sancho ordered every body to quit the place, except the steward and gentleman-sewer: accordingly, the rest retired, with the doctor at their head: and the secretary recited the letter to this effect:—

"I HAVE received information, Signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island, intend one of these nights to give thee a furious assault; you will, therefore, be vigilant and alert, that they may not find you unprepared. I am likewise informed, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise have entered the town, with intention to take away your life, as they dread the extent of your abilities: be upon your guard, therefore, examine every person who comes to speak with you, and taste nothing that comes in a present. I will take care to reinforce you, should you stand in need of assistance; meanwhile, you will act in every thing according to the good opinion I have of your understanding.

"Your friend,

From my Castle, August 16th, THE DUKE.
At four in the morning.

This epistle overwhelmed Sancho with astonishment, which the rest pretended to share; and, turning to the steward, "What is to be done," said he,

“and that immediately, is to confine Doctor Positive in a dungeon; for if any body has a design to take away my life, he is the man; aye, and by the most pitiful and worst of all deaths; namely, hunger.” “True,” replied the gentleman-sewer: “and in my opinion, your lordship ought not to eat any of the victuals now on the table, for they were a present from certain nuns, and, as the saying is, ‘The devil skulks behind the cross.’” “That is a truth not to be denied,” said Sancho: “but, in the mean time, let me have a luncheon of bread, and about four pounds of raisins, which cannot be poisoned: for, really and truly, I cannot live without eating; and if we must be prepared for those battles with which we are threatened, at least let us be well fed; for the stomach supports the heart, and not the heart the stomach. You, secretary, must write an answer to my lord duke; and tell him his commands shall be obeyed to a tittle. You shall likewise make my compliments to my lady dutchess, beseeching her in my name to remember to send an express, with my letter and bundle, to my wife, Teresa Panza; in so doing, she will lay me under great obligation, and I shall take care to be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. By the bye, you may thrust in a how d’ye to my master, Don Quixote de La Mancha, that he may see I am not of an ungrateful leaven: and you, as a faithful secretary, and honest Biscayan, may add what you shall think proper, and most likely to turn out to advantage. At present, take away these things, and let me have something to eat; and I shall manage any spies, murderers, or enchanters, that may presume to attack me or my island.”

Here he was interrupted by a page, who, coming into the hall, told him there was a countryman without, who wanted to speak with his lordship upon some business of the utmost importance. “Those people of business are strange fellows,” said Sancho; “is it possible they are so ignorant, as not to see that this is not a proper hour for the transaction of business? Mayhap they think we governors and judges

are not made of flesh and blood, and therefore, require no time for refreshment, any more than if we were created of marble. As I shall answer to God! if my government holds (though I begin to perceive it will not be of long duration), I will sit upon the skirts* of more than one of these men of business. At present, tell that honest man to come; but, first of all, take care that he is not one of the spies or murderers." "There is no occasion, my lord," answered the page; "for he seems to be a simple soul, and either I am very much mistaken, or he is as honest as a well-weighed loaf." "While we are present," said the steward, "there is nothing to fear." "Mr. Sewer," said Sancho, "now that Doctor Pedro Positive is not here, might not I eat something substantial, even though it should be nothing better than a luncheon of bread and an onion?" This night your supper shall make amends for the defect of dinner, so as that your lordship shall be perfectly well pleased and satisfied," replied the sewer. "God grant I may be so," quoth the governor.

At that instant the countryman entered the hall, of a goodly presence, and, indeed, one might have seen that he was an honest soul, even at the distance of a thousand leagues. The first thing he said, was, "Which of all this company is my lord governor?" "Who should be governor," replied the secretary, "but he who sits in the chair?" "Then I humble myself before him," said the peasant; who, falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his lordship's hand. This request, however, Sancho would not grant; but ordered him to rise and explain his business. Accordingly, the countryman getting up, "My lord," said he, "I am a husbandman belonging to Miguel Turra, a place about two leagues from Ciudad Real." "What! have we got another Snatchaway," cried Sancho: "proceed, brother; for I can tell you that I am very well acquainted with Miguel Turra, which

* The original *Ponga en pretina*, signifies, I will put in my girdle.

is not far from our own village.”—“ This here then is the case, my lord,” said the countryman: “ by the mercy of God, I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy Roman Catholic church; and I have two sons now at college, the youngest of whom is to be a bachelor, and the elder is intended for a licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather, she was killed by a wicked physician, who gave her a purge when she was big with child; and had it pleased God that the fruit of her womb had come to light, and had been a boy, I would have bred him up a doctor, that he might not have envied his brothers, the bachelor and licentiate.” “ So then,” said Sancho, “ if your wife had not died, or been killed, in all likelihood you should not now be a widower.” “ No, my lord, by no manner of means,” answered the countryman. “ Egad!” cried Sancho, “ we are in a thriving way. Pray go on, brother; for this is an hour more proper for sleep than for business.” “ Well then,” replied the countryman, “ this son of mine, who is to be bred a bachelor, became enamoured of a young lady of the same town, called Clara Paralina,* daughter of Andrew Paralina, a very wealthy yeoman; and this name of Paralina does not come from their pedigree, or any family descent, but they have acquired it, because the whole race of them is paralytic: and so, in order to improve the sound, they are called Paralina; though, to say the truth, the young lady is a perfect oriental pearl, and, when you look at her on her right side, seems to be a very flower of the field; on the left, indeed, she is not quite so amiable, being blind of an eye, which she lost in the small-pox: and although the pits in her face are very large and numerous, her admirers say that these are not pits, but graves, in which the hearts of her lovers are buried. Then she is so cleanly, that to prevent her face from being defiled,

* She is in the original called *Perlerina*, which I have changed into *Paralina*, in order to preserve the subsequent play on the words.

she carries her nose cocked up, as the saying is, so that it seems to be running away from her mouth ; yet, for all that, she is extremely beautiful, for she has a very wide mouth, and if she did not want some ten or a dozen teeth, might pass for a very phoenix of beauty. Of her lips I shall say nothing ; but they are so thin and delicate, that if it was the custom to reel lips, they might be made up into a skein : but as they are of a different colour from common lips, they appear quite miraculous ; for they contain a mixture of blue, green, and orange tawny. My lord governor will pardon me, for painting so exactly the parts of her who is to be my daughter, for I love her exceedingly, and like to dwell upon the subject."

"Paint what you will," said Sancho ; "for my own part, I am hugely delighted with your description, and, if I had dined, should not desire a better desert than the picture you have drawn." "That shall be always at your service," replied the countryman ; "and, though we are not at present known to each other, the time will come when we shall be better acquainted. And now, my lord, if I could describe her genteel deportment, and tall stature, you would be struck with admiration : but that is an impossible task, because she is so doubled and bent, that her knees touch her mouth ; and yet, for all that, one may see with half an eye, that if she could stand upright, her head would touch the ceiling ; and she would have given her hand in marriage to my bachelor before this time, if she could have stretched it out, but it happens to be shrunk and withered ; though, by the long-channeled nails, one may easily perceive the beauty of its form and texture."

"Very well," said Sancho. "Now, brother, let us suppose you have painted her from head to foot : tell me what is your request, and come to the point, without going about the bush, through lanes and alleys, with a parcel of scraps and circumlocutions."

"Well then, my lord," replied the countryman, "my request is, that you would give me a letter of recommendation to the young lady's father, intreat-

ing him to give his consent to the match, as the parties are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune and of nature; for to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and scarce a day passes but he is three or four times tormented by the foul fiend; and, in consequence of having once fallen into the fire, his face is shrivelled up like a skin of parchment, and his eyes are bleared, and run woundily: but yet he has the temper of an angel, and if he did not beat and buffet himself, he would be a perfect saint.”

“Do you want any thing else, honest friend?” replied Sancho. “I did want something else,” said the countryman, “but I dare not be so bold as to mention it: but out it shall go; for, take or not take, it shall never rot in my belly. Why then, my lord, I wish your lordship would bestow three or six hundred ducats, to help to set up my bachelor; I mean to furnish his house; for the truth is, the young couple are to live by themselves, without being subject to the peevishness of us old folks.”

“Consider if you want any thing else,” said Sancho, “and speak without bashfulness or restraint.”

“Truly, I want nothing else,” replied the countryman. Scarce had he pronounced these words, when the governor starting up, and laying hold on the chair that was under him, exclaimed, “I vow to God, you Don lubberly, rascally rustic, if you don’t get you gone, and abscond from my presence this instant, I will with this chair demolish your skull, you knavish son of a whore, and painter for the devil himself; is this a time to come and demand six hundred ducats? Where the devil should I find them, you stinkard? or if I had found them, why the devil should I give them to you, you idiotical scoundrel? What a pox have I to do with Miguel Turra, or any of the generation of the Paralina’s? Begone, I say, or by the life of my lord duke, I’ll be as good as my word: thou art no native of Miguel Terra, but some fiend sent from hell to torment me; hark ye, miscreant, I have been governor but a day and a half, and you would have me already in possession of six hundred ducats!”

The gentleman-sewer made signs to the countryman to leave the place : and he accordingly quitted the hall, hanging his head, and seemingly afraid that the governor would execute his threats; for the rogue acted his part to admiration. But let us leave Sancho's indignation to cool, and peace attend him in his career, while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bandaged up for the cure of his cattish wounds, which were not healed in the space of eight days; and in that time an adventure happened to him, which Cid Hamet promises to recount, with that truth and punctuality he has hitherto maintained, in recording even the most trivial and minute incidents of this authentic history.



CHAP. XVI.

EXCEEDINGLY peevish and melancholy was the sore wounded Don Quixote, with his face bandaged and marked—not by the hand of his Maker, but by the claws of a cat; and indeed such misfortunes are annexed to chivalry. Six days did he remain in his chamber, without appearing in public; and during this time it was, that one night, while he lay watchful and awake, musing upon his disaster, and the persecution of Altisidora, he heard a key turning in the door of his apartment, and straight imagined the enamoured damsel was come to surprise his chastity, and tempt him to forego the fidelity he owed to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. On this supposition he pronounced with an audible voice, “ No! the greatest beauty upon earth shall never have such an effect as to interfere with my adoration of her, who is impressed and engraved in the midst of my heart, and in the depth of my bowels! No, my dear mistress! whether thou art transformed into a garlic-eating wench, or as a nymph of the golden Tagus, art weaving webs of gold and silver twist: whether thou art in the power of Merlin or Montesinos; wheresoever

thou mayest be, mine thou art, and wheresoever I am, I must be thine." This ejaculation being uttered just as the door opened, he stood upright in his bed, wrapped up in a quilt of yellow silk, with a woollen night-cap on his head, his face and whiskers being bound up; the first on account of the scratches he had received, and the last, in order to preserve the buckle; and, in this equipage, he appeared the most extraordinary phantom that the imagination can conceive. His eyes were fixed upon the door, and when he expected to see the yielding and afflicted Altisidora enter, he beheld a most reverend duenna, with a white hemmed veil, so long as to cover her from head to foot. Between the fingers of her left hand she held a lighted candle's end, and with her right she formed a shade to keep the glare from her eyes, which were furnished with large spectacles; and in this trim she came treading very softly, and moving her feet with great tranquillity as she advanced.—Don Quixote surveyed her from his post, and marking her silence and appearance, concluded she was some hag or sorceress come in that equipage to annoy him; and, in this opinion, he began to cross himself with great eagerness and devotion. The apparition advancing to the middle of the chamber, and lifting up its eyes, perceived the knight busily employed in these devout precautions; if he was afraid at sight of her, she was no less terrified at his figure: for, seeing him so tall and yellow, wrapped up in the quilt, and disfigured by the bandages, she cried aloud, "O Jesus! what do I see?" and in the surprise dropped the candle. Finding herself now in the dark, she attempted to make her retreat, and treading upon her own skirts in the confusion of her fear, she stumbled and fell to the ground: while Don Quixote sweating with terror, began to ejaculate, "I conjure thee, O phantom, or whatever thou mayest be, to tell me who thou art, and what thou wouldst have. If thou art a perturbed spirit, let me know, and I will do all that lies in my power to give thee relief; for I am a Catholic Christian, well disposed to befriend all mankind; and, in

consequence of this disposition, I received the order of knight-errantry, which I now profess; and the exercise of that profession extends even so far as to give assistance to souls in purgatory."

The duenna, bruised as she was with her fall, hearing herself exorcised in this manner, guessed from her own fear the terrors of Don Quixote, and in a low and plaintive tone replied, "Signor Don Quixote, I am no phantom, apparition, or soul in purgatory, as your worship seems to suppose, but Donna Rodriguez, chief duenna to my lady dutchess, and I come with one of those necessitous cases which your worship is wont to remedy." "Pray tell me, Signora Don Rodriguez," said Don Quixote, "are you come in the office of a go-between? because I would have you to know, that I am altogether unfit for any such commerce, thanks to the peerless beauty of my own mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso. Finally, I say unto you, Signora Donna Rodriguez, if you will suppress and lay aside all amorous messages, you may go and light your candle, and return; and we will discourse upon any subject you shall think proper to introduce, saving, as I have already observed, all your dainty incitements." "Signor," answered the duenna, "I carry messages for no person. Your worship is but little acquainted with my character. Nor am I so stricken in years as to take to those fooleries; for, God be praised! there is still some soul in my body, and my teeth, grinders and all, are still in my head, except a very few I have lost by the rheums that are so rife in this country of Arragon: but, if your worship will wait a minute, I will go and light my candle, and return in an instant, and then I shall recount my disaster to you, as the physician of all disasters upon earth."

So saying, she, without waiting for an answer, quitted the apartment, where the knight waited for her in the utmost suspense and concern: then being assaulted by a thousand reflections upon this new adventure, he began to think it would be very indiscreet, even so much as to dream of exposing himself

to the danger of breaking his fidelity to his own mistress. "Who knows," said he to himself, "but the devil, who is equally crafty and dexterous, intends at present to seduce me by means of a duenna, after having in vain attempted me with empresses, queens, dutchesses, marquisses, and countesses? for I have often heard it observed by a number of people of good understanding, that he will never give you a high nose, if a flat nose will serve your turn: and who knows but this solitude, opportunity, and silence, may waken those desires in me which are now asleep, and compel me at these years to fall, where hitherto I never so much as stumbled? In such emergencies, it is surely better to avoid than await the battle. And yet I must certainly be deprived of my senses, to talk and think at this rate; for it is absolutely impossible, that a long, meagre, white-veiled, and spectacled duenna, should move or excite a lascivious thought in the lewdest bosom upon earth. Is there, for example, a duenna in nature who has a tolerable person? Is there a duenna upon this our globe who is not wrinkled, loathsome, and impertinent? Avaunt then, ye duennian tribe, unfit for any human entertainment! praise be to that lady who is said to have had at one end of her sofa two marble duennas, with their spectacles and bobbin cushions, in the attitude of working; and these statues fulfilled the dignity of the apartment, as well as if they had been duennas of flesh and blood."

So saying, he started from his bed, with intention to lock the door, and deny admittance to Signora Rodriguez: but before he could execute his resolution, that lady had returned with a lighted wax taper, and seeing Don Quixote so near her, with his quilt, bandages, night-cap, or hood, she was again affrighted, and retired backwards a couple of paces, saying, "Am I safe, sir knight? for your worship's getting out of bed is no great sign of virtue, methinks." "Madam," replied Don Quixote, "I ought to ask you the same question: and I do accordingly ask, whether or not I am safe from assault and ravishment?" "Of whom,

or from whom, do you demand that security, sir knight?" said the duenna "Of you, and from you alone," answered Don Quixote: "for I am not made of marble, nor you of brass; nor is it now ten o'clock in the forenoon, but midnight, and something more, if I am not mistaken; and we are here in a more close and secret apartment than the cave in which the treacherous and daring Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido: yet give me your hand, madam, for I require no other security than my own reserve and continence, together with the appearance of that most reverend veil."

So saying, he kissed his right hand, and took hold of her's, which she presented with the like ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet, in a parenthesis, swears by Mahomet, that to have seen these two originals thus linked, and walking from the door to the bed, he would have given the best of his two jackets.

At length Don Quixote slipped into bed, and Donna Rodriguez seated herself in a chair at some distance from it, without quitting her spectacles or candle: then the knight shrunk under the clothes, with which he covered himself in such a manner that nothing but his face appeared; and both parties having composed themselves, the first who broke silence was Don Quixote, who accosted her in these words: "Now, madam duenna Rodriguez, you may unrip, and unload all that lies upon your sorrowful heart and afflicted bowels, and I shall listen to your grievances with chaste ears, and redress them with generous works." "I believe as much," said the duenna; "for, from the genteel and agreeable presence of your worship, I could expect no other than such a Christian reply.

"This then is the case, Signor Don Quixote; although your worship now sees me seated in this chair, in the midst of Arragon, and in the dress of a contemptible and injured duenna, I was born in the Asturias, of Oviedo, of a family which intermarried with many of the best in that province; but my niggardly fate, and the extravagance of my parents, who came to an untimely want, without knowing how or where-

fore, drove me to the court of Madrid, where, for the sake of peace, and in order to prevent greater misfortunes, my parents provided me with the place of needlewoman, in the service of a lady of quality ; and, I would have your worship to know, that in making knitting-sheaths and plain work, no person had ever the advantage of me in the whole course of my life. As for my parents, after they had seen me settled in this place, they returned to the country, and in a few years went to heaven ; for they were exceeding good Catholic Christians. Meanwhile, I was left an orphan, stinted to the wretched salary, and pitiful wages, commonly given to such servants in great families ; and so, about that time, a squire of the house fell in love with me, though I am sure I gave him no occasion. He was a man already well stricken in years, with a venerable beard, and of a comely appearance, and besides, as good a gentleman as the king ; for he was a mountaineer. We did not correspond so secretly but our intrigue came to the knowledge of my lady, who, waving all questions and commands, caused us to be married in peace and in the face of our holy mother, the Roman Catholic church. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, who was the death of my good fortune, if any such I had : not that I died in childbed ; on the contrary, I was safely and seasonably delivered ; but because soon after that event, my poor husband died of a fright ; and, if I had now time to recount the manner, I know your worship would be struck with admiration."

Here she began to weep most bitterly, and thus proceeded : " Your worship, Signor Don Quixote, will pardon me for not being able to contain myself, for, as often as I remember my unfortunate husband, mine eyes run over. God be my comfort ! with what dignity did he ride before my lady, on a mighty mule as black as jet : for, at that time, they did not use coaches or chairs, which they say, are now in fashion : and the ladies always rode behind their squires. This one circumstance, however, I cannot help recounting, because it demonstrates the good

breeding and punctilio of my worthy spouse. One day, as he entered the street of St. Jago, in Madrid, which is but narrow, he happened to meet a judge, preceded by two of his officers; and my good squire no sooner beheld him, than he turned his mule in order to attend his worship. My lady, who sat behind him, said in a whisper, 'Blockhead, what are you going to do? don't you know that I am here?' while the judge, out of politeness, stopped his horse, saying, 'Pray proceed, signor; for it is rather my duty to attend my lady, Donna Casilda,' that was the name of my mistress. Nevertheless my husband still persisted, with his cap in hand, in his resolution to attend the judge; and my lady, enraged at his obstinacy, pulled out a large pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, from her tweezer-case, and thrust it into his loins; so that my poor man roared aloud, and writhed his body in such a manner, that both he and my lady came to the ground. Her two lacquies ran immediately to lift her up, and were assisted by the judge and his officers. The whole gate of Guadalajara, I mean the idle people about it, were in an uproar: my lady came home a-foot, and my husband hastened to a surgeon, declaring he was thrust through the bowels. His great courtesy soon became public, insomuch that the very children mocked him in the street; for which reason, and because he was a little short-sighted, my lady dismissed him from her service: and he took his dismissal so much to heart, that I am positively certain it was the cause of his death. Thus was I left a forlorn widow, with a daughter upon my hands, who, as she grew up, increased in beauty like the foam of the sea. In a word, as I had the character of being an excellent needle-woman, my lady dutchess, who was just then married to my lord duke, carried me and my daughter, without more ado, along with her to this kingdom of Arragon; where, in process of time, my child improved in all manner of accomplishments: she sings like any sky-lark, dances light as thought, cuts a caper as if she was mad, reads and writes like a

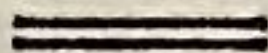
school-master, and casts accounts like a miser. I say nothing of her cleanliness, for the running water is not more pure; and, if my memory does not fail me, she is now sixteen years, five months, and three days, perhaps one over or under. In a word, this maiden of mine captivated the son of a rich farmer, who lives in a village not far from hence, belonging to my lord duke; and so, the young couple meeting, I know not where nor how, he, under promise of marriage, played the rogue with my daughter, and refuses to perform his promise: and although my lord duke is well acquainted with the affair; for you must know, I complained to him, not once, but divers and sundry times, desiring he would order the young farmer to take my daughter to wife—he lends a deaf ear to my complaint, and indeed will scarce give me a hearing, because, forsooth, the young rogue's father is extremely rich, and lends him money; nay, becomes surety for him when he happens to be in trouble: so that he will, by no manner of means, give him the least umbrage or disgust. Now, dear sir, my request is, that your worship would undertake to redress this grievance, either by intreaty or force of arms; for, as all the world says, your worship was born for such purposes, to rectify wrongs, and protect the wretched. And I beg your worship will consider the orphan state of my daughter, her gentility, her youth, and all those good qualities which I have told you she possesses; for, in the sight of heaven, and in my own conscience, I dare aver, that of all the damsels belonging to my lady dutchess, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe: and though she whom they call Altisidora is reckoned the most sprightly and good-humoured, when compared to my daughter, she does not come within two leagues of her; for, your worship must know, signor, all is not gold that glitters. This same creature Altisidora has more forwardness than beauty, and more airiness than modesty: besides, she is not over and above wholesome; her breath has such a flavour that nobody can be near her; no, not for a moment; and

even my lady dutchess—but, mum for that: Walls have ears, as the saying is.”

“What of my lady dutchess?” cried Don Quixote, “Signora Donna Rodriguez, I conjure you tell me, by the life of my soul.” “Nay, if you conjure me in that manner,” answered the duenna, “I cannot help telling the truth. Signor Don Quixote, your worship has, no doubt, perceived the beauty of my lady dutchess; that freshness of complexion that shines like polished steel, those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun on one side, and the moon on the other, and that gaiety with which she treads, or rather disdains the ground, seeming to diffuse health and joy where-soever she walks. Well, then, your worship must know, that she may thank God, in the first place; and, secondly, two issues in her legs, that discharge the bad humours with which the doctors say she abounds.” “Blessed virgin!” cried the knight, “is it possible that my lady dutchess should have occasion for such sluices! I would hardly believe the bare-footed friars, should they make the assertion; yet, since Donna Rodriguez avers it, there is no reason to doubt: but, from those issues, surely nothing but liquid amber can flow; and, in good sooth, I am now fully convinced that the use of issues must be a matter of great importance to the preservation of health.”

Scarce had Don Quixote pronounced these words, when the chamber door flew open, with a sudden slap, which surprised and disordered the duenna to such a degree, that she dropped the candle, and in a moment the apartment was dark as a dog’s mouth, as the saying is. Immediately the poor duenna felt her throat assaulted by two hands, which pressed it so close that she could not speak, while another person, with incredible dispatch, and in great silence, turned up her petticoats, and with something like a slipper, began to make such application to her posterior parts, that she was in a most piteous taking. Although Don Quixote compassionated her case, he stirred not from his bed, as he did not know the nature of the assault, but lay snug and silent, in great fear that the same discipline

would come round and sound to his own carcase. Nor was his apprehension altogether groundless ; for the silent executioners having severely flogged the duenna, who durst not complain, advanced to Don Quixote ; and stripping off the sheets and the quilt, pinched him so fast and so smartly, that he could not forbear defending himself by dint of fist ; and the whole affair was transacted in wonderful silence. The battle having lasted about half an hour, the phantoms vanished, Donna Rodriguez adjusted her petticoats, and groaning over her misfortune, sneaked away, without speaking a syllable to the knight, who remained alone, full of pains and pinches, sorrow and confusion. And here we will leave him, burning with desire to know who the perverse enchanter was, who had used him in such a cruel manner ; but that secret shall be revealed in due season. Meanwhile, we are summoned by Sancho Panza ; and the excellent plan of our history obliges us to obey his call.



CHAP. XVII.

WE left the great governor out of humour, and enraged at that same painting country wag, who had received his cue from the duke's steward and gentleman-sewer, sent thither on purpose to make merry at his expense : nevertheless, he held out toughly against the whole combination, Rude, and brood, and simply as he stood ; and addressing himself to all present, and among the rest to Doctor Pedro Positive, who, after the duke's letter was read, had returned to the hall, " Now," said he, " I am fully convinced that judges and governors are, or ought to be, made of brass, so as that they may not feel the importunity of people of business, who expect to be heard, and dispatched, at all hours and at all seasons, come what will, attending only to their own affairs ; and if the poor devil of a judge does not

hear and dispatch them, either because it is not in his power, or it happens to be an unseasonable time for giving audience, then they grumble and backbite, gnaw him to the very bones, and even bespatter his whole generation. Ignorant man of business ! foolish man of business ! be not in such a violent hurry ; wait for the proper season and conjuncture, and come not at meals and sleeping time ; for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to nature that which nature requires, excepting myself, unhappy wretch that I am ! who cannot indulge my appetite, thanks to Doctor Pedro Positive Snatchaway here present, who intends that I shall die of hunger, and affirms that such a death is good living, which I pray God may fall to the share of him and all of his kidney ; I mean, bad physicians ; as for the good, they deserve palms and laurel."

Every body who knew Sancho were struck with admiration at hearing him talk so elegantly, and could not account for his improvement any other way, than by supposing that posts and places of importance enlarge the faculties of some, while they stupify the understanding of others. Finally, Doctor Pedro Positive Bodewell de Snatchaway promised to indulge his excellency with a plentiful supper at night, even though he should transgress all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The governor rested satisfied with this declaration, waiting for the approach of night and supper with great impatience ; and although time seemed to stand stock-still, the wished-for hour at length arrived, when they treated him with an hachis of beef well onioned, and some calves feet not very fresh : nevertheless, he attacked these dishes with more relish than if he had been served with Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrento veal, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos : and, in the midst of supper, turning towards his physician, "Take notice, doctor," said he, "that from henceforth you need not take the trouble to provide dainties and delicate dishes for me ; they will only serve to unhinge my stomach, which is used to goats-flesh, cow-beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions ; and, if by accident, it chances to

receive any of your tit-bits, it contains them with loathing, and sometimes throws them up: but, master sewer may bring me those dishes called olla podridas; * and the staler they are, so much the better; in one of these he may crowd and cram all the eatables he can think of, and I will thank him for his pains; nay, one day or other, I shall make him amends: and let no man play the rogue with me: either we are or we are not; let us live and eat in harmony and peace; for, when God sends the morning, the light shines upon all. I will govern this island without favour or corruption: and let every body keep a good look-out, and mind his own affairs; for, I would have you to know, the devil's in the dice: † and if you give cause, you shall see wonders—yes, yes: make yourself honey, and the flies will bite.”

“Assuredly, my lord governor,” said the steward, “your lordship hath said nothing but the truth; and, I promise, in the name of all the islanders of this island, to serve your lordship with perfect love, benevolence, and punctuality: for the agreeable sample of government which your lordship hath given in the beginning, leaves us no room to do, or even to conceive any thing that shall redound to the disgust and detriment of your honour.” “I believe what you say,” replied Sancho; “and indeed they must be fools to think or act any otherwise. And I say again, let the maintenance of me and my Dapple be taken care of; for that is the main point in this business: and, when the time comes, let us go and make the round; my intention is to clear the island from all sort of filth, such as vagabonds, idlers, and immoral people: for I would have you to know, my friends, that your idle and lazy fellows are the same in a commonwealth as drones in a bee-hive, that consume the honey which the industrious labourers have made.

* *Podrida* signifies rotten or mortified: hence the *olla podrida* is in French styled *Pot-pourri*.

† Literally, *the devil's in Cantillana*, which is a town of Andalusia, near Seville.

My resolution is to protect the farmers and handicrafts-men, maintain the prerogative of gentlemen, reward virtue; and, above all things, respect religion and the honour of the clergy. Tell me, my friends, what is your opinion of my plan? Does it smack of something? or do I thresh my skull to no purpose?" "My lord governor," said the steward, "your lordship speaks so much to the purpose, that I am struck with admiration, to hear a man so illiterate as your worship (for I believe you do not know your letters) make so many observations full of sagacity, and give counsel so much above every thing that was expected from your lordship's capacity, by those who sent us, as well as by ourselves who are come hither. Every day produces something new: jokes are turned into earnest, and the biters are bit."

Night being come, and the governor having supped with the good leave of Doctor Pedro, they prepared for going the round. Accordingly his excellency went forth, accompanied by the steward, notary, gentleman-sewer, and historiographer, whose office it was to record his actions; and attended by such a number of alguazils and scriveners, as would have formed a moderate squadron. Sancho walked in the middle with his rod, and a goodly sight he was to see. Having traversed a few streets, they heard the clashing of swords; upon which hastening to the place of action, they found two men fighting, who, seeing the officers of justice, desisted, and one of them exclaimed, "Help, in God's name, and the king's! What, are people suffered to be robbed in this town, and assaulted in the very middle of the street?" "Compose yourself, honest friend," said Sancho, "and let me know the cause of this quarrel; for I am governor." Then his adversary interposing, "My lord governor," said he, "I will tell you the whole story in a few words:—Your worship must know, that this gentleman has been at play in that there gaming-house over the way, where he has won above a thousand rials, and God knows how fairly: now, I being present, decided more than once in his

favour, when the bet was doubtful, against the dictates of my own conscience : he took up his winning, and when I expected he would gratify me with a crown at least, for good-will, as players generally make such presents to men of honour like me, who attend in those places, ready at all adventures to support unreasonable demands, and prevent disturbance ; he pocketed the cash and went away : I followed him out of humour : yet, in the most courteous manner, begged he would indulge me with eight rials, as he knew me to be a gentleman without either business or fortune ; for my parents neither bred me up to the one, nor left me the other : and the rascal, who, by the bye, is as great a thief as Cacus, and as errant a sharper as Andradilla, would not give me a farthing more than four rials ; so that, my lord governor, your excellency may perceive what a shameless and unconscionable rogue it is : but, in good faith, if your lordship had not come up, I would have made him disgorge his winning, and taught him how to trim the balance.” When Sancho asked what the other had to say in his own defence, he owned that, as his adversary alleged, he had refused to give him more than four rials, because the plaintiff had often tasted of his bounty ; and those who expect such gratifications ought to be thankful, and take cheerfully what their benefactors bestow, without pretending to make peremptory demands upon those who win, unless they know them to be cheats, and that their winning is unfairly acquired. He likewise observed, that there could be no surer mark of his honour and fair play, than his having refused to comply with the demands of such a rascal ; for sharpers are always tributary to those lookers-on who know their knavery.” “ The remark is certainly just,” said the steward : “ how will your excellency please to dispose of these men ? ” “ What must be done, is this,” replied the governor : “ you Mr. Winner, whether you be good, bad, or indifferent, must immediately pay to this here slash-buckler, one hundred rials ; and, besides, disburse thirty more for the use and behoof of the poor prisoners :

and you, sir, who have neither business, fortune, nor employment in this island, take these hundred rials, and some time to-morrow banish yourself from this island for the space of ten years, on penalty (if you disobey the sentence) of completing the term of your exile in the other world: for, in that case, I will hang you on a gibbet; at least, the executioner shall do it by my order; and let no man presume to reply, or I will chastise him severely." The one disbursed, the other received the rials: this quitted the island, that retired to his own lodgings; and the governor, who remained on the spot, said to his followers, "If my power is not very small, I will suppress those gaming-houses, which I begin to perceive are very prejudicial to the public." "This, at least," said the notary, "your excellency cannot suppress; for it is kept by a person of quality, who, in the course of the year, loses a great deal more than he gets by the cards. Against petty gaming-houses of small account, which are productive of most mischief, and cover more crimes, your lordship may exert your authority; but in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen of rank, the noted sharpers dare not put their tricks in practice: and since the vice of gaming is become a common exercise, better play in houses of fashion than in any public gaming-house into which an unfortunate wretch is often seduced, in the middle of the night, and, as it were, skinned alive." "Mr. Notary," replied the governor, "much may be said on that subject."

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a serjeant who had fast hold of a youth, and thus addressed himself to the governor: "This spark, my lord, was coming towards us; but no sooner had a glimpse of the officers of justice, than he turned his back, and began to scamper off as nimbly as a fallow-deer; a sure sign of his being some sort of a delinquent: I pursued him immediately, but should never have overtaken him, had not he stumbled and fallen." "Young man," said Sancho, "what did you run for?" To this question the youth replied, "I ran,

my lord, in order to avoid the tedious interrogations of justice." "What business do you follow?" "I am a weaver." "And what sort of stuff do you weave?" "Iron heads for lances, with your honour's leave." "What! you are a small wit, methinks, and set up for a joker? very well, sir, and where was you going now?" "To take the air, my lord." "And whereabouts do you take the air in this island?" "Just where it happens to blow." "Good again! your answers are pat; and to be sure, you are a pretty smart young fellow: but, hark ye, youngster, I am the air that will blow in your poop, until you are safely lodged in prison. Here take and carry him to jail. I will take order that he shall sleep for one night without air." "'Fore God!" cried the youth, "your honour can no more make me sleep in jail, than you can make me king." "And wherefore cannot I make thee sleep in jail?" replied Sancho; "is it not in my power to confine and release thee, when and where I please?" "How great soever your honour's power may be," said the young man, "it is not sufficient to make me sleep in prison." "How! not sufficient?" cried Sancho, "away with him, and let his own eyes convince him of his mistake; and lest the jailor should practise his interested generosity upon him, I will fine him in two thousand ducats, if he suffers thee to move one step from the prison." "All this is matter of mirth," answered the youth; "for the truth is, all the people upon earth shall not make me sleep in prison." "Tell me, devil," said Sancho, "hast thou got a familiar to release thee, and loose the chains with which I intend thou shalt be fettered?" "Now, my lord governor," replied the youth with a graceful air, "let us argue the matter, and come to the point. Suppose your excellency should order me to be carried to jail, to be loaded with chains and shackles, and thrust into a dungeon, and lay an heavy penalty upon the jailor, in case he should allow me to escape; and lastly, suppose he should perform his duty with all imaginable care and success: notwithstanding all these

precautions, if I have no inclination to sleep, and can keep myself awake all night, without closing an eye, pray tell me, is all your lordship's power sufficient to make me sleep against my will." "No, surely," said the secretary: "and the young man has made good his assertion." "Provided always," said Sancho, "that your defying sleep would be merely for your own pleasure, without any intention to contradict mine." "No, my lord," replied the youth, "I never dreamt of any such intention." "Then peace be with you," resumed the governor, "you may go and sleep at home, and God send you a sound sleep; for I have no design to disturb your repose: but let me advise you never henceforth to crack a joke upon justice; otherwise you may chance to light upon some of her ministers that will crack your skull."

The youth went away, the governor continued his circuit; and he had not gone far, when two serjeants brought in a person they had taken, saying, "My lord governor, this here person, that seems to be a man, is no other than a woman, and that not ugly neither, in man's clothes." Here they held up two or three lanthorns, by the light of which they discovered the face of a woman, seemingly about sixteen years of age, beautiful as a thousand pearls, with her hair tied up in a net of green silk and gold. Having surveyed her from head to foot, they perceived her stockings were of flesh-coloured silk, tied with garters of white taffeta, and fringes of gold embroidery; her breeches were of green cloth of gold; she had a loose coat of the same stuff, under which she wore a jacket of the finest brocade; and her shoes were white, and made like those used by men. She had no sword about her, but a very rich dagger, and upon her fingers was a great number of valuable rings: in a word, all who beheld the girl were struck with her appearance, though not one of them knew her face; and the inhabitants of the town said they could not conceive who she was. But those who concerted the jokes that were practised upon Sancho were most struck with admiration; for this incident

and salvage was not of their contriving; and, therefore, they stood in suspense, waiting to see the issue of the adventure; while Sancho, confounded at the girl's beauty, asked who she was, whither she was going, and what had induced her to appear in the habit of a man? She, fixing her eyes upon the ground, with the most engaging bashfulness, replied, "My lord, I cannot disclose in such a public company what it concerns me so much to conceal. One circumstance I beg leave to communicate: I am no thief or criminal person; but an unfortunate young lady, compelled by jealousy to trespass upon that decorum, which is due to my honour and reputation.

The steward hearing these words, said to Sancho, "My lord governor, be so good as to bid the people retire, that this lady may disburden her mind with more freedom." The governor accordingly laid his commands upon his attendants, all of whom retired, except the steward, the gentleman-sewer, and the secretary; and the young lady finding they were gone, proceeded to this effect: "Gentlemen, I am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazonca, farmer of the wool in this town, who comes frequently to my father's house." "Madam," said the steward, "this will not go down. I am very well acquainted with Pedro Perez, and know he has neither chick nor child, male or female: besides, you first say he is your father, and then add that he frequently comes to your father's house." "That circumstance I likewise took notice of," said Sancho. "Well, gentlemen," replied the damsel, "I am in such confusion that I know not what I say: but the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de Llana, whom you must all know." "Aye, this goes better," answered the steward: "Diego de Llana is my acquaintance, and a gentleman of rank and fortune: I know, too, he has a son and daughter; though, since he was a widower, no person in this town can pretend to say he ever saw the face of his daughter, whom her father keeps so closely shut up, that the sun himself has no opportunity to behold her; and yet report

says she is extremely beautiful." "True," said the damsel: "I am that very daughter, and whether or not fame has believed me in point of beauty, you yourselves, gentlemen, may judge from your own observation." So saying, she began to weep most tenderly.

The secretary, perceiving her distress, said to the sewer in a whisper, "Doubtless, something of consequence must have happened to this poor young lady, seeing a person of her quality quits her own home at such an hour, and in such an equipage." "Certainly," replied the other, "that suspicion is confirmed by her tears." As for Sancho, he consoled her in the best terms he could use, and desired that she would, without fear or constraint, communicate what had befallen her; for they would endeavour to remedy her disaster with great sincerity, and by all possible means. "This then is the case, gentlemen," answered the damsel; "my father has locked me up for the space of ten years, which are elapsed since my mother was committed to her grave: there is in the house a rich oratory, where mass is said: and in all that time I have seen nothing but the sun in the heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night: I am utterly unacquainted with the streets, squares, churches, and all mankind, except my father, my brother, and Pedro Perez, the wool-farmer, whom because he comes frequently to our house, I took it in my head to call my father, in order to conceal the name of my real parent: I have been very disconsolate for many days and months on account of this confinement, and his constant refusal to let me go to church: I longed to see the world, at least the town in which I first drew breath; and I did not think his desire transgressed the bounds of that decorum which young women of fashion ought to preserve. When I heard of bull-feasts, darting the javelin, and plays, I desired my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to describe the nature of these and many other things which I had not seen, and he gratified my desire to the utmost of his power; but his descrip-

tion served only to inflame my impatience to behold those spectacles : in a word, to cut short the account of my ruin, I say, I desired and intreated my brother—would to God I had never desired or intreated him.”

And here she renewed her lamentation, when the steward interposing, “ Madam,” said he, “ be so good as to proceed, and finish the story of your adventure ; for your own words and tears keep us all in the utmost suspense.” “ I have little else to say,” replied the damsel, “ though a great many tears to shed ; for such irregular desires are always, without fail, attended by such misfortunes.”

The beauty of this damsel having made an impression on the soul of the gentleman-sewer, he once more held up the lanthorn to take another view, and the tears she let fall he took to be seed-pearl, or the dew-drops of the meadow ; nay, his fancy even compared them to oriental pearls, and he ardently wished that her misfortune might not appear so great as her sighs and lamentation seemed to indicate.

The governor, being tired of the dilatory manner in which the girl told her story, desired she would keep them no longer in suspense ; for it was late, and they had a great part of their round still to perform. Then she, in the midst of interrupted sobbings, and broken sighs, proceeded thus : “ My misfortune and my disaster is nothing else than this : I begged my brother to disguise me in one of his suits, and carry me out to see the town, some night while my father should be asleep ; he, importuned by my intreaties, complied with my request, and gave me this dress, while he himself put on a suit of mine which fits him to a nicety ; for he has not one hair upon his chin, and looks exactly like a very handsome girl. This night, about an hour ago, little more or less, we sallied forth from our own house ; and, conducted by our foot-boy, and our own unruly desire, went round the whole town : but when we wanted to return home again, we perceived a great number of people coming up, and my brother said, ‘ Sister, this must be the patrole ;

quicken your pace, put wings to your feet, and run after me, that they may not know who we are, otherwise we shall be in evil taking.' So saying, he took to his heels, and began—not to run, but to fly: but scarce had I followed him six paces, when I fell through fear, and then came the officers of justice, who brought me before your lordship, where in consequence of my foolish and rash conduct, I find myself confounded and ashamed before so much company." "So that after all, madam," said Sancho, "no other mishap has befallen you, nor was it jealousy that brought you from your own house, as you alleged in the beginning of your story?" "Nothing else hath happened to me, nor did I quit my own home from jealousy; but merely from the desire of seeing the world, which extended no farther than a wish to see the streets of this town."

The truth of this assertion was confirmed by the arrival of two other serjeants with her brother, whom they had taken in his flight. He had no other clothes but a rich petticoat, and a mantle of blue damask laced with gold: on this head there was no cap, or any other ornament but his own hair, which was so rich and ruddy, that it looked like ringlets of gold. The governor, steward, and sewer, taking him aside, that he might not be overheard by his sister, questioned him about his being disguised in that dress; and the youth, with equal bashfulness and disorder, repeated the same story which his sister had related, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the enamoured sewer.

"Gentlefolks," said the governor, "this is certainly a very childish trick, and in giving an account of your simplicity and rashness, there needed not all this weeping and wailing: had you said at first, our names are so and so, and we fell upon this contrivance to steal out of our father's house, merely to gratify our curiosity, without any other design, the affair would have been at an end, and you might have spared all this grunting and groaning." "Very true," replied the damsel, "but your honours must know, my con-

fusion was so great, that I was not mistress of my own behaviour." "There is no harm done," replied Sancho, "let us go and see you safe home to the house of your father, who perhaps has not missed you as yet ; and henceforward be not such a baby, or so desirous to see the world. The maid that would keep her good name, stays at home as if she was lame : A hen and a housewife, whatever they cost, if once they go gadding will surely be lost : And she that longs to see, I ween, is as desirous to be seen. This is all I shall at present say upon the subject."

The young man thanked the governor for his intended civility in seeing them home ; and accordingly they took the road to their father's house, which was not far off. When they arrived at the gate, the brother threw a pebble at a casement, and immediately a maid-servant, who sat up for them, came down and opened the door, at which they entered, leaving all the company in admiration at their beauty and genteel deportment, as well as at their scheme of seeing the world by night, without going out of the town : but this they ascribed to their tender years.

The sewer's heart was transpierced by the charms of the sister, whom he resolved to demand in marriage of her father the next day, concluding he should not meet with a denial, because he was a domestic of the duke's. Even Sancho was seized with a whim and inclination to make a match between the youth and his daughter Sanchica, and he actually resolved to effectuate it in due season ; taking it for granted, that no man would refuse his hand to a governor's daughter.

Thus ended the round for that night, and in two days he saw the end of his government, which overthrew and destroyed all his designs, as will be seen in the sequel.

CHAP. XVIII.

CID HAMET, the most punctual investigator of the most minute atoms belonging to this genuine history, says, that when Donna Rodriguez quitted her apartment to visit Don Quixote in his chamber, another duenna, who was her bedfellow, perceived her motions, and as all the individuals of that class are naturally disposed to inquire, to pry, and to smell into the affairs of their neighbours, she followed her so softly, that honest Rodriguez knew nothing at all of the matter : and when she saw her enter Don Quixote's apartment, that she might conform to the general custom of all duennas, who are much addicted to tale-bearing, she that instant went and informed my lady dutchess that Donna Rodriguez was in the knight's bed-chamber ; the dutchess communicated this intelligence to the duke, and asked leave to go along with Altisidora, and see what the duenna wanted with Don Quixote ; the duke granted his permission, and the two, with great caution, treading softly, step by step, went up so close to the chamber-door, as to overhear every thing that was said ; and the dutchess, hearing how Rodriguez divulged the secret of those * healing streams that flowed from her body, could not bear the duenna's presumption, which was equally resented by Altisidora. Exasperated, therefore, and bent upon vengeance, they burst into the apartment, where they pinched the knight, and flogged the duenna, as hath been already recited ; for affronts levelled directly against the beauty and pride of the fair-sex, wakens the indignation of the offended party to a great degree, and inspires her with the desire of revenge.

* Literally, the *Aranjuez* of the fountains.—*Fuentes* signifies either fountains or issues ; and *Aranjuez* is the name of a delightful palace, about seven leagues from Madrid, famous for gardens and fountains.

The dutchess recounted the adventure to the duke, who was extremely diverted with the particulars: and her grace, resolving to proceed with her jokes, and extract entertainment from Don Quixote, dispatched the page who had acted the part of Dulcinea, in the contrivance of the disenchantment, which, by the bye, Sancho Panza had by this time forgot, so much was he engrossed by the affairs of his government—the dutchess, I say, dispatched the page to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and another from her grace, together with a rosary of rich coral in a present.

The history relates then that the page, who was a very intelligent, acute young fellow, extremely well disposed to contribute to the entertainment of his lord and lady, set out with great satisfaction for Sancho's native place; but, before he entered the village, he saw a number of women washing linen in a brook, and of these he asked if they could inform him whereabouts lived one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a certain knight called Don Quixote de La Mancha. This question was no sooner pronounced, than a girl who was washing, starting up, "That Teresa Panza," cried she, "is my mother; and that same Sancho my honoured father, and that knight our master." "Come then, young mistress," replied the page, "conduct me to your mother; for I bring her a letter and a present from that same father of yours." "That I will do with all my heart, kind sir," answered the girl, who seemed to be fourteen years of age, over or under; and, leaving the clothes upon which she was at work to one of her companions, without putting on her cap or her shoes, for she was barefoot, and her hair hung about her eyes, she ran before the page's horse, saying, "Come along, good sir, our house is at this end of the village, and there you will find my poor mother in a sorrowful taking, because she had not for many days heard any news of my honoured father." "But now," said the page, "I bring her such good news, that she will have reason to bless God for this happy day." In a

word, what with dancing, running, and skipping, the wench arrived at the village ; but before she entered the house, she called aloud at the door, " Come out, mother Teresa, come out, pray come out ; here's a gentleman who brings letters, and other good things, from my good father."

Teresa Panza, hearing this exclamation, came forth spinning tow from a distaff, with a grey petticoat, so short, that it seemed to have been cut close to the placket ; a jacket of the same stuff, and an open breast-ed shift : she was not very old, though seemingly turned of forty ; but strong, hale, nervous, and tough. Seeing her daughter, with the page on horseback, " What is the matter, child ?" said she : " what gentleman is that ?" " The very humble servant of my Lady Donna Teresa Panza," replied the page, who, throwing himself from his horse, ran with great eagerness and humility to kneel before Madam Teresa, saying, " Grant me permission to kiss your ladyship's hand, Madam Donna Teresa, as the legitimate and particular consort of my Lord Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island Barataria." " Nay, good sir, forbear ; do not so," answered Teresa, " I am none of your court-dames ; but a poor countrywoman, a ploughman's daughter, and wife to a squire-errant, but no governor." " Your ladyship," replied the page, " is the most worthy consort of the most superlatively worthy governor ; and this letter and present is an incontestible proof of the truth of what I say." So saying, he instantly pulled from his pocket the string of coral set in gold, and tied it round her neck ; then producing a letter, " This," said he, " is from my lord governor, and this other with the necklace, from my lady dutchess, who sent me hither."

Teresa was confounded, and her daughter, no less astonished, exclaimed, " I'll be hanged if our master, Don Quixote, be not at the bottom of all this ; and surely must have given my father that same government or countship which he promised him so often !" " You are certainly in the right," answered the page ; for it is entirely on Signor Don Quixote's

account that Signor Sancho is now governor of the island Barataria, as will appear in this letter." "Pray, good gentleman, read it," said Teresa; "for though I can sin, I cannot read so much as a crum." "Nor I neither," added Sanchica; "but stay a moment, I'll go and fetch one that shall read it, either the curate himself, or the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who will come with pleasure to hear news of my father." "There is no occasion to fetch any person whatever," said the page; "for though I cannot spin, I can read, and read it I shall." He accordingly read Sancho's letter from beginning to end; but as it hath been already recited, we shall not repeat it in this place. Then he rehearsed the other, which came from the dutchess, in these words:—

"Friend Teresa,

"THE great talents, and excellent disposition of your husband Sancho, induced and obliged me to beg of the duke, my husband, that he would confer upon him the government of one, among the many islands that are in his possession; and I understand he governs like any jer-faulcon; a circumstance that affords great pleasure to me, and of consequence to my lord duke; and I thank Heaven heartily, that I have not been deceived in choosing him for that same government; for Madam Teresa must know, it is a very hard matter to find a good governor in this world; and God make me as good a woman as Sancho is a governor. I have sent you, my dear friend, a coral necklace set in gold; and I wish, for your sake, it had been of oriental pearls: but he that gives, though it were but an egg, would be sorry to see thee lame of a leg. The time will come when we shall be better acquainted, and carry on a closer correspondence, and Heaven knows what may come to pass. Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and tell her from me, to keep herself in readiness; for I mean to match her very high, when perhaps she thinks least of the matter. I am told your town is famous for fine large acorns; pray send me two

dozen, which I shall greatly esteem as coming from your hand. Write me a long letter, giving an account of your health and welfare; and if you should want any thing, you have nothing to do but open your mouth, and it shall be measured. That God would protect you is the prayer of

Your loving friend,

THE DUTCHESS."

"La! now," cried Teresa, when she heard the contents of the letter, "what a kind, and plain, and humble lady! would I might live, and die, and be buried, among such ladies, and not your gentlewomen of this town, who think, forsooth, because they are gentlefolks, the wind must not touch them, and go to church in such finery, as if they were perfect queens: nay, they seem to think it a disgrace to look at a poor body; and see here now, how this worthy lady, even though no less than a dutchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her own equal; and equal may she be to the highest steeple in all La Mancha. As to what concerns the acorns, kind sir, I'll send her a whole peck, so fair and large, that people shall come far and near to see and admire them. For the present, Sanchica, we must look to the entertainment of this gentleman: let his horse be taken care of; fetch some eggs from the stable, and cut some rashers of bacon, and let us treat him like a prince; for the good news he has brought, and his own good countenance, deserves every thing at our hands. In the mean time I'll go out, and give an account of our good fortune to my neighbours, especially our father the curate, and master Nicholas the barber, who are, and always were, such friends to your father." "I will do as you desire, mother," answered Sanchica; "but remember, you shall give me one half of the string of coral; for I don't take my lady dutchess to be such a ninny, as to send the whole for your use." "It is all thy own, daughter," replied Teresa; "but thou must let me wear it a few days about my neck; for, in faith and troth, it will rejoice my poor heart."

"It will be still more rejoiced," said the page, "when you see the bundle in that portmanteau, consisting of a suit of superfine cloth, which was never wore but one day at the hunting by the governor, who sends it for the sole use of Miss Sanchica." "May he live a thousand years!" cried Sanchica, "as well as he that brings it, neither more nor less; and even two thousand, if there should be occasion."

Now Teresa going out with her letters, and the string about her neck, went along playing with her fingers upon the paper as if it had been a cymbal; and, casually meeting the curate, and Sampson Carrasco, she began to caper about, saying, "In good faith, we have no poor kindred now: we have caught the governorship: aye, aye, pick me up the best gentlewoman of them all, ifack! I'll look upon her as an upstart." "What is the matter, Teresa Panza?" said the curate: "what is the meaning of this rhapsody? and what papers are these?" "No rhapsody at all," replied Teresa: "but only these letters are from dutchesses and governors, and these here upon my neck are true corals: the ave-marias and paternosters are of beaten gold, and I am a governess." "God shield us, Teresa," cried the curate, "as we do not understand a word of what you say!" "Seeing is believing," answered the good woman, putting the letters into his hand, which, he having read, in the hearing of Sampson Carrasco, they looked at one another with astonishment. When the bachelor asked who brought those letters, Teresa desired they would go along with her to her house, and they would see the messenger, who was a comely youth, like a perfect golden pine-tree, and had brought another present worth twice as much. The curate, taking the string of coral from her neck, viewed and reviewed it with great deliberation; and, being satisfied the heads were real fine coral, was again struck with admiration, and exclaimed, "Now by the habit which I wear! I know not what to say, or what to think of these letters and presents: on one side I see, and even feel the worth of these corals; and on the other, I read a letter from a

dutchess, who begs two dozen of acorns!" "Reconcile these things if you can," said Carrasco: "but now let us go and see the bearer of this packet, whose information will solve all these difficulties."

They accordingly accompanied Teresa, and found the page winnowing a little barley for his beast, while Sanchica was employed in cutting rashers to fry with the eggs, for the entertainment of their guest, whose appearance and equipage gave great satisfaction to the new comers. After the compliments of salutation had courteously passed between them, Sampson intreated him to tell them news of Don Quixote, as well as of Sancho Panza; for although they had perused the letters of this last, and of my lady dutchess, they were still overwhelmed with confusion; and could by no means comprehend the meaning of that government, especially of an island, seeing all, or the greatest part of the islands in the Mediterranean, belonged to his majesty. To this remonstrance the page replied, "That Signor Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no sort of doubt; but whether of an island or not, I do not pretend to decide: let it suffice, however, that he governs a place of above a thousand inhabitants; and with respect to the acorns, I can affirm, my lady dutchess is of such a frank and humble disposition, that her sending for acorns to a countrywoman is not to be wondered at; nay, I once knew her send, and borrow a comb of one of her neighbours; for you must know, gentlemen, the ladies of Arragon, although as noble, are not so ceremonious and superb, as the quality of Castile, but treat their inferiors with more frankness and familiarity."

In the midst of this conversation, Sanchica coming in with her lap full of eggs, addressed herself to the page, saying, "Pray, tell me, signor, does my honoured father wear trunk hose since he was a governor?" "I have not observed that particular," replied the page; "but certainly he must." "My God!" cried Sanchica, "how glad I should be to see my father with trunk-hose! let me never thrive

but I have, ever since I was born, longed to see father in laced trunk-breeches." "Laced hose!" said the page; "lord, madam, if he lives, and his government should hold but two months, he is in a fair way of travelling with a hood to his riding coat." The curate and bachelor could easily perceive the page made a jest of his entertainers; but the worth of the coral beads, and the hunting-suit which Sancho had sent, destroyed all their conjectures; for Teresa had shewn them the green garment; nor did they fail to laugh at the ambition of Sanchica, and their mirth was not extinguished when Teresa, accosting their priest, "Mr. Curate," said she, "do pray cast your eyes about a little and see if any body be going to Madrid or Toledo, that I may have an opportunity to purchase a round farthingale, right and tight, fashionable and of the best sort; for, truly and truly, I am resolved to honour my spouse's government as much as lies in my power; aye, and if they vex me, I'll go to court and ride in my coach like all the rest, and the best of them; for she who is married to a governor, may very well procure and maintain such a convenience." "Yea, forsooth," replied Sanchica; "and would to God it were to-day rather than to-morrow, although those who saw me seated with my lady mother in the coach should say, Look at such a one, daughter of such a garlic-eater, how she sits, and lolls in a coach, like the pope's lady; but let them trudge in the dirt, so I ride in my coach, with my feet lifted off the ground: an ill year, and worse month, betide all the envious grumblers upon earth: and so I am warm, without and within, the mob may laugh, and the malicious grin. Speak I to the purpose, mother?" "To the purpose? yes to be sure daughter; and all this good luck, and even more, was prophesied by my good man Sancho, and thou shalt see, daughter, it will not stop until I am a countess; for good fortune wants only a beginning, as I have often heard it observed by thy worthy father, who is likewise the father of proverbs. When they bring thee a heifer, be ready with the halter: when they give thee a government, seize it a-God's

name : when they bestow a countship, lay thy clutches upon it ; and when they throw thee some beneficial bone, wag thy tail, and snap at the favour ; if not, sleep on, and never answer to good fortune and preferment, when they knock at thy door.” “ And what do I care ? ” added Sanchica : let them say what they will, when they see me exalted in all my finery, and cry, there goes Mrs. Ape, with her buttocks cased in crape : and all the rest of that stuff.”

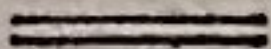
The curate hearing her remark, “ I cannot believe,” said he, “ but that all the family of the Panzas are born with a bag of proverbs in their bowels ; for I have never seen one of them who does not scatter about old saws at all times, and in all conversations.” “ Your observation is very just,” said the page ; “ for my lord governor Sancho utters them at every step ; and although many of his proverbs are not much to the purpose, they nevertheless give great pleasure, and are very much extolled by my lady dutchess and the duke.” “ What ! and do you still, my good sir,” said the bachelor, “ affirm the truth of that government of Sancho ; and that there is actually a dutchess who sends presents and letters to his wife ? For our parts, although we handle the presents, and have perused the letters, we cannot believe the evidence of our senses, and imagine this is one of those things which our townsman, Don Quixote, supposed to have been effected by enchantment ; and therefore I own I have an inclination to touch and feel your person, that I may know whether you are a fantastical ambassador, or really a man of flesh and blood.” “ Gentlemen,” replied the page, “ all that I know of the matter is, that I am a real ambassador ; that Signor Sancho Panza is effectually a governor ; and that my lord duke and lady dutchess not only could, but actually did, invest him with that government, in which I hear the said Sancho Panza behaves with vast ability. Whether or not there is any enchantment in the case, I leave you, gentlemen, to dispute and de-

cide among yourselves ; that this is all I know of the matter, I swear by the life of my parents, who are still alive, and whom I love and honour with the utmost reverence and affection." "What you say may be true," answered the bachelor : "but, *Dubitat Augustinus*." "Doubt as much as you please," resumed the page : "what I have said is the naked truth, which will always swim above falsehood, like oil above water ; but *Operibus credite et non verbis* : let one of you gentlemen go along with me, and he shall see with his eyes what he will not believe upon hearsay." "I am for that jaunt," cried Sanchica : "good sir, if you will take me up behind you, I shall be glad to go and see my father's worship." "The daughters of governors," said the page, "never travel alone : but are always accompanied by coaches, and litters, and a great number of attendants." "'Fore God !" replied Sanchica, I can travel upon a she-ass as well as in a coach : you wont find me shy or fearful." "Hold your tongue, wench," said Teresa ; "you know not what you say. The gentleman is in the right ; for every season has its reason. When it was plain Sancho, it was plain Sancha : but now being governor, my lady—I know not if what I say be to the purpose."

"Madam Teresa has said more than she is aware of," replied the page : "but pray let me have some victuals, and dispatch me immediately ; for I intend to return this evening." To this remonstrance the curate answered : "Sir, you will come and do penance with me : for Madam Teresa has more inclination than ability to entertain such a worthy guest." The page at first declined the invitation, but at length found it was his interest to consent ; and the curate conducted him to his parsonage with great pleasure, that he might have an opportunity to inquire, at leisure, about Don Quixote and his exploits.

The bachelor offered to write answers to Teresa's letters ; but she did not choose that he should intermeddle in her affairs ; for she looked upon him as a wag. She therefore gave a roll of bread, and a couple

of eggs, to a novice monk who could write; and he penned two letters, one for her husband, and another for the dutchess, indited by Teresa's own noddle, which are not the least entertaining that occur in this sublime history, as will be seen in the sequel.



CHAP. XIX.

AT length arrived the morning that succeeded the night of the governor's round, which the gentleman-sewer passed without sleep, so much were his thoughts engrossed by the face, the air, and beauty of the disguised damsel; while the steward employed the time in writing an account of Sancho's conduct to his lord and lady, equally astonished at his words and actions, in which folly and discretion were strangely blended.

At last, my lord governor arose, and by direction of Doctor Pedro Positive, he was fain to break his fast with a little conserve, and four gulps of cold water, which Sancho would have gladly exchanged for a luncheon of bread, and a bunch of grapes; but finding himself under compulsion, he bore his fate with grief of soul, and anxiety of stomach: Pedro Positive giving him to understand, that your slight and delicious dishes animate the genius, consequently were most proper for persons appointed to posts and offices of importance, in which corporal strength cannot fail so much as the vigour of the understanding. By this sort of sophistry Sancho was subjected to such severe hunger, that he in secret cursed the government, aye, and him who conferred it; nevertheless in despite of hunger, and upon the strength of the conserve, he that day sat in judgment; and the first case that occurred was a question put by a stranger in presence of the steward and the rest of the assistants: "My lord," said he, "a certain manor is divided by a large river—I beg your honour will be

attentive; for the case is of great consequence, and some difficulty. I say, then, upon this river is a bridge, and at one end of it a gibbet, together with a sort of court-hall, in which four judges usually sit, to execute the law enacted by the lord of the river, bridge, and manor, which runs to this effect: 'Whosoever shall pass over this bridge, must first swear whence he comes, and whither he goes: if he swears the truth, he shall be allowed to pass; but if he forswear himself, he shall die upon the gallows, without mercy or respite.'

"This law, together with the rigorous penalty, being known, numbers passed, and as it appeared they swore nothing but the truth, the judges permitted them to pass freely, and without control. It happened, however, that one man's oath being taken, he affirmed, and swore by his deposition, that he was going to be hanged on that gibbet, and had no other errand or intention. The judges having considered this oath, observed, If we allow this man to pass freely, he swore to a lie, and therefore ought to be hanged according to law; and if we order him to be hanged, after he hath sworn he was going to be suspended on that gibbet, he will have sworn the truth, and by the same law ought to be acquitted. I beg, therefore, to know of your honour, my lord governor, what the judges must do with this man; for hitherto they are doubtful and in suspense; and having heard of your lordship's acute and elevated understanding, they have sent me to intreat your honour, in their names, to favour them with your opinion in a case of such doubt and intricacy." To this address Sancho replied, "Assuredly those judges who sent you to me might have spared themselves the trouble; for I am a man that may be said to be rather blunt than acute: nevertheless, repeat the business, so I that may understand it fully, and who knows but I may chance to hit the nail on the head?" The interrogator having repeated his story again and again, Sancho said, "I think I can now explain the case in the twinkling of two balls and this it is: A man swears he is going to be hanged upon such a gibbet; if he actually suffers

upon that gibbet he swore the truth, and by the enacted law ought to be allowed freely to pass the bridge ; but if he is not hanged, he swore false, and for that reason ought to suffer upon the gibbet."

"The case is exactly as my lord governor conceives it," said the messenger : "and with respect to the scope and understanding of the matter, there is no further room for doubt or interrogation." "I say then," replied Sancho, "that part of the man which swore truth ought to be allowed to pass, and that which told a lie ought to be hanged ; and in this manner the terms or condition of passing will be literally fulfilled."

"But, my lord governor," replied the questioner, "in that case it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts ; namely, the false and the true : and if he is so divided, he must certainly die : therefore, the intent of the law will be frustrated, whereas there is an express necessity for its being accomplished." "Come hither, honest friend," said Sancho : "either I am a blockhead, or this passenger you mention has an equal title to be hanged, and to live and pass over the bridge : for if the truth save him on one side, his falsehood condemns him equally on the other. Now this being the case, as it certainly is, I think you must tell the gentlemen who sent you hither, that as the reasons for condemning and for acquitting the culprit are equally balanced, they shall let him freely pass ; for it is always more laudable to do good than harm : and to this opinion I would subscribe if I could write my name. Nor, indeed, have I spoken my own sentiment on this occasion : but I have recollected one among the many precepts I received from my master, Don Quixote, the night before I set out for the government of this island : he said, that when justice was doubtful, I should choose, and lean towards mercy ; and it pleased God that I should now remember this maxim, which falls so pat to the present purpose." "So it does," said the steward : "and I firmly believe that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedemonians, could not have uttered a more sagacious decision than that which the great

Panza has pronounced. Now let the audience end for this morning, and I will give orders that my lord governor shall dine to his heart's content." "That is my request," cried Sancho: "nothing but fair play: give me plenty of victuals, and let them load me with cases and doubts, I will soon make them vanish into smoke."

The steward kept his word; for he had a scruple of conscience in famishing such a discreet governor; especially as he intended that night to conclude the farce with the last joke he had a commission to execute.

Well, then, Sancho having dined that day, contrary to all the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Snatchaway, the cloth was no sooner removed, than a courier entered with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor, who desired the secretary to read it by himself; and then, if there was nothing in it which required to be kept secret, to rehearse it in an audible voice. The secretary, in obedience to his command, having perused it in secret, "It may be very safely read aloud," said he: "what Signor Don Quixote writes to your lordship deserves to be printed, and even displayed in golden letters. This is the purport of the letter:—

The letter from Don Quixote de La Mancha to Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria.

"Friend Sancho,
"WHEN I expected to hear of thy negligence and impertinence, I was informed of thy discretion, for which I have returned particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise the poor from the dunghill, and extract wisdom from the heart of the fool. I am told thou hast governed like a man, and that thou art a man as if thou wert a beast; such is the humility of thy deportment. Take notice, Sancho, it is often convenient and necessary, for the authority of office, to resist the humility of the heart; for the ornament of the person invested with charges of dignity, ought to be conformable to what these require, and not mea-

sured according to the will of an humble disposition. Appear always well-dressed; for a may-pole, when decorated, loses its original appearance; not that I advise thee to wear jewels and finery, or, as thou art a judge, to go in the habit of a soldier; but to adorn thyself with that garb which thine office requires, and to be always clean and neatly dressed. In order to acquire the good-will of the people, over whom thou art set, among other things remember two particulars; one is, to be affable to every body; but this I have mentioned upon another occasion: the other is, to procure plenty of provision; for there is nothing that gives such vexation to the poor as hunger and dearth.

“ Do not issue a great number of ordinances; but take care that those which are published be good: and, above all things, see they are maintained and put in execution; for those ordinances which are not observed, might as well be annulled, as they serve to demonstrate that the prince, who had discretion and authority to enact them, wanted power to enforce obedience; and those laws which only intimidate, without being put in execution, resemble the king Log of the frogs, which at first terrified his subjects, by whom, however, at the long run, he was despised and insulted. Be thou a father to the virtuous, and a step-father to the wicked. Thou must not be always rigorous, nor always gentle; but choose the medium between these two extremities, in which lies the point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the slaughter-houses, and the markets; for in such places the presence of the governor will be of great importance. Console the prisoners with hope of being speedily dispatched. Be a bug-bear to butchers; for then they will use honest weights; and a terror to market-women for the same reason. Beware of shewing thyself (though thou really shouldst be so, and yet I believe thou art not) a miser, a lecher, or a glutton; for thy people, and those who have concerns with thee, knowing the bias of thine inclination, will batter thee from that quarter, until thou art overthrown into the profundity of perdition. Consider, and re-consider, peruse and

re-peruse the advices and instructions which I gave thee in writing, before thy departure for thy government; and, if thou observest the contents, thou wilt find in them a precious aid, that will alleviate the toils and difficulties which every moment occur to governors. Write to thy noble patrons, to evince thy gratitude; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the vilest sins that can be committed: and the person who is grateful to his benefactor, gives indication that he is also grateful to God, whose benefits are so manifold and incessant. My lady dutchess dispatched a messenger with thy hunting-suit, and another present to thy wife Teresa, and we expect her answer every moment.

“ I have been somewhat indisposed, in consequence of a certain cat-clawing adventure, which I lately achieved with some discomfiture of my nose: but that was of no consequence; for if I am maltreated by one set of enchanters, I am protected by another. Let me know if the steward, who is with thee, had any concern in the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, as thou once seemedst to suspect: and give me an account of every thing that betides thee, seeing the distance between us is so small. I think of leaving, in a little time, this idle life, for which I was never designed. I am like to be engaged in an affair which, I believe, will bring me in disgrace with the duke and dutchess: but although this affects my mind, it shall not influence my conduct; for, in a word, I am resolved to comply with the duties of my profession, rather than with the dictates of their pleasure, in conformity with the old saying, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*.—I write this sentence in Latin, because I apprehend thou hast learned that language since thou wast a governor. I commit thee to the protection of God, who is the fountain of all good; and am

Thy friend,

“ DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.”

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter,

which was applauded for the good sense it contained by all the hearers; then the governor, rising from table, shut himself up in his apartment with the secretary, in order to compose an answer to his master, without loss of time. He desired the scribe to write what he should dictate, without the least addition or diminution. The secretary obeyed his command, and the answer was to this effect :

Sancho Panza's letter to Don Quixote de La Mancha.

“ THE employment of my office is so severe, that I have not time to scratch my head, or even to pare my nails, which I, therefore, wear so long, that God must find some remedy. This I observe, dear master of my soul, that your worship need not be confounded, because I have not hitherto given you an account of my well or ill being in this government; where, by the bye, I suffer more pinching hunger than when we two used to travel through woods and deserts.

“ My lord duke gave me notice the other day, in a letter, that certain spies had entered the island, in order to murder me; but as yet I have discovered none, except a doctor, who has a salary in the place for killing all the governors that come hither. They call him Doctor Pedro Positive, and he is a native of Snatchaway; so that your worship may see, by his name, what reason I have to fear I shall perish by his hands. This very doctor frankly owns, that he does not cure the distempers which are already formed, but only prevents their formation; and the medicine he prescribes is fasting upon fasting, until the patient is clean skin and bone, as if a consumption was not worse than a fever. Finally, he is killing me by inches with hunger; and I find myself dying of pure vexation; for I thought in coming to this government, I should have hot meals and cool liquor, and regale my body in Holland sheets, upon beds of down; whereas, I am come to penance like a hermit; and as I cannot even do that, I believe, at the long run, the devil will fly away with me.

“Hitherto I have neither touched fee, nor fingered bribe: nor can I conceive the reason of such proceeding; for I have been told, that the governors who used to come to this island, even before their entrance, always received a good sum of money, either by way of present or loan, from the inhabitants; a custom observed in other governments as well as in this.

“In going the round last night, I found a very beautiful damsel in man’s clothes, and her brother in the dress of a woman: my gentleman-sewer is in love with the girl, and, as he says, hath fixed his fancy on her for a wife, and I have chosen the youth for my son-in-law: to-day, we two will communicate our thoughts to the father of this young pair, who is one Diego de Llana, a gentleman, and as old a Christian as one would desire.

“I visit the markets, according to your worship’s advice, and yesterday seeing a huckster selling new nuts, I discovered that she had mixed with a bushel of the new, the same quantity of old nuts, that were empty and rotten; upon which, I gave the whole to the charity boys, who know very well how to separate the good from the bad, and forbade her to enter the market for fifteen days: I was told I had done gallantly. What I can assure your worship is, that according to the report of this town, there is not a more wicked set of people than those market-women; for they are all without shame, conscience, and moderation: and indeed I believe the report, from what I have seen in other corporations.

“It gives me great satisfaction to hear that my lady dutchess has written to my wife, Teresa Panza, and sent the present your worship mentions: and I will endeavour to shew my gratitude in due season. I beg your worship will kiss her grace’s hand, in my name, and tell her, I say, she has not thrown her favour into a rotten sack, as our deeds shall declare. I should be sorry that your worship came to any reckonings of disgust with my lord duke and lady dutchess; for should there be any breach between

you, it is very plain the whole would redound to my loss; and, considering the advice you gave me to be always grateful, it would not look well in your worship to be otherwise to those who have done you such favours, and treated you so nobly in their castle.

“ The story of the cat-clawing I do not understand ; but do suppose it must have been one of those unlucky frays in which your worship is often engaged with wicked enchanter ; but I shall know when we meet.

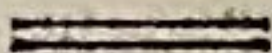
“ I would fain present your worship with something, but I know not what to send, except some clyster-pipes, which are very curiously turned and mounted in this island ; though, if my office holds, it shall go hard but I will find something to send, either by hook or by crook. If my wife, Teresa Panza, should write to me, I beg your worship will pay the postage, and forward the letter ; for I am extremely desirous to know the state of my family, my wife, and children. And now, the Lord deliver your worship from evil-designing enchanter, and safely and peaceably quit me of this government ; which I very much doubt, for I believe I shall leave my bones in it, so cruelly am I treated by Doctor Pedro Positive.

“ Your worship’s humble servant,

“ SANCHE PANZA, the governor.”

The secretary having sealed this letter, dispatched it with the courier ; and those who executed the jokes upon Sancho, laying their heads together, contrived a scheme for dismissing him from the administration. The evening his excellency spent in making some wholesome regulations, touching the government of what he imagined to be an island. Among other things, he ordained that there should be no monopolizers of provision in the commonwealth : that wine should be imported from all parts indifferently, at the pleasure of the merchant : with

this addition, that he should declare the place from whence it came, so as that a price might be set upon it, according to its worth, fame, and estimation; and he who should be detected in dashing it with water, or falsifying its name, should suffer death for the offence. He moderated the price of all kinds of hose, and particularly that of shoes, which he looked upon as exorbitant: he rated the wages of servants who went at full gallop in the road of interest: he laid severe penalties upon those who should sing lewd and lascivious ballads, by night or by day: he ordered that no blind man should sing his miracle in couplets, without an authentic testimony of the truth; it appearing, that the greatest part of those sung by blind persons are false and feigned, to the prejudice of those which are true: he made and appointed an overseer of the poor, not to persecute, but to examine whether or not they were real objects; for sturdy thieves, and hale drunkards, often screen themselves in the shade of feigned lameness, and counterfeit sores. In a word, he made so many good regulations, that they are hitherto preserved in the place, and called the constitutions of the great governor Sancho Panza.



CHAP. XX.

CID Hamet recounts, that Don Quixote being now cured of his scratches, began to think the life he led in the castle was altogether contrary to the order of chivalry which he professed; and, therefore, he determined to beg leave of the duke and dutchess to set out for Saragossa, as the time of the tournament approached; for there he laid his account with winning the armour which is the reward of the victor. Accordingly, while he one day sat at table with the duke and dutchess, he began to execute his resolution in asking leave; when behold, all of a sudden, two wo-

men, as it afterwards appeared, entered the dining-room, covered with mourning from head to foot. One of them approaching Don Quixote, prostrated herself before him, and with her mouth close to his feet, uttered such melancholy, profound, and doleful groans, as overwhelmed all the spectators with confusion: for although the duke and dutchess imagined it was some joke which the servants intended to perpetrate upon the knight; yet, seeing how violently the woman sighed, groaned, and wept, they remained doubtful and in suspense, until the compassionate Don Quixote raised her from the ground, and intreated her to discover herself, by taking away the veil that concealed her rueful face. She complied with his request, and shewed herself to be what nobody believed she was; for she displayed the individual countenance of Donna Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; and the other mourner was her daughter, who had been seduced by the rich farmer's son. All who knew her were struck with admiration, and the duke and dutchess more than any body; for although they took her to be a fool, and a person of a soft disposition, they did not think her folly could have risen to such acts of extravagance. In fine, Donna Rodriguez, addressing herself to the duke and dutchess, "I hope," said she, "your excellencies will give me leave to communicate a little with this knight; for it is necessary I should confer with him, that I may be safely extricated from the dilemma in which I am involved by the presumption of an evil-minded clown."

The duke having assured her she was at full liberty to confer with Signor Don Quixote as much as she pleased, she directed her voice and her countenance to the knight, saying, "Some days are elapsed, most valiant knight, since I gave you an account of the wrong and treachery which a wicked peasant has done my dearly beloved daughter, who is this unfortunate creature now standing before you; and you promised, in her behalf, to redress the wrong she had suffered; but now, I am informed, that you are going to depart from this castle, in quest of the happy adventures God

shall throw in your way ; and therefore, I could wish, that before you begin your career through those paths, you would defy this inflexible rustic, and compel him to marry my daughter, and so fulfil the promise he made of being her spouse, before he first yoked with her in the way of love ; for to think my lord duke will do me justice, is the same as to look for pears upon an elm, for the reason which I explained to your worship in private : and upon these terms, the Lord preserve your worship's health, and grant us his protection."

To this address, Don Quixote, with great gravity and stateliness of deportment, replied, "Worthy duenna, moderate, or rather dry up your tears, and spare your sighs ; for here I undertake to redress the grievances of your daughter ; though it would have been better for her, had not she so easily believed the protestations of lovers, who, for the most part, are very ready and alert to promise, but very heavy and backward in the performance : nevertheless, with the good leave of my lord duke, I will forthwith set out in quest of this perfidious youth ; and having found him, defy and slay him, whensoever and wheresoever he shall refuse to perform his promise ; for the principal aim of my profession is to pardon the humble, and chastise the haughty ; that is, to succour the wretched, and destroy the cruel." "Your worship," replied the duke, "need not give yourself the trouble to go in quest of the rustic who is the subject of this worthy duenna's complaint ; nor is there any occasion for your worship's asking my leave to challenge him to single combat ; I consider the challenge as already given ; I undertake for its being conveyed to the party, and even for its acceptance ; and promise that he shall come to answer for himself in person at this castle, where I will furnish both with a listed field, and observe all the conditions that are wont, and ought to be observed in such encounters ; for justice shall be equally done to each, according to the obligation that lies on all those princes who furnish lists

for combatants, within the limits of their territories.” “With this security then, and the good leave of your grace,” replied Don Quixote, “I now, for once, renounce my gentility, humble and adjust myself to the level of the delinquent, making myself equal with him, that he may be entitled and enabled to fight with me: I therefore, though in his absence, challenge, and defy him, for his wickedness in seducing this poor creature, who was a maid, and now through his fault is deprived of her maidenhead: and he shall either perform the promise he made of being her lawful spouse, or die, in default of the performance.”

So saying, he pulled off one of his gloves, and threw it into the middle of the hall; this was taken up by the duke, who said he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal: he likewise appointed the time at the distance of six days, and pitched upon the court-yard of the castle as the field of action; then they agree to wear the usual arms of knights; namely, the lance, the shield, the plaited coat of mail, and all other pieces, without the least fraud, treachery, or superstition, to be viewed and examined by the judges of the lists——“But, before we proceed,” said the duke, “it will be necessary that this good duenna, and that mistaken maid, should put the justice of their cause into the hands of Signor Don Quixote; otherwise nothing to the purpose will be done, nor will the challenge ever come to due execution.”

“I do put my cause into his hands,” replied the duenna. “And I too,” cried the daughter, all in tears, and overwhelmed with shame and confusion. The particulars of this affair being adjusted, and the duke having determined with himself what was to be done in the family, the mourners retired, and the dutchess ordered that for the future they should not be treated as her servants, but as ladies adventurers come to her house to demand justice: she therefore allotted a separate apartment to themselves, and they were attended as strangers, not without the amazement of other servants, who could not conceive what

would be the issue of the folly and effrontery of Donna Rodriguez, and her indiscreet and unhappy daughter.

At this instant, in order to complete the mirth of the company, and finish their meal with more enjoyment, who should enter the hall but the page who carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of governor Sancho Panza! The duke and dutchess were extremely pleased at his arrival, and desirous to know the particulars of his journey, about which he was questioned accordingly. The page answered that he could not describe them in public, or in a few words; but begged their excellencies would be pleased to reserve the account for their private ear; and, in the mean time, entertain themselves with these letters. So saying, he produced two letters, and gave them to the dutchess, one superscribed in these words: "To my lady dutchess of I know not what nor where." And the other directed, "To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island Baratania, whom God prosper many more years than myself."

The dutchess would not toast her cake, as the saying is, until she had read her letter, which having opened and perused by herself, when she perceived it might be recited aloud for the benefit of the duke and the company, she rehearsed it with an audible voice, to this effect:

Teresa Panza's letter to the dutchess.

"I RECEIVED great satisfaction, my lady, from the letter your grace was pleased to write me; for in truth, it was what I greatly desired: the string of coral is very good, and my husband's hunting-suit comes not short of it: your ladyship's having made my spouse Sancho governor, has given great pleasure to all our town, although there are some who cannot believe it, especially the curate, Mr. Nicholas the barber, and the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco; but that gives me no trouble; for, seeing it be so, as it certainly is, let people say what they will; though, if the truth must

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be told, had not the string of coral and the hunting-suit come, I should not have believed it myself; for in our town every body takes my husband for a noodle, and taken as he was, from governing an herd of goats, they cannot conceive what other government he can be good for. The Lord make him fit for his office, and conduct him in that way which will be most for the advantage of his children.

“ For my own part, dear lady of my soul, I am resolved, with your honour’s leave, to bring this happy day home to my own house, and hie me to the court, where I will loll in my coach, and burst the eyes of a thousand people who envy my good fortune: I beg, therefore, your excellency will tell my husband to send me money, and let it be a round sum; for it is very expensive living at court, where bread sells for a rial, and meat for thirty maravedis a pound; and that is an unconscionable price. If he does not choose that I should go, let him give me notice in time; for my feet itch to be a travelling; and my neighbours and gossips tell me, if I and my daughter go to court, and appear in pomp and grandeur, my husband will come to be known by me, more than I by him; because, when people ask, Who are these ladies in that coach? one of my servants will answer, These are the wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria; and in this manner Sancho will be known, I shall be respected, and to Rome for every thing.

“ I was vexed to the heart that this year there was no acorn harvest in our town; nevertheless, I send your highness about half a peck, which I gathered one by one upon the mountain, and went thither on purpose: I could find none larger, though I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

“ I hope your pomposity will not forget to write to me, and I will take care to send an answer, giving an account of my own health, and of every thing that may be worth mentioning from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord that he will preserve your grace, without forgetting me: my daughter

Sanchica and my son kiss your honour's hand : and this is all at present from her who would much rather see your grace, than subscribe herself,

“ Your humble servant,

“ TERESA PANZA.”

Great was the satisfaction which all the hearers received from this letter of Teresa Panza, though the greatest share fell to the duke and dutchess ; and her grace asked Don Qxixote, whether or not he thought it would be proper to open the letter directed for the governor, which she imagined must be excellent in its kind. The knight said, he would open it to oblige her grace, and having done so, found the contents to this purpose :

Teresa Panza's letter to her husband Sancho Panza.

“ I RECEIVED thy letter, dear Sancho of my soul, and I promise and swear to thee, on the faith of a Catholic Christian, I was within two fingers-breadth of running mad with joy ; and take notice, brother, when I heard thou wast a governor, I had like to have dropped down dead with pure pleasure ; for thou knowest, they say, sudden joy kills as well as deadly sorrow. Thy daughter Sanchica scattered her water about insensibly, out of mere satisfaction : thy hunting-suit lay before me, the string of corals sent by my lady dutchess was tied round my neck, the letters were in my hand, and the messenger in my presence ; and yet, I imagined and believed, that all I saw and handled, was a dream ; for who could conceive that a goatherd should come to be governor of islands ? Thou knowest, my friend, that my dear mother said, One must live long to see a great deal : this I mention, because I hope to see more if I live longer ; for I do not intend to stop, until I see thee a farmer, or collector of the revenue ; offices which, though they carry those who abuse them to the devil, are, in short, always bringing in the penny.

“ My lady dutchess will tell thee how desirous I am of going to court : consider of it, and let me know

thy pleasure ; for I will endeavour to do thee honour there, by riding in my coach.

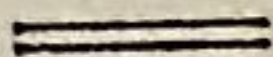
“ The curate, barber, bachelor, and even the sexton, cannot believe thou art a governor, and say the whole is a deception, or matter of enchantment, like all the affairs of thy master Don Quixote. Sampson vows he will go in quest of thee, and drive this government out of thy head, as well as the madness out of Don Quixote’s skull : I say nothing, but laugh in my own sleeve, look at my beads, and contrive how to make thy hunting-suit into a gown and petticoat for our daughter. I have sent some acorns to my lady dutchess, and I wish they were of gold. Send me some strings of pearl, if they are in fashion in thy island. The news of our town are these : The widow of the hill has matched her daughter with a bungling painter, who came here and undertook all sorts of brush-work. The corporation employed him to paint his majesty’s arms over the door of the town-house ; he demanded two ducats for the job, and they paid him beforehand ; but after he had laboured eight whole days, he produced nothing, and saying he could not hit upon such trifles, returned the money ; and yet for all that, he married with the character of a good workman : true it is, he hath already laid aside the pencil, and taken up the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo’s son has taken orders, and shaved his head, with intention to become a priest ; and this circumstance being known by Minguilla, niece of Mingo Silvato, she is going to sue him upon promise of marriage ; evil tongues scruple not to say she is with child by him ; but this he positively denies. This year there are no olives, nor a drop of vinegar in the whole town. A company of soldiers, marching this way, carried off three girls belonging to the village ; but I will not tell thee who they are, because perhaps they will return, and then there will not be wanting husbands who will take them with all their faults. Sanchica, by making bone-lace, clears eight maravedis a day, which

she keeps in a pipkin, to be a stock to her when she grows up: but now, that she is a governor's daughter, thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The public fountain is dried up. A thunder-bolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they always light. I expect an answer to this epistle, and thy resolution about my going to court: and so, God preserve thee more years than I have to live, or as many; for I should not choose to leave thee behind me in this world.

“Thy faithful spouse,

“TERESA PANZA.”

The letters were read with admiration, esteem, laughter, and applause; and the entertainment was crowned by the arrival of the courier, who brought Sancho's epistle to Don Quixote, which, being likewise recited in public, rendered the governor's folly extremely doubtful. The dutchess retired, in order to be informed by the page of what had happened to him in Sancho's village; and he recounted the particulars at large, without leaving one circumstance untold: he delivered the acorns, together with a cheese, which Teresa vouched for excellent, and even preferred to those of Tronchon. This the dutchess received with excessive pleasure, in the enjoyment of which we will leave her grace, and relate in what manner concluded the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all insulary governors.



BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

TO think the affairs of this life will always remain in the same posture, is a wild supposition; on the contrary, every thing goes in a round; I mean, goes

round. Spring succeeds winter, summer follows spring, autumn comes after summer, and winter comes in the rear of autumn ; then spring resumes its verdure, and time turns round on an incessant wheel. The life of man alone runs lightly to its end, unlike the circle of time, without hope of renewal, except in another life, which knows no bounds. Thus moralizes Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher ; for the knowledge of the frailty and instability of the present life, together with the eternal duration of that which we expect, many, without the light of faith, by natural instinct have attained. But here our author makes the observation on account of the celerity with which Sancho's government was finished, consumed, destroyed, and dissolved into smoke and vapour.

This poor governor being a-bed on the seventh night of his administration, not crammed with bread and wine, but fatigued with sitting in judgment, passing sentence, and making statutes and regulations ; and sleep, manure and in despite of hunger, beginning to weigh down his eye-lids, his ears were saluted with a terrible noise of bells and cries, as if the whole island had been going to wreck.

Sitting up in his bed, he listened attentively, in hope of comprehending the meaning and cause of such a mighty uproar : however, he not only failed in his expectation ; but the noise of the cries and the bells being reinforced by that of an infinite number of drums and trumpets, he remained more terrified, confounded, and aghast than ever. Then starting up, he put on his slippers, on account of the dampness of the ground ; though without wrapping himself up in his morning gown, or in any other sort of apparel ; and opening the door of his apartment, saw above twenty persons running through the gallery, with lighted torches, and naked swords in their hands, exclaiming aloud, and altogether. " Arm ! arm, my lord governor, arm ! a vast number of the enemy has landed on the island ; and we are lost and undone, unless protected by your valour and activity."

With this clamour, fury, and disturbance, they

rushed towards Sancho, who stood astonished and perplexed at what he saw and heard; and when they came up to the spot, one of them accosting him, "Arm, my lord," said he, "unless you want to perish, and see the whole island destroyed." "For what should I arm?" replied Sancho: "I neither know the use of arms, nor can I give you protection: these matters had better be left to my master Don Quixote, who, in the turning of a straw, would dispatch the whole affair, and put every thing in safety; but for me, as I am a sinner to God, I understand nothing of these hurly-burlys!" "How! my lord governor," cried another, "what despondence is this? Put on your armour, signor; here we have brought arms offensive and defensive: come forth to the market-place, and be our guide and our general, seeing of right that place belongs to you, as being our governor." "Arm me then, a God's name," replied Sancho: at that instant they took two large bucklers they had brought along with them, and putting over his shirt (for they would not give him time to clothe himself) one buckler before and another behind, they pulled his arms through certain holes they had made in the targets, and fastened them well together with cords, in such a manner, that the poor governor remained quite inclosed, and boarded up as straight as a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or move one single step: and in his hands they put a lance, with which he supported himself as he stood. Having cooped him up in this manner, they desired him to march out, and conduct and animate his people; in which case he being the north star, their lanthorn, and Lucifer, their affairs would be brought to a prosperous issue. "How should I march, unfortunate wight that I am," said Sancho, "when my very knee-pans have not room to play, so much am I cramped by those boards, which are squeezed into my very flesh? your only way is to take me up in your arms, and lay me across, or set me upright in some postern, which I will defend either with this lance or this carcase." "Come, my lord gover-

nor," replied the other, "you are more hampered by fear than by your bucklers: make haste, and exert yourself; for it grows late, the enemies swarm, the noise increases, and the danger is very pressing."

In consequence of this persuasion and reproach the poor governor endeavoured to move, and down he came to the ground with such a fall that he believed himself split to pieces. There he lay like a tortoise covered with its shell, or a flitch of bacon between two trays; or, lastly, like a boat stranded with her keel uppermost. Yet his fall did not excite the compassion of those unlucky wags; on the contray, extinguishing their torches, they renewed the clamour, and repeated the alarm with such hurry and confusion, trampling upon the unhappy Sancho, and bestowing a thousand strokes upon the bucklers, that if he had not gathered, and shrunk himself up with drawing his head within the targets, the poor governor would have passed his time but very indifferently; shrunk as he was within that narrow lodging, he sweated all over with fear and consternation, and heartily recommended himself to God, that he might be delivered from the danger that encompassed him. Some stumbled, and others fell over him; nay, one of the party stood upon him for a considerable time, and thence, as from a watch-tower, gave orders to the army, exclaiming with a loud voice, "This way, my fellow-soldiers; for here the enemy make their chief effort: guard this breach, shut that gate, down with those scaling-ladders, bring up the fire-pots, with the kettles of melted pitch, rosin, and boiling oil, barricado the streets with woolpacks." In a word, he named, with great eagerness, all the implements, instruments, and munition of war, used in the defence of a city assaulted; while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard the din, and suffered grievously, said within himself, "O! would it please the Lord that the island were quickly lost, that I might see myself either dead or delivered from this distress!" Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected such relief, his

ears were saluted with a number of voices, crying, "Victory! victory! the enemy is overcome! Rise, my lord governor, and enjoy your conquest; and divide the spoil taken from the foe by the valour of your invincible arm."

The afflicted Sancho, with a plaintive voice, desired them to lift him up; and when they helped him to rise, and set him on his legs again, "I wish," said he, "the enemy I have conquered were nailed to my forehead: I want to divide no spoils; but I beg and supplicate some friend, if any such I have, to bring me a draught of wine; and that he will wipe me dry of this sweat which has turned me into water." They accordingly wiped him clean, brought the wine, untied the bucklers, and seated him upon his bed, where he fainted away through fear, consternation, and fatigue. Those concerned in the joke, now began to be sorry for having laid it on so heavy; but Sancho's recovery moderated their uneasiness at his swooning. He asked what it was o'clock? and they answered it was day-break: then, without speaking another syllable, he began to dress himself, in the most profound silence, and all present gazed upon him with looks of expectation, impatient to know the meaning of his dressing himself so earnestly. At length, having put on his clothes very leisurely, for his bruises would not admit of precipitation, he hied him to the stable, attended by all the by-standers, where, advancing to Dapple, he embraced him affectionately, and gave him the kiss of peace upon the forehead, saying, while the tears trickled from his eyes, "Come hither, my dear companion! my friend, and sharer of all my toils and distress; when you and I consorted together, and I was plagued with no other thoughts than the care of mending your furniture, and pampering your little body, happy were my hours, my days, and my years! but since I quitted you, and mounted on the towers of pride and ambition, my soul has been invaded by a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets."

While he uttered this apostrophe, he was employed in putting the pack-saddle on his ass, without being interrupted by any living soul ; and Dapple, being equipped for the road, he made shift to mount him with great pain and difficulty : then, directing his words and discourse to the steward, secretary, sewer, Doctor Pedro, and many others who were present, " Make way, gentlemen," said he, " and let me return to my ancient liberty ; let me go in quest of my former life, that I may enjoy a resurrection from this present death : I was not born to be a governor, or to defend islands and cities from the assaults of their enemies : I am better versed in ploughing and delving, in pruning and planting vines, than in enacting laws, and defending provinces and kingdoms. I know St. Peter is well at Rome—that is, every one does well in following the employment to which he was bred : a sickle becomes my hand better than a governor's sceptre : and I would rather fill my belly with soup-meagre, than undergo the misery of an impertinent physician who starves me to death. I would much rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and clothe myself with a sheep-skin jacket in the winter, being my own master, than indulge under the subjection of a government, with Holland sheets, and robes of sables—God be with you, gentlemen ; and pray tell my lord duke, naked I was born, and naked I remain ; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain. That is, I would say, pennyless I took possession of this government, and pennyless I resign my office ; quite the reverse of what is usually the case with governors of other islands. Make way, therefore, and let me go and be plaistered ; for I believe all my ribs are crushed, thanks to the enemies who have this night passed and repassed over my carcase."

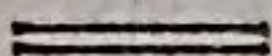
" It must not be so, my lord governor," said Doctor Positive : " I will give your worship a draught, calculated for falls and bruises, that will instantly restore you to your former health and vigour ; and, with respect to the article of eating, I promise your lordship to make amends, and let you eat abundantly

of every thing you desire." "Your promise comes too late," answered Sancho: "and I will as soon turn Turk as forbear going. These are no jokes to be repeated. Before God! I will as soon remain in this, or accept of any other government, even though it should be presented in a covered dish, as I will fly to heaven without the help of wings. I am of the family of the Panzas, who are all headstrong, and if once they say odds, odds it must be, though in fact it be even, in spite of all the world. In this stable I leave the pismire's wings that carried me up into the clouds, to make me a prey to martlets and other birds; and now let us alight, and walk softly and securely on the ground: and if my feet are not adorned with pinked shoes of Cordovan leather, they shall not want coarse sandals of cord or rushes: Let ewe and wether go together; and, Nobody thrust his feet beyond the length of his sheet. Now, therefore, let me pass, for it grows late."

To this address the steward replied, "We shall freely allow your lordship to go, although we shall be great sufferers in losing you, whose ingenuity, and Christian conduct, oblige us to desire your stay; but it is well known that every governor is obliged, before he quits his government, to submit his administration to a scrutiny; and if your lordship will give an account of yours during the seven days you have stood at the helm, you may depart in peace, and God be your guide." "Nobody can call me to an account," said Sancho, "but such as are appointed by my lord duke. Now, to him am I going, and to him will I render it, fairly and squarely: besides, there is no occasion for any other proof than my leaving you naked as I am, to shew that I have governed like an angel." "'Fore God! the great Sancho is in the right," cried Doctor Positive: "and, in my opinion, we ought to let him retire; for the duke will be infinitely rejoiced to see him."

All the rest assented to the proposal, and allowed him to pass, after having offered to bear him company, and provide him with every thing he should

want for entertainment of his person, and the convenience of the journey. Sancho said he wanted nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese, with half a loaf, for himself, the journey being so short, that he had no occasion for any better, or more ample provision. All the company embraced him, and were in their turns embraced by the weeping Sancho, who left them equally astonished at his discourse, as at his resolute and wise determination.



CHAP. II.

THE duke and dutchess resolved, that the defiance which Don Quixote breathed against their vassal, for the cause already mentioned, should be answered : and although the young man was in Flanders, whither he had fled to avoid such a mother-in-law as Donna Rodriguez, they determined to supply his place with a Gascon lacquey, called Tosilos, whom they beforehand minutely instructed how to behave on this occasion.

Two days after these measures were taken, the duke told Don Quixote that in four days his antagonist would come and present himself in the lists, armed as a knight, and maintain that the damsel lied by one half of her beard, and even by every hair of it, if she affirmed that he had promised her marriage. The knight received these tidings with great pleasure, flattering himself he should do something to excite the admiration of the whole family ; and he thought himself extremely fortunate in having found an opportunity of shewing this noble pair how far the valour of his powerful arm extended. He, therefore, with great joy and satisfaction, waited the expiration of the four days, which, reckoned by his impatience, seemed equal to four hundred centuries.

In the mean time let them pass, as we have already let many other matters pass, and attend Sancho, who,

between merry and sad, jogged along upon Dapple, in quest of his master, whose company he preferred to the government of all the islands upon earth. Well, then, he had not travelled far from the island of his government, (for he never dreamed of being certified whether what he governed was island, city, town, or village) when he saw coming towards him six pilgrims, with their staves, of that sort which begs charity by singing. So soon, therefore, as they approached him, they made a lane; and raising their voices together, began to sing in their language, though Sancho understood nothing of what they said, except the word Charity, which they distinctly pronounced; so that he immediately conceived the meaning of their outlandish song. Now he being, according to the asseveration of Cid Hamet, extremely charitable, took out of his bags, and gave them the bread and cheese with which he had been furnished, making them understand by signs, that he had nothing else to give. They received his benefaction cheerfully, pronouncing, however, the word Guelte, Guelte: to which Sancho answering, "I really do not understand what you want, good people:" one of them took a purse from his bosom, and held it up, giving him to understand they wanted money. Then Sancho, clapping his thumb to his throat, and displaying the back of his hand, signified that he had not so much as the corner of a rial, and spurred up Dapple, in order to make his way through the midst of them. As he passed, one of them having considered him very attentively, laid hold on Dapple's halter, and clasping him round the middle, exclaimed aloud, in very good Castilian, "The Lord protect me! what is this I see? is it possible that I actually hold in my arms my dear friend, and good neighbour, Sancho Panza? Yes, doubtless; for I am neither asleep nor drunk."

Sancho was astonished to hear his own name; and see himself embraced by a pilgrim, and a stranger, whom, though he silently gazed upon him with the utmost attention, he could by no means recollect. The pilgrim, perceiving his surprise, "Is it possible,

brother Sancho Panza," said he, "that thou dost not know thy neighbour Ricote, the moresco shop-keeper, that lived in your town?" Then Sancho, reviewing him with great attention, began to recal his features, and, at length, perfectly recognizing the moor, he, without alighting, threw his arms about his neck, saying, "Who the devil could know thee, Ricote, in that disguise? Tell me who has pilgrimised thee; and wherefore hast thou dared to return to Spain, where, if thou art found, and known, thou wilt suffer for thy rashness?" "If thou wilt not discover me, Sancho, I am secure," replied the pilgrim: "for, in this disguise, nobody will know me. Let us quit the high-road, and remove to yon poplar grove, where my companions intend to take some refreshment and repose; there thou shalt partake with them; for they are a very good sort of people; and there I shall have leisure to recount every thing that has befallen me since I departed from our town, in obedience to his majesty's proclamation, which so severely threatened the unfortunate people of my nation; as, no doubt, thou hast heard."

Sancho assented to his proposal; and Ricote, having spoke to the other pilgrims, they betook themselves to a tuft of poplars, at a good distance from the high-road. There they threw down their staves; laid aside their rochets, or mantles, so as to remain in their doublets; and all of them appeared to be young men of genteel persons, except Ricote, who was already advanced in years. Each had a wallet, in all appearance well provided; at least, with incentives which provoked thirst, at the distance of two leagues. They stretched themselves upon the ground, and using the grass as a table-cloth, spread upon it bread, salt, knives, nuts, crusts of cheese, and some clean bones of bacon, which, though they could not be eaten, were in a condition to be sucked with pleasure. They likewise produced a black dish, which they called Caviere, made of the roes of fishes, a great awakener of drought; nor did they

want olives, which, though dry, and without pickle, were very savoury and delicate: but what made the best figure in the field of this banquet, was a bottle of wine which every pilgrim drew forth from his wallet, not excepting honest Ricote, who, being transformed from a moor into a German, or Teutonian, pulled out his bottle also, which in size might have vied with all the other five. They began to eat with infinite relish, and great deliberation, smacking their lips at every mouthful, which they took with the point of a knife, though they are but little; then all at once, the whole squadron together raised their arms and bottles aloft, and joining mouth to mouth, with their eyes fixed on the firmament, they seemed to take aim at heaven. In this manner, shaking their heads from side to side, in token of the satisfaction they received, they continued a good while in the act of transfusing the contents of the bottles into their own bellies.

Sancho beheld this scene, with every part of which he was perfectly well pleased, and in compliance with the proverb which he very well knew, importing, When thou art at Rome, follow the fashion of Rome, he begged an embrace of Ricote's bottle, and took his aim like the rest; nor was his satisfaction inferior to theirs. Four times did their bottles admit of elevation; but the fifth was to no purpose: for, by that time, they were as clean and as dry as a rush: a circumstance that threw a damp upon the mirth which had hitherto prevailed. From time to time each pilgrim, in his turn, shook hands with Sancho, saying, "Spaniard or German, all one, goot companion." To which compliment Sancho replied, "Goot companion, by the Lord!" and bursting out into a fit of laughter which lasted a whole hour, without remembering at that time the least circumstance out of what had happened to him in his government: for over the times and seasons of eating and drinking care seldom holds jurisdiction. Finally, the conclusion of the wine was the beginning of sleep, which overwhelmed the whole company, and stretched them along upon the table and cloth they had been using.

Ricote and Sancho were the only two that remained awake, in consequence of having eaten more, and drank less, than their fellows: then Ricote taking Sancho aside, they sat down at the root of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in an agreeable slumber; and without stumbling in the least upon his morisco language, he spoke in pure Castilian to this effect:

“Well thou knowest, O Sancho Panza, my neighbour and friend, how the edict and proclamation, which his majesty published against those of my religion, overwhelmed us all with terror and consternation; at least, they terrified me to such a degree, that long before the time allotted to us for our removal from Spain, I thought the rigour of the penalty was already executed against me and my children. I therefore resolved, and I think wisely, like the man who knowing he must quit the house he lives in at such a time, provides himself with another to which he may remove—I resolved, I say, to retire by myself, without my family, and go in quest of some place to which I might carry it commodiously, without that hurry and confusion which attended the departure of my neighbours; for I was very well convinced, and so were all our elders, that those edicts were not only threats, as some people said, but real laws, that would certainly be put in execution at the appointed time: and this truth I was compelled to believe, by knowing the base and mad designs which our people harboured; such designs that, I verily think, his majesty was divinely inspired to execute such a gallant resolution. Not that we were all guilty; for some among us were firm and staunch Christians: but they were so few in number, that they could not oppose the schemes of those who were otherwise; and it was dangerous to nurse a serpent in one’s bosom, by allowing the enemy to live within the house. In a word, we were justly chastised by the sentence of banishment, mild and gentle in the opinion of some, but to us the most terrible that could be pronounced. In what country soever we are, we lament our exile from Spain: for, in fine, here we were born; this is

our native country; in no clime do we find a reception suitable to our misfortunes: nay, in Barbary, and all the other parts of Afric, where we expected to be received, cherished, and entertained, we have been most injured and maltreated: we knew not our happiness until we lost it; and so intense is the longing desire which almost all of us have to return to Spain, that the greatest part of those, and they are many, who understand the language like me, return to this kingdom, leaving their wives and children unprotected abroad, such is their affection for this their native soil: and now I know, by experience, the truth of the common saying, Sweet is the love of native land.

“Leaving our town, as I have already said, I repaired to France; and though there we met with a civil reception, I was desirous of seeing other countries. I, therefore, travelled into Italy, from whence I passed into Germany, where people seemed to live with more freedom: the natives do not pry with curious eyes into one another’s concerns; every one lives according to his own humour; for in most parts of the empire there is liberty of conscience. I left a house which I hired in a village near Augsburg, and joined these pilgrims, a great number of whom are wont to come hither yearly, on pretence of visiting the sanctuaries of Spain, which are their Indies, as being productive of well-known advantage, and most certain gain. They traverse the whole country; and there is not a village from which they are not dismissed with a belly-full of meat and drink, as the saying is, and a rial, at least, in money; so that, at the end of their peregrination, they are above an hundred crowns in pocket, which, being changed into gold, they conceal in the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of their cloaks, or task their industry in such a manner as to carry off their purchase to their own country, in spite of the guards at the passes and gates where they are examined and registered.

“My present intention, Sancho, is to carry off the

money I have buried, which, being without the town, I can retrieve without danger; then I shall write, or take a passage from Valencia, to my wife and daughter, who I know are at Algiers, in order to contrive a method for transporting them to some port of France, from whence I will conduct them to Germany, where we will bear with resignation the will of Heaven; for, in fine, Sancho, I am positively certain that my daughter Ricota, and my wife Francisca Ricote, are real Catholic Christians; and though I myself am not entirely of that way of thinking, I have more of the Christian than the Mussulman; and I incessantly pray to God to open the eyes of my understanding, that I may know how to serve him in the right way. But what excites my wonder, and baffles my penetration, is the conduct of my wife and daughter, who have chosen to retire into Barbary rather than to France, where they might have lived as Christians."

To this observation Sancho replied, "Why, look ye, Ricote, they were not, I suppose, at liberty to choose for themselves, inasmuch as they were carried off by your wife's brother, John Tiopieyo, who, being a rank moor, would naturally go to the place where he himself intended to make his abode: and I can tell you, moreover, I believe it will be in vain for you to go in search of what you left underground; for we were informed that thy wife and brother-in-law were stripped of a number of pearls, and a great deal of money, which was carried off to be registered." "That may be very true," said Ricote: "but I am certain, Sancho, they have not touched my hoard; for I would not tell them where it was hid, because I dreaded some misfortune: and therefore, Sancho, if thou wilt come along with me, and assist me in taking up, and concealing it, I will gratify thee with two hundred crowns to relieve thy necessities, which thou art sensible I know to be manifold." "I would comply with thy proposal," answered Sancho; "but I am not at all covetous; were I that way inclined, I this morning quitted an employment by which I might have been

enabled to build the walls of my house of beaten gold, and in less than six months eat out of plate : for this reason, therefore, and because I should think myself guilty of treason to my king, in favouring his enemies, I will not go along with thee, even though in lieu of promising me two hundred, thou shouldst here lay down four hundred crowns upon the nail." " And pray what office is this that thou hast quitted ?" said Ricote. " I have quitted the government of an island," replied Sancho. " Aye, and such a one as, in good faith, you will not find its fellow in three bowshots." " And whereabouts is this island ?" resumed the other. " Whereabouts ?" cried Panza : " about two leagues from hence, and it is called the island Barataria." " Spare me, spare me, good Sancho," said Ricote : " islands are far at sea ; there are none upon the continent." " How ? none !" replied Sancho : " I tell thee, friend Ricote, I left it but this morning, and yesterday governed in it at my pleasure, like a perfect sagittary ; but, for all that, I resigned my place ; for I found the office of governors is very troublesome and dangerous." " And what hast thou got by this government ?" said Ricote. " I have got sense enough to know that I am fit for governing nothing but a flock of sheep," answered Sancho : " and that the wealth acquired in such governments is got at the expense of ease, sleep, and even sustenance ; for in islands the governors must eat very little, especially if they have physicians to watch over their health." " I really do not understand thee, Sancho," said Ricote ; " but every thing thou hast spoke to me seems mere madness : for who would give thee islands to govern when there is plenty of men in the world so much more capable of governing than thou ? Keep thy own counsel, Sancho, and recollect thy judgment, and consider whether or not thou wilt accompany me, as I have proposed, to assist me in conveying the treasure I have hid ; for the sum is really so great, it may well be called a treasure, and I will give thee wherewithal to live, as I have already promised." " I have already told thee, Ricote, that I

will not," answered Sancho: "be satisfied that by me thou shalt not be discovered; continue thy journey in happy hour, and let me proceed in mine! for well I know, What's honestly earned may be easily lost; but ill-got wealth is ever at the owner's cost." "Well, I will not further importune thee," said Ricote; "but pray tell me, Sancho, wast thou in our village when my wife and daughter departed with my brother-in-law?" "Yes, I was," replied Sancho; "and I can tell thee thy daughter appeared so beautiful, that all the people in town went forth to see her, and every body owned she was the fairest creature under the sun; she went along weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance; and begged of all that came to see her that they would recommend her to God, and our lady, his blessed mother. Indeed, her behaviour was so moving, that I myself, who am no blubberer, could not help shedding tears; and, in good sooth, many persons were very desirous of going after, and carrying her off, in order to conceal her; but they were diverted from that design, by the fear of acting contrary to the king's proclamation. He that shewed himself the most passionately fond of her was Don Pedro Gregorio, the young rich heir, who, thou knowest, was said to be in love with her. After her departure, he never more appeared in our town, and every body believed he went away, in order to carry her off; but hitherto we have had no account of his motions." "I had always a suspicion," said Ricote, "that the young gentleman was enamoured of my daughter; but, as I confided in the virtue of Ricota, his passion gave me no disturbance; for thou must have heard, Sancho, that the moorish women seldom or never engage in amorous intercourse with old Christians; and my daughter, whose inclination, I believe, leaned more to Christianity than to love, paid no attention to the importunities of that young heir." "God grant it may be so," replied Sancho: "for it would have been to the prejudice of both: and now let me depart in peace, friend Ricote; for this night I intend to be with my master, Don

Quixote." "God be thy guide, brother Sancho," said the moor: "I see my companions are stirring, and it is time for us to make the best of our way."

Then the two having embraced one another, Sancho mounted Dapple, Ricote supported himself with his staff, and in this manner they parted different ways.

CHAP. III.

SANCHO was so long detained by Ricote, that he could not reach the duke's castle that day, though he was within half a league of it, and there overtaken by the night, which was dark and close: but it being the summer season, he was not much concerned, and retired a little from the high-road, with intention to wait patiently for morning. It was, however, the pleasure of his niggard and unhappy fortune, that in seeking a place proper for his accommodation, he and Dapple tumbled into a deep and very dark pit, among a number of old buildings. In falling he recommended himself to God with all his heart, in the firm persuasion that he would not stop until he reached the bottom of the profound abyss: but this apprehension was happily disappointed; for Dapple having descended little more than three fathoms, touched the ground, and his rider found himself on his beast's back, without having sustained the least hurt or damage. He felt his body all over, and held in his breath, to know whether he was sound or perforated in any part; and when he found himself safe, whole, and in Catholic health, he did not fail to thank our Lord God for his protection, as he actually thought he had been shattered into a thousand pieces. He likewise felt about the sides of the pit, to know if there was any possibility of being extricated without assistance: but he found them all smooth and perpendicular, without any projection or cranny of which he could take the least advantage; a circumstance that greatly increased his chagrin, especially when he heard Dapple complain, in a

most pathetic and lamentable tone : and, indeed, it was no great wonder ; nor did he lament out of wantonness ; for, in truth, he was in a very sorry condition.

It was then that Sancho Panza exclaimed, “ Alack, and a-well-a day ! how unexpected are the accidents which, at every turn, befall those who live in this miserable world ! who could foretell, that he who yesterday saw himself enthroned as governor of an island, giving orders to his servants and vassals, should to-day be buried in a dungeon, without a soul to remedy his misfortune, or a servant or vassal to hasten to his relief ? Here I and my poor beast must perish by hunger, if we do not give up the ghost before that period ; he, in consequence of being battered and bruised, and I from pure sorrow and vexation. At least, I shall not be so lucky as my master Don Quixote de La Mancha, who, when he descended, and sunk into the cave of that same enchanted Montesinos, was better entertained than he could have been in his own house ; so that the cloth seemed to be laid, and the bed fairly made. There he enjoyed beautiful and agreeable visions ; but here, I believe, I shall see nothing but toads and serpents. Unfortunate wretch that I am ! to what a pass am I brought by my fantasies and folly. From this cavern (when Heaven shall be pleased to discover them) my bones, together with those of my honest friend Dapple, will be taken up smooth and white, and bare as anatomy ; and, from this particular, perhaps it will be discovered who we are, especially by those who know that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. I say again, miserable creatures that we are ! why would not our niggard fortune allow us to die at home, in our own country, in the midst of our friends ? where, though our misfortune would admit of no remedy, we should not have wanted relations to grieve at our fate, and close our eyes in the last hour of our trial !

“ O my dear companion, and my friend ! how ill have I rewarded thy good services ? Forgive me,

honest Dapple, and intreat fortune in the best terms thou canst use, to deliver us from this vexatious misery in which we are equally involved ; in which case, I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, so as that thou shalt look like a poet laureat : and, withal, to give thee double allowance of provender." In this manner did Sancho Panza pour forth his lamentation, to which the poor beast listened, without answering one word ; such was the danger and distress to which the poor animal found himself exposed.

At length, after they had passed the whole night in miserable complaints and lamentations, day broke and, by the light and splendour of the morning, Sancho perceived that of all impossibilities it was the most impossible to free himself from that pit, without assistance ; so that he began to lament afresh, and roar aloud, in hope that somebody might hear his voice : but all his cries were uttered to the desert ; for in all that neighbourhood there was not a soul by whom he could be heard ; and therefore he gave himself up for lost. As Dapple lay with his mouth uppermost, Sancho Panza exerted himself in such a manner as to raise his friend upon his legs, which, by the bye, could scarce bear his weight ; and, taking a piece of bread out of his wallet, which had likewise suffered the same unfortunate fall, gave it to the poor beast, who received it very thankfully, and Sancho told him, as if he understood his words, " All ills are good when attended with food." About this time, he discovered a hole at one side of the dungeon, large enough to give passage to a man, provided he could bend his body, and creep through ; to this he hastened, and squeezing himself into it, perceived within a large extensive space, the particulars of which he could distinguish ; for through what may be termed the roof, descended a small stream of light that illuminated the whole place, which, as he observed, dilated and extended itself through another spacious concavity.

Sancho, having made these remarks, returned to the place where his companion stood, and with a stone

began to clear away the rubbish from the hole, which he in a little time enlarged to such a degree that Dapple passed with ease. Then taking the halter in his hand, he led him forwards through that cavern, in hope of finding an exit at the other end: and sometimes he proceeded darkling, and sometimes without one ray of light; but always in fear and trepidation. "God Almighty protect me!" said he within himself: "this, that is such a dismal expedition to me, would be an excellent adventure to my master, who would look upon these depths, and dungeons, as so many flower gardens and palaces of Galiana; * and expect to pass from this distress and obscurity, into some blooming meadow adorned with the pride of spring: whereas, I, a miserable wretch! equally imprudent and poor spirited, dread, at every step, that another dungeon, still more deep, will suddenly open under my feet, and swallow me up at once: we may bear, without a groan, the misfortune that comes alone." In venting these ejaculations, he fancied he had proceeded about half a league, when he perceived a kind of confused light, like that of day, glimmering through a passage that seemed to be the road from this to the other world.

Here Cid Hamet Benengeli, leaving the squire, returns to Don Quixote, waiting with joy and transport for the combat, in which he was to engage with the person who had robbed the daughter of Donna Rodriguez of her precious virtue; for he made no doubt of redressing the grievance and disgrace which the delinquent had feloniously entailed upon the innocent damsel.

Chancing one morning to go out, in order to improve and inure himself to the exercise of arms, which he meant to practise in that combat to which in a few days he must be exposed, he, in wheeling about, or giving the charge with Rozinante, rode so

* This was a moorish princess, for whom her father built a stately palace near the Tagus, the ruins of which remain to this day.

near the mouth of a cavern, that if he had not vigorously pulled in the reins, he must have plunged into it, without all possibility of escape. He kept his seat, however, and at length made his retreat good; then re-approaching the hole, he, without alighting, surveyed the depth of the cave; and while he was thus employed, heard loud cries issuing from below; in consequence of which, listening with great attention, he could distinguish articulate sounds, and distinctly understand the following exclamation: "So ho! above there; is there any Christian within hearing? or any charitable gentleman, whose bowels yearn at the distress of a sinner buried alive, and an unfortunate misgoverned governor?"

Don Quixote thought he recognized the voice of Sancho Panza, at hearing which he was confounded and astonished; and, raising his own voice as high as he could strain, "Who is that below," cried he, "complaining so grievously?" "Who should be here, or who complain, but the bewildered Sancho Panza, for his sins, and misfortune, appointed governor of the island Baratania, who was formerly squire to the renowned knight, Don Quixote de La Mancha?" When the knight heard this declaration, his surprise redoubled, his amazement increased, and he was struck with the notion that Sancho Panza was dead, and his soul doing penance in that place. Swayed by this conjecture, he exclaimed, "I conjure thee by all that is sacred, as a Catholic Christian, to tell me who thou art; if a soul in punishment, let me know what I can do in thy behalf; for, as it is my profession to favour and assist the needy of this world, so likewise am I ready to succour and relieve the miserable objects of the other world, who cannot relieve themselves. "At that rate, and by your worship's discourse," answered the voice, "you should be my master Don Quixote de La Mancha; and, indeed, by the tone of your voice, I know you can be no other." "Don Quixote I am," replied the knight: "he who professes to aid and assist the living, as well as the dead, in their distresses. Tell

me, therefore, who thou art, by whom I am thus held in astonishment; for if thou art my squire Sancho Panza, and hast quitted this life, seeing the devils have not got possession of thy soul, but, through the mercy of God, thou art now in purgatory, our holy mother the Roman Catholic Church has prayers sufficient to deliver thee from thy present pain; and I, for my part, will solicit them in thy behalf, as far as my whole fortune will extend; I say, therefore, make haste, and declare thy name and situation."

"I vow to God!" answered the voice, "and swear by the birth of whom your worship pleases, Signor Don Quixote de La Mancha, that I am your indentical squire Sancho Panza, and was never yet dead in the whole course of my life; but I quitted my government for causes and considerations which I must have more leisure to explain: last night I fell into this dungeon, together with Dapple, who will not suffer me to tell an untruth; by the same token he stands now at my back." One would have imagined the beast understood what his master said; for that moment he began to bray so strenuously, that the whole cave echoed with the sound. "A most unexceptionable evidence!" cried Don Quixote: "I know that note as well as if I had given it birth; and, besides, I recognize thy voice, my good Sancho; wait a little, I will ride to the duke's castle, which is hard by, and bring people to extricate thee from that dungeon into which thou hast been plunged for thy sins and transgressions." "I intreat your worship to go, for the love of God! and return speedily; for I cannot bear to be buried here alive; and moreover, I am ready to die with fear!"

The knight leaving him, accordingly repaired to the castle, where he recounted to the duke and the dutchess the accident which had befallen poor Sancho, at which they were not a little surprised, though they at once comprehended how he must have fallen, by the correspondence of that cavern, which had been there time out of mind: but, they could not conceive how he could have quitted the govern-

ment, without giving them notice of his coming. Finally, ropes and cables were provided, together with a good number of people: and Dapple and Sancho Panza, though not without a good deal of trouble, were hoisted up from dungeons and darkness to the cheerful light of day. "In this manner," said a student, "who chanced to be among the spectators, should all bad governors be dragged from their governments like that poor sinner from the profound abyss, half dead with hunger, pale with fear, and, as I believe, without a penny in his pocket." Sancho, hearing this observation, replied, "Eight or ten days are now elapsed, brother growler, since I assumed the reins of government in that island which was committed to my charge; and, in all that time, I never once had my belly full, even of dry bread: I have been persecuted by physicians; my bones have been crushed by the enemy: but, I never had a bribe in view, nor did I ever receive my due. And this being the case, as it certainly is, methinks I have not deserved to be dragged out in this manner: but, Man projects in vain; for, God doth still ordain: Heaven knows how meet it is to grant what every one pretends to want: Every season has its reason: Let no man presume to think, of this cup I will not drink: for, Where the fitch we hope to find, not even a hook is left behind. God knows my meaning, and that's enough; I shall say no more, though perhaps I could speak more plainly." "Be not angry, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "and give thyself no concern about what thou mayest hear, otherwise there will be no end of thy vexation: console thyself with a good conscience, and let them say what they will; for it is as impracticable to tie up the tongue of malice, as to erect barricadoes in the open fields. If a governor resigns his office in good circumstances, people say he must have been an oppressor, and a knave; and if poverty attends him in his retreat, they set him down as an idiot, and a fool." "For this time," answered Sancho, "I am certain they will think me more fool than knave."

Thus discoursing, and surrounded by a number of boys, and other spectators, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and dutchess waited to receive them in a gallery; but Sancho would not go up stairs, until he saw Dapple properly accommodated in the stable; for, he observed, the poor creature had passed the preceding night in very indifferent lodging: then he went to pay his respects to his noble patrons, before whom falling on his knees, "According to the good pleasure of your graces," said he, "and without any merit on my side, I went to govern your island Baratania, which naked I entered, and naked I remain; and if I lose nothing as little I gain. Whether I have governed righteously or amiss, there are witnesses who will declare, and say whatsoever they think proper. I have explained doubts, and decided causes, though all the time half dead with hunger, because my fasting seemed good under Doctor Pedro Positive, native of Snatch-away, the island and governor's physician: we were assaulted in the night by the enemy, who put us all in great jeopardy and consternation; and the inhabitants of the island said they were delivered, and proved victorious, by the valour of my invincible arm; but, so may God deal with them as they speak truth. In a word, I have, during my administration, considered the cares and obligations that attend the exercise of power, and found them, by my reckoning, too weighty for my shoulders; they are neither fit burthens for my back, nor arrows for my quiver: and, therefore, that the government might not discard me, I have thought proper to discard the government: and yesterday I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs, which belonged to it when I took possession. I have borrowed of no man, nor consulted my own private gain or advantage; and although my intention was to make some wholesome regulations, I did not put my design in execution, because I was afraid they would not be observed; and a law neglected is the same thing as one that never was enacted.

“ I quitted the island, as I have said, without any other company than that of Dapple; I fell into a dungeon, through which I groped my way, until the morning, by the light of the sun, I perceived a passage out of it, though not so easy, but that if Heaven had not sent my master Don Quixote to my assistance, there I should have remained to the day of judgment. Here, then, my lord duke, and lady dutchess, is your governor Sancho Panza, who, during the ten days of his administration, has gained nothing but so much knowledge, that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not only of an island, but even of the whole world; and, in this opinion, kissing your grace's feet, and imitating the game of boys, who cry, Leap, and away, I take a leap from the government into the service of my master Don Quixote; for, in short, though with him I eat my bread in terror and alarm, I, at least, fill my belly; and so that is full, I care not whether it be with carrots or partridge.”

Here Sancho concluded his harangue, during which the knight was in a continual apprehension that he would utter a thousand absurdities; but, when he heard it finished with so few, he thanked Heaven in his heart; while the duke embraced Sancho, and told him he was grieved to the soul that he had so soon left his government; but he would find means to invest him with another office in his estate, which would be attended with less care and more advantage. He was likewise consoled by the dutchess, who gave particular orders about his entertainment, as he seemed to be sorely bruised, and in a lamentable condition.

CHAP. IV.

THE duke and dutchess did not repent of the joke they had executed upon Sancho Panza, with respect to his government, especially as the steward arrived the same day, and gave a circumstantial detail of

all the words and actions which he had said and performed, during the term of his administration. In fine, he magnified the assault of the island, and the terror of Sancho, and described the manner of his departure, from the account of which they received no small pleasure and satisfaction.

The history afterwards relates, that the day appointed for the combat arrived; and the duke, having again and again instructed his lacquey Tosilos how to manage Don Quixote, so as to conquer without slaying, or even wounding the knight, ordered the lances to be divested of their iron head, observing to Don Quixote, that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, would not allow him to let the combat be fought with any risk and danger of his life; and that he hoped the knight would be satisfied with his granting a field for the lists in his territories, an indulgence contrary to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits all such challenges; he therefore desired that the battle might not be fought to the last extremity. Don Quixote said his excellency might order the particulars of that affair according to his own pleasure, and that he would punctually comply with every circumstance of the disposition.

The dreadful day then being arrived, and the duke having caused a spacious scaffold to be erected before the court-yard of the castle, for the accommodation of the judges of the field, and the mother and daughter, who were plaintiffs in the cause; an infinite number of people assembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to see the novelty of this battle; for such a combat had never been seen nor heard of in that country by either the living or the dead. The first that entered the lists was the master of the ceremonies, in order to examine the ground; and he accordingly surveyed the whole field, to see that there was no deceit, or any thing concealed, that might occasion stumbling or falling. Then came the duennas and took their seats, veiled down to the eyes, and even to the bosom, with de-

monstrations of excessive grief. They being seated, Don Quixote presented himself in the lists; and in a little time appeared the great lacquey Tosilos upon a mighty steed that shook the very ground, accompanied with a number of trumpets, his visor being down, and his whole body stiffened with strong and shining armour; his horse seemed to be of the Friesland breed, broad built, and of a flea-bitten colour, with a stone of wool hanging to every foot. Thus approached the valiant combatant, well instructed by the duke how to engage the valorous Don Quixote de La Mancha, and particularly cautioned against taking away the life of his knightly opponent; for he was warned to avoid the first encounter as he would shun his own death, which must have been certain, had they met full shock in the midst of their career. This champion, crossing the field, and riding up to the place where the duennas were seated, began very earnestly to* contemplate the person who claimed him as her husband; while the master of the field, calling to Don Quixote, who had likewise entered the lists, and kept close to Tosilos, asked the duennas if they consented to depend upon Don Quixote de La Mancha for the redress of their grievances. They replied in the affirmative, declaring at the same time, that whatever he should do in the affair, they would hold as† well done, firm,

* A critic, inclined to enumerate the inadvertencies of Cervantes, might observe that Sancho pulled a piece of bread out of his wallet, and gave it to Dapple, after he had given the contents of the said wallet to the pilgrims; that he tells the duke and dutchess he had governed ten days, whereas he had continued but seven days in office; and lastly, that Tosilos contemplated the beauty of the damsel, though we are previously told, that she was veiled down to the bosom.

† In the romance of Gerard de Nevers we read, that a certain young lady, perceiving the eagerness with which that knight undertook her defence, pulled the glove from her left hand, and presented it to him,

and sufficient. By this time, the duke and dutchess had placed themselves in a gallery that overlooked the barriers, which were crowded with an infinite number of people, who came to see the dreadful and never-beheld encounter; but before they engaged, it was stipulated, that if Don Quixote should overcome his antagonist, he, the said antagonist, should marry the daughter of Donna Rodriguez; but, should victory declare for the defendant, he should be released from the promise they pretended he had made, without giving any other satisfaction.

The master of the ceremonies having divided the sun, and stationed each combatant in his proper post, the drums began to thunder, the sound of trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and the hearts of the gazing multitude throbbed with suspense and expectation; some hoping, and others fearing, the good or bad success of the battle. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his heart to our Lord God, and to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, waited with impatience for the precise signal of engaging; while our lacquey, engrossed by far other sentiments, thought of nothing but what we will now explain. While he stood gazing at his female enemy, she appeared in his eyes the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in the whole course of his life; and the little blind urchin, vulgarly known by the name of Cupid, was unwilling to lose this opportunity to triumph over a lacqueyan soul, and register this subject in the list of his achievements; he, therefore, approached him fairly and softly, and unperceived let fly an arrow two yards long, which, entering his left side, transfixed his heart; nor was it difficult to perform this exploit, for love is invincible, and makes his entrance and exit wheresoever he chooses to pass, without being

saying, "Sir knight, my body, life, lands, and honour, I commit to the protection of God and you, to whom I pray he may grant grace to obtain the victory, and deliver us from the danger in which we are now involved."

called to account by any person upon earth—I say, when they gave the signal for battle, our lacquey's soul was transported by the beauty of her, to whom, by this time, he had surrendered his liberty; and, therefore, he was not so much affected by the sound of the trumpet as his antagonist Don Quixote, whose ears it no sooner saluted, than he sprang forwards to assault his adversary with all the mettle that Rozinante could exert; and his good squire Sancho seeing him begin his career, exclaimed with an audible voice, “God be thy guide, thou cream and flower of knights-errant: God grant thee the victory, seeing thy cause is the best.”

Although Tosilos saw Don Quixote advancing against him, he did not budge one step from his station, but called aloud to the field-master, to whom, when he went up to see what he wanted, he thus addressed himself: “Tell me, signor, is not this combat appointed to determine whether I shall or shall not marry that lady?” To this question the other having replied in the affirmative, “Well then,” resumed the lacquey, “I have a tender conscience that would be grievously burthened should I proceed in this quarrel; and, therefore, I own myself vanquished, and will forthwith take the lady to wife.” The field-master was surprised at this declaration of Tosilos, and being in the secret of the plan, knew not what answer to make; while Don Quixote, perceiving his enemy did not come on to the assault, checked Rozinante in the middle of his career. The duke, being ignorant of the cause that retarded the battle, was by the field-master informed of what Tosilos had said, at which he was extremely surprised and incensed; whereas, Tosilos, in the mean time, rode up towards the place where Donna Rodriguez was seated, and pronounced with a loud voice, “Madam, as I am willing to marry your daughter, there is no occasion to seek that by disputes and contention which I may obtain peaceably, without the danger of death.” The valiant Don Quixote hearing this address, “Since that is the case,” said he, “I am released and acquitted of my

promise: let them marry a God's name, and as our Lord bestows the bride, may St. Peter bless the nuptials."

The duke descending into the courtyard of the castle, and advancing to Tosilos, "Knight," said he, "is it true that you own yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you consent to marry this damsel?" When he answered, "Yes, my lord." "He is very much in the right," cried Sancho: "give always to the cat what was kept for the rat; and, let it still be thy view all mischief to eschew." As for Tosilos, he began to unlace his helmet, and earnestly begged that somebody would come to his assistance; for his breath was almost gone, and he could not bear to be confined so long in such a narrow lodging. People accordingly ran to his relief; and his head being uncased, Donna Rodriguez discovered the individual countenance of our lacquey, which the daughter no sooner beheld than she cried aloud, "A cheat! a cheat! my lord duke has palmed his lacquey upon us, in lieu of my lawful husband: I demand justice of God and the king, for this malicious, not to call it knavish contrivance."

"Ladies," said Don Quixote, "give yourselves no concern; there is neither malice nor knavery in the case; or if there is, it cannot be occasioned by the duke, but by those wicked enchanters who persecute me without ceasing: envious of the glory I should have acquired in this achievement, they have metamorphosed your husband's face into the aspect of this man, who you say is the duke's lacquey. Take my advice, therefore, maugre the malice of mine enemies, bestow your hand upon him; for, without all doubt, he is the very person whom you desire to obtain as a husband."

The duke, overhearing this admonition, had well nigh vented all his indignation in laughter, saying, "The adventures that happen to Signor Don Quixote are so extraordinary, that I am apt to believe this is not really my lacquey; but let us make use of this expedient and stratagem: we will, if it be agreeable,

delay the marriage a fortnight, and confine this person, of whom we are doubtful, and in that time, perhaps he will retrieve his former figure; for surely the rancour of those wicked enchanters, who hate Don Quixote, cannot last so long; especially as such delusions and transformations avail them so little."

"O, my lord!" cried Sancho, "those banditti have been long accustomed to chop, change, and trans-mography every thing that belongs to my master: some time ago he vanquished an errant called the Knight of the Mirrors, and, in a twinkling, they transformed him into the figure of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsman and great friend of ours; as for my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they have changed her into a homely country wench; and, therefore, I take it for granted that this man will die and live a lacquey all the days of his life."

Here the daughter of Donna Rodriguez interposing, "Be who he will," said she, "I am obliged to him for asking me in marriage: and I would rather be the lawful wife of a lacquey than the deluded mistress of a gentleman; although he who deluded me has no pretensions to that title." In fine, all these incidents and explanations ended in the resolution to confine Tosilos, until they should see the issue of his transformation; while, with unusual acclamation, the victory was adjudged to Don Quixote; though the greatest part of the spectators seemed melancholy and disappointed, because they had not seen two such hopeful combatants hew one another in pieces: in the same manner as the boys are out of humour, when the execution is prevented by the malefactor's being pardoned, either by the party or the king.

The crowd dispersed, the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle, Tosilos was sent to prison; Donna Rodriguez and her daughter rejoiced exceedingly when they saw that, one way or another, this affair would end in marriage, and the lover consoled himself with the same prospect.

CHAP. V.

BY this time, Don Quixote thought he would do well to quit that idle way of life which he led in the castle; for he imagined himself much to blame in living thus buried and inactive among those infinite dainties and entertainments with which he, as a knight-errant, was indulged by that noble pair; and he concluded that he would be obliged to give a severe account to Heaven of this idleness and sequestration. He, therefore, one day, begged leave of the duke and dutchess to depart; and they granted his request with marks of being extremely grieved at his intention. The dutchess delivered to Sancho Panza his wife's letter, and the good squire wept bitterly when he understood the contents; saying, "Who could have thought such mighty hopes as were engendered in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza, by the news of my government, would vanish, in my returning again to the woeful adventures of my master Don Quixote de La Mancha? Nevertheless, I am pleased to find that my Teresa behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the dutchess; for had she failed in that particular, I should have been sorely vexed, and she would have shewn herself ungrateful: what comforts my poor heart is, that they cannot call this present a bribe; for, I was actually in possession of the government before the acorns were sent: and it is but reasonable, that folks who receive any sort of benefit should shew their gratitude, even though in trifles. In effect, naked I took possession of the government, and naked I resigned my office; therefore, I may say with a safe conscience, which is no small boast, I naked was born, and naked remain; and if I lose nothing as little I gain."

This conference Sancho held with his own bosom on the day of their departure: as for Don Quixote, having taken leave of their graces overnight, he, in the morning, presented himself armed in the courtyard of the castle, where he furnished a spectacle to

all the people of the family, not even excepting the duke and dutchess, who viewed him from the gallery. Sancho was mounted upon Dapple, extremely well pleased with the contents of his bags, wallet, or store; for the duke's steward, who acted the part of the Countess Trifaldi, had given him a small purse of two hundred crowns, to answer the emergencies of the road: but of this supply Don Quixote was ignorant. While every individual, as we have said, stood gazing at the knight, all of a sudden, from among the other duennas and damsels of the dutchess, the gay and witty Altisidora, raising her voice, pronounced what follows in a lamentable tone:

AH! hear my plaint, unlucky knight,
Pull in thy reins, and do me right;
And prithee spare, at my request,
The flanks of that poor batter'd beast.
Consider she whose heart's at stake,
False man! is not a scaly snake;
But a young lambkin, meek and true,
Just wean'd from teat of mother ewe.
Say, monster, why undo a maid
More beautiful than ever stray'd
With Cynthia, huntress of the wood,
Or Venus, native of the flood?
But if, Æneas like, thou mean'st to fly,
The death of Barabbas may Quixote die.

Thou, robber! in thy claws hast got
The heart, and bowels, and what not,
Of a weak virgin, Heav'n befriend her!
Mild, humble, timorous, and tender.
Three linen nightcaps hast thou stole,
And silken garters strong and whole,
That to these legs did appertain,
These legs, as marble smooth and clean.
Thou carry'st off two thousand sighs,
Which, kindled by thy beaming eyes,
Would in a twinkling quite destroy
Two thousand cities great as Troy.

But if, Æneas-like, thou mean'st to fly,
The death of Barrabas may Quixote die.

May Sancho's buttocks and his heart
Ne'er feel the ignominious smart
Prescrib'd, when he is pleased and ready,
To disenchant thy fav'rite lady.
Since thine is the offence and blame,
Endure the punishment and shame
Which in my country, once a year,
The righteous for the wicked bear.
Be thy adventures (small or great)
Inglorious and unfortunate ;
Like dreams may all thy pleasures fade,
Thy constancy oblivion shade ;
And if, Æneas-like, thou mean'st to fly,
The death of Barrabas may Quixote die.

May'st thou be deem'd a perjur'd devil,
Ev'n from Marchena unto Seville ;
From Loja to Granada hated,
From London Tow'r to England baited,
At draughts shouldst thou attempt to play,
Or waste at ombre all the day,
May no crown'd monarch or spadille
Attend the efforts of thy skill :
When angry corn disturbs thy toe,
May blood at every paring flow ;
And of each tooth the barbers draw,
The stump still fester in thy jaw :
Nay, since, Æneas-like, thou mean'st to fly,
The death of Barrabas may Quixote die.

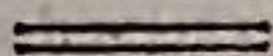
While the afflicted Altisidora complained in these strains, Don Quixote surveyed her attentively, and without answering a word to her lamentations, turned to Sancho, saying, "By the age of thine ancestors ! my dear Sancho, I conjure thee to tell me the truth : say, hast thou actually got the three caps, and the garters, which this enamoured damsel mentions ?"—To this question the squire replied : "The three caps I have ; but as to the garters, I know nothing of the matter."

The dutchess was surprised at the freedom of Al-tisidora's behaviour; for although she knew her to be forward, merry, and frank, she did not think the girl possessed of assurance enough to attempt a scheme of this nature; and her admiration was the greater, as she had not been previously apprised of the intended joke. The duke, however, in order to reinforce the jest, addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words: "It does not look well, sir knight, that you, who have met with such honourable reception and treatment in this my castle, should presume to carry off by stealth three night-caps, at least, if not a pair of garters likewise, belonging to my damsel: these are marks of a bad heart, and but ill agree with your reputation. Restore the garters to the right owner; otherwise I challenge you to mortal combat, without any apprehension that knavish enchanters will transform or change my face, as they have practised upon my lacquey Tosilos, your last antagonist."

"God forbid," replied Don Quixote, "that I should unsheath my sword against your illustrious persons, of whom I received such favours. The three night-caps shall be restored; for Sancho owns they are in his custody: but it is impossible to make restitution of the garters, as neither he nor I did ever receive them: and I dare say your damsel will find them, if she will take the trouble to rummage her own drawers. I, my lord duke, was never a thief, and I hope never shall, in the whole course of my life, provided God will not withdraw from me his guiding hand. The damsel, according to her own declaration, talks like an enamoured person, but surely I am not to blame for her impertinence; and, therefore, I have no reason to ask pardon either of her or your excellency, whom I intreat to look upon me with more favourable sentiments, and beseech anew to consent that I may prosecute my journey." "God grant your departure may be so happy," said the dutchess, "that we may always hear good news of Don Quixote's exploits. Go then, a-God's name: for the longer you stay, your presence blows up the

fire the more fiercely in the bosoms of the damsels who behold you : as for mine, I will chastise her in such a manner, that from henceforward she shall never transgress either in word or deed." " One word more, however, I beg thou wilt hear me speak, O valiant Don Quixote !" said Altisidora : " I crave pardon for having taxed you with the garters ; for, as I shall answer to Heaven and my own conscience, they are now upon my legs ; and I have been guilty of a mistake, like the man who went in search of his ass, while he was mounted on his back." " Did I not tell you so ?" cried the squire ; " I should be a rare fellow, indeed, to receive and conceal stolen goods ; had I been that way inclined, I might have had opportunities enough in my government."

Don Quixote, bowing his head, made a profound reverence to the duke and dutchess, and all the spectators ; then turning Rozinante, and being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, he set out from the castle, directing his course to Saragossa.



CHAP. VI.

WHEN Don Quixote found himself in the open field free and disembarrassed from the complaints of Altisidora, he seemed to be placed in the very centre of his own wish, and to enjoy a renovation of spirits, in order to prosecute anew the aim of his chivalry. Turning, therefore, to his squire, " Sancho," said he, " liberty is one of the most precious gifts which Heaven hath bestowed on man, exceeding all the treasures which earth incloses, or which ocean hides ; and for this blessing, as well as for honour, we may, and ought to venture life itself : on the other hand, captivity and restraint are the greatest evils that human nature can endure. I make this observation, Sancho, because thou hast seen the delicacies and the plenty with which we were entertained in the castle : yet, in the midst of those savoury banquets, and ice-cooled

potations, I thought myself confined within the very straits of famine, because I did not enjoy the treat with that liberty which I should have felt, had it been my own; for obligations incurred by benefits and favours received, are fetters which hamper the free-born soul.—Happy is he to whom Heaven hath sent a morsel of bread, for which he is obliged to none but Heaven itself.”

“ But notwithstanding all that your worship hath said,” replied Sancho, “ we, for our parts, ought not to be ungrateful, considering the two hundred crowns of gold the duke’s steward gave me in a purse, and which, as a plaster and a cordial, I keep next my heart, in case of emergency; for we shall not always find such castles where we can be entertained; on the contrary, we may sometimes stumble upon sorry inns, where we shall be soundly cudgelled.”

With this, and other such discourse, the two errants, knight and squire, amused themselves, while they proceeded on their journey. Having travelled a little more than a league, they perceived upon a green spot of ground, about a dozen countrymen at dinner, with their cloaks spread under them; and hard by, certain white sheets at some distance from one another, that seemed to cover something above which they were raised up, and stretched with great care and caution. Don Quixote, approaching the men, first of all saluted them courteously, and then asked, what it was they covered so carefully with these pieces of linen? “ Signor,” replied one of the countrymen, “ under these sheets are carved images for an altar-piece, to be set up in our town: we cover them in this manner, that they may not be sullied, and carry them upon our shoulders, that they may not be broken.” “ If you please,” replied the knight, “ I should be glad to see them: they must certainly be good images which you so carefully convey.”— “ Good!” cried the other: “ aye, that the price of them will declare: I can assure you, there is not one of them that does not cost above fifty ducats; and that your worship may be convinced of the truth

of what I say, stay a moment, and you shall see it with your own eyes."

So saying, he left his dinner, and rising up, uncovered the first piece, which represented St. George on horseback, with his lance thrust into the throat of a serpent coiled at his feet, exhibiting all the fierceness with which that animal is usually painted; and the whole group looked, as the saying is, like a flame of gold.

Don Quixote, immediately recognizing the subject, "This knight," said he, "was one of the best errants that ever signalized themselves in divine warfare; his name was St. George, and he was, moreover, a protector of damsels. Let us see the next," which, when displayed, appeared to be the image of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the beggar. Don Quixote no sooner beheld it, than he said to Sancho, "This knight was also one of the Christian adventurers, and, I believe, more liberal than valiant, as thou mayest perceive by this circumstance of his dividing his cloak, and giving one half to the beggar; and doubtless this incident must have happened in the winter season, otherwise the saint was so charitable he would have given the whole." "Nay, that surely was not the case," replied the squire: "but he held fast by the old proverb, which says, The man in wisdom must be old, who knows in giving where to hold."

Don Quixote smiled at this remark, and desired the man to lift the third cover, under which appeared the figure of the patron of Spain on horseback, with his bloody sword, trampling down and bruising the heads of the moors. Don Quixote, seeing this representation, exclaimed, "Ah! this is a knight, and chief in the squadrons of Christ; his name is Don San Diego Mata Moros,* and he was one of the most valiant saints and knights which earth ever produced, or heaven now contains." Then they unveiled the fourth, which exhibited St. Paul falling

* Moor-killer.

from his horse, with all the circumstances usually set forth in the picture of his conversion, so lively represented, that one would have almost thought Christ was speaking, and Paul answering the voice. "This," said Don Quixote, "was the most bitter enemy the church of God ever had, while our Lord and Saviour was on earth, and afterwards the greatest defender it will ever have : a knight-errant in his life, and a perfect saint in his death ; an unwearied labourer in the vineyard of our Lord, a teacher of the gentiles, schooled by Heaven, and whose professor and master was Jesus Christ himself."

There being no other images to see, Don Quixote desired the man to cover up those he had examined ; and, addressing himself to the bearers, " Brothers," said he, " I look upon it as a good omen to have met with these images : for these saints and knights were of my profession, which is the exercise of arms ; with this difference, however, they are saints, and fought in a divine manner ; and I, who am a sinner, fight in the manner of men. They conquer heaven by force of their arms ; for the kingdom of heaven suffers violence ; whereas I know not hitherto what I have conquered by the toils and troubles I have undergone : but if my Dulcinea del Toboso should be delivered from those she now sustains, my fortune will be bettered, my judgment repaired, and perhaps my steps may be directed through a better path than that which I at present follow."

This declaration was closed with an exclamation of Sancho, who cried aloud, " The Lord give ear, I pray ; and sin be deaf for aye." The men were equally astonished at the knight's appearance and discourse, one half of which they did not understand : nevertheless, they made an end of their meal, shouldered their images, and taking leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey. Sancho was, on this occasion, as much astonished at the learning of his master, as if he had never known him before that day : and imagined there was not an history or event in the whole world that was not deciphered on his nail, or nailed

to his memory. "Truly, master of mine," said he, "if what has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it is the most sweet and delicious of all that have yet befallen us in the whole course of our peregrinations: from this we have escaped with whole skins and fearless hearts; we have neither unsheathed our swords, battered the earth with our poor carcasses, nor are we left in a starving condition: blessed be God who hath spared me to see this good luck with my own eyes!" "Thou sayest well, Sancho," replied the knight: "but thou must take notice that all times are not the same, nor equally fortunate: and those instances which the vulgar call omens, though not founded on any natural reason, have, even by persons of sagacity, been held and deemed as fair and fortunate. One of these superstitious omen-mongers rises in the morning, goes abroad, chances to meet a friar belonging to the beatified St. Francis; and, as if he had encountered a dragon in his way, runs back to his own house with fear and consternation. Another Foresight* by accident scatters the salt upon the table, by which fear and malancholy are scattered through his heart; as if nature was obliged to foretel future misfortunes by such trivial signs and tokens; whereas a prudent man and a good Christian will not so minutely scrutinize the purposes of Heaven. Scipio chancing to fall, in landing upon the coast of Afric, and perceiving that his soldiers looked upon this accident as a bad omen, he embraced the soil with seeming eagerness, saying, 'Thou shalt not 'scape me, Afric; for I have thee safe within my arms.' Therefore, Sancho, my meeting with those images I consider as a most happy encounter." "I am of the same opinion," answered the squire: "but I wish your worship would be pleased to tell me for what reason the Spaniards, when they join battle, and invoke that same St. Diego Mata Moro, cry

* The original word is Mendoza, the name of a great family in Spain, one of whom was remarkably superstitious.

St. Jago, and Close, Spain ! Is Spain cloven in such a manner as to want closing ? or what is the meaning of that ceremony ?” “ Sancho,” replied the knight, “ thy simplicity is very great. You must know, that God has given this great Knight of the Red Cross as a patron and protector to Spain, especially in those dreadful battles fought against the moors. The Spaniards, therefore, invoke and call upon him as their defender on all such occasions ; nay, many times hath he been seen overthrowing, trampling, slaying, and destroying the squadrons of the children of Hagar :* and of this truth I could convince thee by many examples recorded in the authentic history of Spain.”†

Sancho, changing the subject of conversation, “ Signor,” said he, “ I was astonished at the boldness of her grace’s damsel, Altisidora. I’faith ! she must be sorely pricked and stabbed by him they call Cupid, who, they say, is a mischievous blind boy, and is able with those bleared eyes of his, or rather with no eyes at all, if once he takes aim, to pierce through and through with his arrows, the smallest heart that ever was seen. I have also heard it observed, that by the modesty and reserve of young women, those same amorous shafts are blunted and broken ; but, in Altisidora, they seem to be rather whetted than blunted.”

“ Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “ you must know that love has no respect of persons ; nor, in his progress, does he confine himself within the bounds of reason : indeed, he is of the same disposition with death ; for he assaults the lofty palaces of kings, as well as the humble cottages of swains : when he once

* The moors are said to be descended from Hagar.

† Sancho must have been very simple indeed, to be satisfied with this explanation, which does not even hint at the main point of his question ; namely, “ Why do the Spanish soldiers, when they charge their enemy, cry, Close, Spain,” a phrase of encouragement by which the soldiers exhort one another to do their duty, and close with the foe.

has taken full possession of the soul, his first exploit is to expel fear and modesty; and without these did Altisidora declare her passion, which engendered—not pity, but confusion in my breast.” “O monstrous and notorious cruelty!” cried Sancho, “unheard-of ingratitude? I can say for myself, that the least kind word from her would have subdued and made me her bond-slave. Ah! the son of a whore! what an heart of marble, bowels of brass, and soul of plaster!—but I cannot, for the blood of me, conceive what the damsel could see in your worship, to tame and bring her to such an humble pass: what finery, what good humour, what gentility could she observe about your person? or what beauty could she spy in that face? for women are taken with these qualities, either severally or conjunctly. Verily, verily, I have often stopped to survey your worship from the sole of your foot to the last hair upon your skull; and I protest, before God! I think you would be more apt to frighten than to captivate a fair lady: and as I have, moreover, heard it said, that beauty is the chief and principal article that inspires love, your worship, being quite destitute of that commodity, I cannot imagine what the poor creature was in love with.” “Take notice, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “there are two kinds of beauty, one of the mind, and another of the body: that of the mind displays itself in the understanding, in honourable and virtuous behaviour, in a liberality of disposition, and in good breeding: now all these qualifications may centre in an ugly man; and when this kind of beauty, preferable to that of the body, is the object of admiration, it produces love that glows with equal impetuosity and advantage. For my own part, Sancho, I can easily see that I am not beautiful; but I likewise know I am not deformed; and a gentleman who is not altogether monstrous, may inspire the most ardent love, provided he is in possession of those qualities of the mind which I have mentioned.”

Thus discoursing together, they entered a wood, at a small distance from the highway; and, all of a

sudden, without dreaming of any such let or impediment, Don Quixote found himself entangled among some nets of green thread, which were spread and stretched from tree to tree. As he could not conceive the meaning of this phenomenon, "I believe," said he to Sancho, "that this of the nets must be one of the newest adventures that ever were imagined or contrived. Let me die if the enchanter, by whom I am persecuted, have not a mind to entangle me in them and obstruct my journey, in revenge for my rigour and indifference towards Altisidora! but I shall give them to understand, that although these nets, instead of thread, were made of the hardest adamant, and stronger than that in which the jealous god of blacksmiths caught Mars and Venus together, I would break through them as easily as if they were of rushes and unspun cotton."

So saying, he endeavoured to proceed and destroy this obstacle, when all at once, from a tuft of trees, came forth two most beautiful shepherdesses, at least they were clad like shepherdesses, though their jackets and petticoats were of fine brocade—I say their petticoats were of the richest gold tabby; their hair hung loose upon their shoulders, and, in shining, might have vied with the rays of Apollo himself; their heads were adorned with garlands of green laurel, interwoven with sprigs of red amaranth: and their age seemed to be neither under fifteen, nor turned of eighteen: a sight that struck Sancho with admiration, the knight with surprise, and suspended the sun in the middle of his career. All the four, for some time remained in silent wonder; and at length, the first who spoke was one of the two country-maidens, who, addressing herself to Don Quixote, "Forbear, Sir Knight," said she, "and do not break our nets, which, I assure you, were not spread for your inconvenience, but merely for our own pastime: and because I know you will ask for what reason they are placed, and who we are, I will satisfy your curiosity in a few words. At a village about two leagues from hence, which is inhabited by many people of fortune and fashion, it was agreed

among a number of friends and relations, that they, their wives, sons, daughters, neighbours, friends, and kinsfolks, should come and enjoy the fine season in this spot, which is the most agreeable situation in all this country; and here form a new pastoral Arcadia, the girls being habited like shepherdesses, and the young men like swains. We have studied two eclogues; one of the famous poet Garcilaso, and another of the most excellent Camoens, in his own Portuguese language; though they are not yet represented; for we arrived only yesterday. Among these trees we have pitched some field-tents, upon the banks of a plentiful stream, which fertilizes all these meadows; and last night we spread these nets from tree to tree, in order to deceive and catch the simple little birds, which, frightened by the noise we make, may fly into the snare: if you choose to be our guest, signor, you shall be treated liberally and courteously: for, at present, neither melancholy nor disgust shall enter this place."

Here she left off speaking, and Don Quixote replied, "Assuredly, most beauteous nymph, Acteon himself could not be seized with more surprise and admiration when he all of a sudden beheld Diana bathing, than that which now overwhelmed me at sight of such uncommon charms! I applaud the scheme of your entertainments and diversions; I thank you heartily for your courteous proffer, and if I can serve you in any shape, you may command me, with full assurance of being obeyed: for I have chosen this profession solely because it consists in being grateful and benevolent to all mankind, especially to persons of rank, such as your appearance declares you to be; and if these nets, which I suppose occupy but a small space, were extended over the whole circumference of the globe, I would find new worlds through which I might pass, rather than, by breaking the least mesh, run the risk of interrupting your diversion. That you may give some credit to this exaggeration, be pleased to take notice, that he who makes it is no other than

Don Quixote de La Mancha, if peradventure such a name hath ever reached your ears."

The young lady no sooner heard these words, than turning to the other shepherdess, "O, my dear companion!" cried she, "what a happy incident is this! that there knight, I assure thee, is the most valiant, enamoured, and courteous person in the whole world, if we are not misled and deceived by the printed history of his exploits, which I have read from end to end: and I'll lay a wager that honest man who accompanies him is one Sancho Panza, his squire, whose pleasantry is above all comparison." "You are in the right," said Sancho: "I am that same pleasant fellow and loyal squire whom your ladyship hath so honourably mentioned; and that gentleman is my master, the very individual historified and aforesaid Don Quixote de La Mancha."

"Good now! my dear," said the other: "let us beseech them to stay; our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased with their conversation; for I have, likewise, heard the same account of the knight's valour and squire's pleasantry: as for Don Quixote in particular, he is said to be the most constant and loyal lover that ever was known; and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, who bears away the palm of beauty from all the ladies in Spain." "Aye, and justly too," said the knight; "unless your unequalled beauty should invalidate her claim. Weary not yourselves, fair ladies, in persuading me to stay; for the indispensable duties of my profession will not allow me to rest in any place whatever."

Just as he pronounced these words, they were joined by a brother of one of the two nymphs, clad likewise in the fashion of a shepherd, though his dress, in point of richness and gaiety, corresponded with that of the ladies, who told him that the gentleman on horseback was the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, and the other his squire Sancho, whose characters he already knew from his having perused their history. The gallant youth paid his compliments, and pressed Don Quixote to accom

pany them to the tents, in such a manner, that he could not help complying. Then setting up the shout, the nets were filled with different kinds of little birds, which, deceived by the colour of the meshes, flew precipitately into the very danger they sought to avoid.

In this place they were joined by above thirty persons gaily clad like shepherds and shepherdesses, who were immediately informed of the names of Don Quixote and his squire; a circumstance which afforded them no small satisfaction, as the history had already made them acquainted with the characters of both.

Repairing to the tents, where they found tables ready, furnished with elegance and abundance, they complimented the knight with the place of honour, and all the company gazed upon him with admiration. At length, when the cloth was taken away, Don Quixote raising his voice, thus harangued them with great solemnity: "Of all the crimes which mankind commit, though some say pride is the greatest, I affirm that ingratitude is the most atrocious, adhering to the common supposition, that hell is crowded with the ungrateful. This crime I have, as much as in me lies, endeavoured to avoid, ever since the first moment in which I could exercise my reason; and though I may not be able to repay in kind, the benefits which I receive, I substitute the will for the deed: when that is not sufficient, I publish them to the world; for he that promulgates the favours he has received, would also requite them with equal generosity, if it was in his power to make such recompense. But, for the most part, people who receive benefits are inferior to those who bestow them; and, therefore, God is above all, because he is the fountain of all good things: yet there is an infinite difference between the benefits conferred by men and those bestowed by God, so as to reject all comparison: and this narrowness and insufficiency on our part, is in some measure supplied by gratitude. Now, I being grateful for the favours you have done me, which I cannot

repay in the same measure, and being hampered by the narrow limits of my ability, must offer that which is in my power to present—I say, therefore, that I will, for two natural days, in the middle of that high-road that leads to Saragossa, maintain that the ladies here present, disguised in pastoral habits, are the most fair and courteous damsels in the whole world, excepting always and only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to the honourable hearers be it spoken.”

Here Sancho, who had stood listening attentively to what he said, exclaimed with great vociferation, “Is it possible now, that there can be persons in the world, who have the presumption to say and swear, that my master is a madman? Pray, tell me, gentlemen and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses, is there ever a country curate in Spain, let him be ever so wise and learned, that could say what my master has just now said? or is there a knight-errant, let him be never so famed for valour, who could make such an offer as my master has made?”

Don Quixote turning to Sancho, with rage and indignation in his countenance, “Miscreant,” said he, “is it possible there should be a person upon earth who would not say that thou art stark mad, and that thy soul is lined and bordered with fillets of malice and knavery? By what authority, wretch! art thou intitled to intermeddle in my affairs, and give thy opinion whether my brain be sound or crazy? Seal up thy lips, and make no reply; but saddle Rozinante, if he is without his saddle, and let us go immediately and perform my promise; for, as I have justice on my side, you may deem all those who shall contradict my assertion as already vanquished.”

So saying, he rose from his seat with great fury and demonstrations of wrath, leaving the whole company astonished, and doubting whether they should consider him as a lunatic or person of sound intellects. However, they endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing such a declaration, saying, they took his gratitude for granted; and that there was no need of new proofs

to demonstrate his valour, seeing those were sufficient which they had seen recorded in the history of his achievements.

Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight executed his design: he mounted Rozinante, embraced his shield, and grasping his lance, posted himself in the middle of the king's highway, which was not far from their verdant habitation, being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, and the whole flock of those pastoral gentry, who were curious to see the issue of his arrogant and hitherto unseen enterprize.

Having taken possession of the ground, he wound-ed the very vault of heaven with the loudness of the tone in which he pronounced these words: "O, ye passengers and travellers, knights, squires, persons on horseback or a-foot, who come, or are to come, this way, within the space of two days, from this present hour, know that Don Quixote de La Mancha, knight-errant, is here posted to maintain, that the nymphs who inhabit these meadows and woods, excel in beauty and courtesy all the ladies upon earth, exclusive of Dulcinea del Toboso, the mistress of my soul. Let him, who thinks the contrary, advance: here I am, ready to receive him."

Twice did he repeat this declaration, and twice was it repeated, unheard by any knight-adventurer; but fortune, which was bent upon directing his affairs to better purpose, ordained that, in a very little time, he descried upon the road a great number of men on horseback, some of them armed with lances, riding towards him in great haste and all in a cluster. Those who were with Don Quixote no sooner perceived this troop, than they turned their backs and retired a good way from the road, knowing that some mischief would befall them, should they keep their ground: the knight alone maintained his post with an undaunted heart, and Sancho Panza shielded himself with the flanks of Rozinante.

When this troop of lancemen advanced, one of them that rode before the rest, began to halloo as loud as he could cry to Don Quixote, "Get out of the way, thou

servant of the devil, or these bulls will trample thee to dust!" "So ho, caitiffs!" replied the knight: "your bulls shall not avail against me, even though they are the fiercest that ever fed upon the banks of Xarama: confess, ye miscreants, unsight, unseen, the truth of what I have proclaimed, or meet my vengeance in the field of battle."

The herdsman had no time to reply, nor Don Quixote to retire, had he been never so willing; so that the drove of wild bulls and tame cattle, together with a multitude of drivers and other people employed to convey them to a place, where, in a few days, they were to be baited——The whole throng, I say, passed over the bellies of Don Quixote, Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, whom they in a twinkling overthrew and rolled in the mire, in such a manner that the squire was squeezed as flat as a pancake, his master astonished, Dapple terribly bruised, and Rozinante in no very catholic condition. At length, however, all the four got upon their legs; and Don Quixote, staggering here and tumbling there, began to pursue the drove on foot, calling aloud, "Halt and wait a little, ye felonious plebeians; he is a single knight who defies you to the combat, and not of the disposition and opinion of those who say, Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy."

But, notwithstanding all his exclamation, the drovers, did not slacken their pace, or mind his threats, more than they minded last year's weather. Don Quixote, being so tired that he could run no farther, sat down upon the side of the road, more incensed than revenged, and waited for Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, who soon arrived. Then the knight and squire, mounting their beasts, proceeded on their journey with more shame than satisfaction; and never dreamed of returning to take a formal leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia.

CHAP. VII.

THE dust and drought which Don Quixote and Sancho derived from the uncivil behaviour of the bulls, were remedied by a clear and limpid stream, which they had the good fortune to find in a cool shade, and on the margin of which this down-trodden pair, the master and man, seated themselves, after Rozinante and Dapple were unbridled and unhaltered, and left to the freedom of their own will. Sancho immediately had recourse to the store of his wallet, from which he drew forth what he usually called his belly-timber; but not before he had rinsed his mouth, and his master had washed his own face, in consequence of which refreshment they recovered their exhausted spirits. Nevertheless, Don Quixote forbore eating out of pure vexation, while Sancho, who durst not touch the food that was before him, waited, out of pure good manners, until his master should begin. Seeing, however, the knight so absorbed in his own imagination, that he forgot to lift the bread to his mouth, he, without letting one word escape his own, but trampling underfoot all kind of good breeding, began to cram his paunch with the bread and cheese which constituted his provision. "Eat, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and support life, which is of more importance to thee than to me, and leave me to die by the strength of imagination, and the severity of my misfortunes: I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and that thou mayest be convinced of this truth, consider me recorded in history, renowned in arms, courteous in demeanour, respected by princes, courted by damsels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, crowns of laurel, obtained and merited by my valiant achievements, I have this morning seen myself trampled, spurred, and bruised, by the feet of filthy, unclean animals! This consideration blunts my teeth, stupifies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and deprives me wholly of appetite: so that I believe I shall die of hunger, the most cruel of all

deaths." "At that rate," answered the squire, without suspending the action of his jaws, "your worship will not approve of the proverb, which says, Let Martha die, but not for lack of pie. At least I, for my own part, have no intention to starve myself; on the contrary, I am resolved to follow the example of the cordwainer, who stretches the leather with his teeth until it is sufficient for his purpose; now I will also employ my teeth in stretching out my life with eating, to that end which is ordained by Heaven; and you must know, signor, that it is the greatest madness in nature to seek to despair like your worship. Take my advice: eat a little for refreshment, and then take a nap upon the green couch of this delightful grass, and when you awake, you will see how much you'll be relieved."

The knight relished his advice, which he thought savoured more of the philosopher than of the idiot; and said to him, "Now, Sancho, if thou wouldst do that for me which I am going to mention, my relief would be more certain, and my affliction diminished: my proposal is, that while I sleep, in compliance with thy advice, thou wouldst go aside a little farther, and, exposing thy flesh to the air, bestow upon it, with the reins of Rozinante's bridle, three or four hundred stripes, of the three thousand three hundred which thou hast undertaken to endure for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for it is a lamentable circumstance that the poor lady should remain so long enchanted, through thy carelessness and neglect."—"There is much to be said on that subject," replied Sancho; "let us both go to sleep in the mean time; and afterwards God must ordain that which will come to pass. Your worship must know that it requires great resolution in a man to scourge himself in cold blood; especially when the stripes fall upon a body which is poorly fed and supported: let my Lady Dulcinea have a little patience; when she least thinks of it, she will see my body scourged into a perfect sieve; and while there is life there is hope; my meaning is, that while I hold life, I shall never quit the desire of performing my promise."

Don Quixote, thanking him for his good-will, took a little sustenance. Sancho ate voraciously, and then both laid themselves down to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, those two friends and inseparable companions, at full liberty to feed without restraint upon the luxuriant grass with which the meadow abounded.

The day being far spent before they awoke, they re-mounted their cattle, and pursued their journey with uncommon expedition, in order to reach an inn which they descried at a league's distance.—I say an inn, because it was so called by Don Quixote, contrary to his former custom of mistaking every inn for a castle. When they arrived at this place of entertainment, they asked if they could be accommodated with lodging; and the landlord replied in the affirmative, telling them, at the same time, that his house afforded as good conveniences and entertainment as could be found in the whole city of Saragossa. They alighted accordingly, and Sancho carried his bags into an apartment, of which the innkeeper gave him the key; then he led the cattle to the stable, where he gave them their allowance: from thence he went to receive the commands of his master, who had sat down upon a bench, and thanked Heaven in a particular manner that Don Quixote had not committed his usual mistake. They retired to their chamber, and supper-time approaching, Sancho desired to know what they could have for that meal? To this interrogation mine host replied, that his taste should be fitted to a hair, and that he might bespeak what he liked best; for, as far as the birds of the air, the fowls of the land, and the fish of the sea could go, he would find the house provided. “Less than all that will serve,” answered Sancho: “we shall be satisfied with a couple of chickens roasted: for my master has a very delicate taste, and eats little; and as for myself, I am not a very unconscionable cormorant.”

The other frankly owned he had no chickens; for the kites had destroyed the whole brood. “Well, then, Mr. Landlord,” said the squire, “you may

order a pullet to be put to the fire; but see it be very tender." "A pullet!" cried the inn-keeper; "body o'my father! now, as I'm an honest man, I sent above half an hundred yesterday to market: but, setting aside pullets, you may have what you will." "If that be the case," said Sancho, "there will be no want of veal or kid." "At present," replied the inn-keeper, "there is really none in the house! we are just out in these articles; but next week we shall have enough and to spare." "To be sure, we shall be much the better for that," answered Sancho: "I'll lay a wager all these wants will be supplied with plenty of eggs and bacon." "'Fore God!" said the host, "my guest has an admirable knack at guessing: I have told him there is neither hen nor pullet in the house, and he would have me treat him with eggs! * Shift about, if you please, to some other delicacies, and think no more of poultry."

"Body o'me," cried Sancho, "let us come to some resolution; tell me at once what is in the house, and pray, Mr. Landlord, no more of your shiftings." "What I really and truly can afford," said the innkeeper, "is a dish of cow-heel, so delicate they might be taken for calves-feet; or you may call them calves-feet that might pass for cow-heel.—They are stewed with pease, onions, and bacon, and this blessed minute cry, Come, eat me—come, eat me." "I mark them for my own," cried Sancho; "from henceforth for ever, amen. Let no man touch the mess, for which I will pay you handsomely; for nothing in the whole world could be more agreeable to my taste; and provided I have cow-heel, the calves-feet may go to the devil." "No man shall interfere with you," replied the landlord: "as for the other company in the house, they, out of pure gentility, bring along with them their own cook, butler, and sumpter-mule." "Nay, as for gentility," said the

* Why might not this innkeeper have had eggs in his house, as he had sent no less than fifty pullets to market the very day before?

squire, "no man has more of that than my master; but his profession will not admit of travelling-stores and butteries: lack-a-day! we lay ourselves down in the middle of a green field, and fill our bellies with medlars and acorns." Such was the conversation that passed between the innkeeper and Sancho, who would not, however, go any greater lengths in satisfying the curiosity of mine host, who was very desirous to know the office or profession of his master.

Supper being ready, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, whither the landlord brought the pot just as it was, and very decently sat down to partake of the meal. At that instant, the knight heard people talking in the next room, from which he was divided only by a partition of lath, and could plainly distinguish these words: "As you hope to live, Don Geronimo, I conjure you, as supper is not yet ready, to read another chapter of the second part of Don Quixote de La Mancha."

The knight, hearing his own name mentioned started up immediately, and listening with great attention, heard Geronimo reply to this effect; "What pleasure can you have in reading such absurdities, Don John? No person who has seen the first part of the history of Don Quixote de La Mancha, can possibly be entertained with this which is called the second." "Nevertheless," said Don John, "it will not be amiss to read a little; for there is no book so bad as to contain nothing that deserves regard. What displeases me most in this performance is, the author's describing Don Quixote as altogether disengaged and detached from Dulcinea del Toboso——."

The knight, hearing this remark, was filled with rage and vexation, and exclaimed aloud, "If any person whatever affirms that Don Quixote de La Mancha either has forgotten or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will, with equal arms, make him know and own, that his assertion is far distant from the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot possibly be forgot; nor is Don Quixote susceptible

of forgetfulness: his motto is Constancy, which he professes to maintain with gentleness and suavity of manners." "Who is he that answers?" cried the voice. "Who should it be," replied Sancho, "but Don Quixote de La Mancha, in his own person, who will make good whatever he has said, and whatever he shall say; for A good paymaster wants no pawn."

Scarce had the squire pronounced these words, when two gentlemen, for such they appeared, entered the apartment, and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, "Your appearance," said he, "does not belie your name, and your name cannot but give credit to your appearance. Without all doubt, you, signor, are the true Don Quixote de La Mancha, the north star and luminary of knight-errantry, maugre and in despite of him who has thought proper to usurp your name, and annihilate your exploits; I mean the author of this here book;" which he took from his companion, and put into the hand of Don Quixote, who, without answering one word, began to turn over the leaves, and in a very little time gave it back to the stranger, saying, "In the little I have read, I find three things worthy of reprehension in the author; first, some expressions in the prologue or preface; secondly, his using the Arragonian dialect, and writing sometimes without articles; and, thirdly, that which confirms my opinion of his ignorance, his erring and deviating from the truth in the most material circumstance of the history; for he says the wife of my squire, Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas her name is Teresa Panza: now, if he blunders in such an essential circumstance, we may justly conclude that his whole history is full of mistakes." *

* I am apt to believe that this remark was intended as an ironical sarcasm on the trivial observations of hypercritics: for we cannot suppose Cervantes did not know, by this time, that he himself had, more than once, in the first part of this history, actually

“A pleasant historian, i’faith,” cried Sancho: “he must be well acquainted with our adventures, to be sure, when he calls my dame Teresa by the name of Mary Gutierrez! Take the book again, signor, and see if he has lugged me in too, under a borrowed name!” “From what you have said, friend,” replied Don Geronimo, “I find you must certainly be Sancho Panza, squire to Signor Don Quixote.” “Even so,” answered the squire: “and I am proud of the occupation.” “Then, in good sooth,” said the cavalier, “this author has not treated you so handsomely as from your appearance, I conclude, you deserve: he represents you as a gormandizer, a simpleton without the least vein of humour or pleasantry; and, in short, quite different from the Sancho described in the first part of the history of your master.” “The Lord in heaven forgive him,” cried Sancho: “he might have let me sleep in my corner, without remembering there was such a sinner as me upon the face of the earth: for He* that has skill should handle the quill—and I know that St. Peter is well at Rome.”

The two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their apartment, as they knew the inn could not afford any thing proper for his entertainment; and the knight, who was always the pink of courtesy, complied with their request; so that Sancho, remaining undisputed master of the pot, *Cum mero mixto imperio*, he seated himself at the head of the table, in company with the landlord, who vied with him in affection for the cow-beel and calves-feet.

Don John, in the course of the conversation at supper, asked what news Don Quixote had concern-

called Sancho’s wife by the name of Mary Gutierrez; an oversight which I have taken notice of in the proper place.

* The proverb, in the original, alludes to a kind of tabor; as if one should say, He alone should attempt to play, who knows how to beat the tabor.

ing the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso: he begged to know if she was married, brought to-bed, or in a state of pregnancy; or, if still single, she, as far as modesty and decorum would permit, smiled upon the passion of her lover, Don Quixote. "Dulcinea," answered the knight, "is still unmarried, and my passion more intense than ever: our correspondence stands on the old footing, and her beauty is transformed into the appearance of a base-born rustic wench."

Then he, in a very circumstantial manner, related the enchantment of his mistress, together with his adventure in the cave of Montesinos, and the means prescribed by the sage Merlin for her relief; namely, the flagellation of Sancho.

Unspeakable was the satisfaction which the two cavaliers enjoyed in hearing Don Quixote recount the strange incidents of his history; and they were equally astonished at the folly of his adventures, and the elegance with which he related them: here they esteemed him as a man of sound understanding; and there he slipped through their opinion into the sink of madness; so that they could not determine what rank he should maintain between lunacy and discretion.

Meanwhile Sancho, having finished his meal, left his landlord more than half seas over; and entering the chamber where his master sat, "Gentlemen," said he, "I'll be hanged if the author of that book your worships were talking of, has any mind or inclination that he and I should be messmates: since he has given me the character of a glutton, as your worships have observed, I wish he may not have likewise called me a drunkard." "He has indeed," replied Don Geronimo: "but I do not remember the expression, though I know the words are very scurrilous and false above measure, as I can plainly perceive in the physiognomy of honest Sancho here present." "Take my word for it, noble gentlemen," said the squire, "the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history must be persons quite different from those recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who are

no other than we ourselves, here standing and sitting in your presence : my master valiant, sagacious, and enamoured; and I simple, and withal pleasant; but neither sot nor gormandizer." "I believe what you say," replied Don John; "and wish it were possible to obtain a mandate, prohibiting any person or persons from presuming to meddle with the affairs of the great Don Quixote, excepting Hamet, his original author; in the same manner as Alexander the Great decreed that no painter but Apelles should draw his portrait." "Any body may draw my portrait," said the knight; "but let no man maltreat my character: for patience often falls to the ground when it is overloaded with injuries." "No injury can be done to Don Quixote but what he can easily revenge," answered Don John: "unless he choose rather to ward it off with the buckler of his patience, which, I believe, is both strong and ample."

In this, and other such conversation, they spent great part of the night; and although Don John would fain have persuaded Don Quixote to read a little more of the book, that they might hear him descant upon particulars, he could not accomplish his purpose; the knight assuring him he considered it as good as read, and pronounced the whole a heap of absurdities; nor did he choose that the author, who might perhaps hear it was in his hands, should have the satisfaction of thinking he had perused his performance; for from objects of obscenity and turpitude, not only the eyes, but even the imagination, ought to be kept sacred. When they asked whither his course was at present directed, he told them he was bound for Saragossa, in order to signalize himself in the prize-jests which are yearly solemnized in that city.

Then Don John gave him to understand that the new history gives an account of the spurious Don Quixote's having been in that place at a course, the description of which was barren of invention, low in style, miserably poor in devices, and rich in nothing but folly and impertinence." "For that very rea-

son," said Don Quixote, "I will not set foot in Saragossa, and so demonstrate to the wide world the falsehood of this modern historian, and let the nations see I am not the Don Quixote whom he has described." "I applaud your resolution," replied Don Geronimo; "and there will be a tournament in Barcelona, where Don Quixote will have an opportunity to signalize his valour." "And that I shall surely embrace," answered the knight: "at present, gentlemen, as it is high time, you will give me leave to retire to bed; and I beg you will esteem and place me among the number of your most sincere friends and humble servants." "And me also," said Sancho: "peradventure my service may be good for nothing." They accordingly took their leave, and retired to their apartment, leaving Don John and his companion astonished at the medley of sense and madness they had observed in his discourse: they believed, without hesitation, these to be the real Don Quixote and Sancho, and not the persons described by the Arragonian author.

Don Quixote rising early next morning, tapped at the partition, and bade farewell to his entertainers; and Sancho paid his reckoning like a prince, advising the landlord, however, either to furnish his house better, or to brag less of his accommodations.

CHAP. VIII.

THE morning was cold, and seemed to promise but little less for the day, on which Don Quixote departed from the inn, after having informed himself of the nearest road to Barcelona, which he could travel without touching at Saragossa; so eager he was to fix the lie upon the new historian, by whom they said he was so scurvily treated.

So it happened that he met with nothing worthy of record during six days; at the end of which, having quitted the high-road, he was benighted among a

thick cluster of oaks or cork-trees; for in this particular Cid Hamet has not preserved his usual punctuality. The master and man alighting from their beasts, and accommodating themselves at the roots of two separate trees, Sancho, who had laid in a good afternoon's luncheon, entered the gates of sleep abruptly, and without hesitation; whereas the knight, who was kept awake more by fancy than by hunger, could not close an eye; but, on the contrary, rambled in his imagination through a thousand different scenes. Sometimes he conceived himself to be in the cave of Montesinos; sometimes he thought he saw Dulcinea skipping and leaping upon her ass, in that dismal state of rustic transformation: and then his ears seemed to tingle with the words of the sage Merlin, who pronounced the conditions and endeavours to be observed and exerted for the disenchantment of his mistress. He was driven almost to desperation when he reflected on the sloth and uncharitable disposition of his squire Sancho, who, to the best of his belief, had hitherto given himself only five stripes; a number poor and inconsiderable in comparison with the infinite score unpaid: and this consideration overwhelmed him with such anxiety and chagrin, that he thus argued with his own bosom:

“If Alexander the Great ventured to cut the Gordian knot, on the supposition, that cutting would be as effectual as untying it; and, notwithstanding this violence, became sole master of all Asia; the same success may now attend my efforts in disenchanting Dulcinea, should I scourge Sancho against his own consent; for if the condition of this remedy be, that Sancho shall receive three thousand three hundred stripes, what signifies it to me, whether they are bestowed by his own hand, or that of some other person, seeing the essential point is in his receiving them, from what quarter soever they may come?

Inspired with this notion, he took the reins of Rozinante's bridle, which he formed into an instrument of flagellation; and, approaching the sleeping squire, began to untruss his points; indeed, it is the

general opinion, that he had but one before which kept up his breeches. But scarce had he begun to perform this operation, when Sancho, shaking off the fetters of slumber at one start, exclaimed aloud, "What's the matter? Who the devil is that so busy untrussing me while I am asleep?" "It is I," answered the knight, "who mean to atone for thy omissions, and remedy my own misfortunes. I come to scourge thee, Sancho, and discharge some part of the debt which thou art obligated to pay: Dulcinea pines in a state of transformation: and, while thou livest at thine heart's ease, I am dying with desire: untie these points, therefore, of thy own free will; for mine, I assure thee, is to afflict thy posteriors with two thousand stripes at least, before we quit this unfrequented place." "By no manner of means!" cried Sancho: "I advise your worship to be quiet, or by the God of Israel! the deaf shall hear us: the stripes I have obliged myself to receive, must be given with my own free will and consent, not by force or compulsion; and, at present, I have not the least inclination to discipline my own flesh: let it suffice, I give your worship my word and honour, that I will flog and fly-flap my carcase, as soon as ever I find myself disposed for such exercise." "I must not leave it to thy courtesy," replied the knight; "for thou hast a stony heart; and, though a peasant, art very tender of thy flesh." He, accordingly, struggled with all his might to unbreech the squire, who, finding the affair become very serious, starting up from the ground, sprung upon his master, and, closing with him in a trice, tripped up his heels, so that the knight came instantly to the ground, where he lay with his face uppermost: then the victor, clapping his right knee to the breast of the vanquished party, and griping him fast by both wrists, hampered him in such a manner that he could scarce either breath or move. Nevertheless he made shift to pronounce these words: "How now, traitor! dost thou presume to rebel against thy master and natural lord, whose bread thou hast eaten." "I neither exalt kings nor dethrone them," answered

Sancho : “ but, being my own master, I stand in my own defence : if your worship will promise to be quiet, and think no more of scourging me for the present, I will forthwith free and disencumber you from these bonds ; otherwise, here thou shalt die, traitor and enemy to Donna Sancha.”

The knight subscribed to the conditions, swearing by the life of his inclinations, that he would not touch the nap of his garment, but leave him at full liberty to begin the flagellation when he himself should think proper. On these considerations Sancho arose, and went aside a good way, to another tree, at whose root he resolved to take his lodging for the remaining part of the night. There he felt something bob against his head, and putting up his hand found two legs provided with shoes and stockings : trembling with affright, he moved with great expedition to another tree, where he met with the same salutation, which increased his terror to such a pitch that he roared aloud for assistance. His master hearing this exclamation ran towards the place, and inquired into the cause of his fear and confusion ; when the squire gave him to understand that all these trees were loaded with human legs and feet. The knight, reaching up his hand, immediately conceived the meaning of this strange circumstance ; and said to Sancho, “ Thou need'st not be afraid ; for those legs and feet, which thou hast felt without seeing, certainly belong to some robbers and outlaws who are hanged upon the trees ; for, when they are apprehended in this place, the officers of justice string them up by twenties and thirties ; and, from this particular, I am convinced that we must now be near Barcelona.” And indeed his conjecture was right. Soon as objects were rendered visible by the dawn, they lifted up their eyes, and saw that the clusters depending from the trees were no other than the bodies of banditti. The morning forthwith ushered in the day ; and, if they were scared by the dead, they were no less aghast when they found themselves all of a sudden surrounded by above forty living robbers, who called to them in the Cata-

to his language to be quiet, and stand still until their captain should arrive.

Don Quixote being a foot, his horse unbridled, his lance being against a tree, and, in short, his person without any means of defence, he thought proper to cross his arms upon his breast, and hung his head, reserving himself for a better season, and more happy conjuncture. Meanwhile, the robbers made such dispatch in plundering Dapple, that, in the twinkling of an eye, there was not the least crumb left in the wallet and pillion; and lucky it was for Sancho that he had secured in a concealed girdle the duke's crowns, and the money he had brought from home: nay, notwithstanding this precaution, those honest gentlemen would have searched and rummaged him in such a manner as to have found the cash, even though it had been hidden between the flesh and the skin, had they not been interrupted by the seasonable arrival of their captain, who seemed to be about four and thirty years of age, of a robust make, middling stature, grave countenance, and brown complexion: he rode a strong horse, was provided with a coat of mail, and he had slung a pair of pistols with firelocks at each side of him. Seeing his squires, for so they call the gentlemen of that profession, very busy in rifling Sancho Panza, he ordered them to desist; and, as they immediately obeyed his command, the girdle happily escaped. Surprised to see a lance leaning against a tree, a shield lying on the ground, and Don Quixote armed at all points, and in manifest despondence, exhibiting the most rueful and melancholy figure that Melancholy herself could have formed, he approached the knight, saying, "Be not so dejected, honest friend, you have not fallen into the hands of a cruel Osiris, but of those of Roque Guinart, who has more of compassion than cruelty in his disposition."

"My dejection," answered the knight, "does not proceed from my having fallen under thy power, O valiant Roque, whose fame the limits of this earth cannot confine; but from the consciousness of my

own neglect, in consequence of which thy soldiers found me unprepared ; whereas I am bound, by the order of chivalry, which I profess, to be always alert and vigilant, and to stand, as it were, at all times sentry upon myself : and give me leave to tell thee, O renowned Roque ! they would not have found it such an easy task to subdue me, had I been on horse-back, armed with my lance and shield ; for know, I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose exploits are celebrated through this whole terraqueous globe."

Roque Guinart immediately perceived that the knight's infirmity partook more of madness than of valour ; and although he had frequently heard him named, he looked upon his achievements as altogether fabulous, and could not believe that such a humour did ever prevail in the heart of man : he was, therefore, extremely well pleased with this encounter, that he might, with his own eyes, see immediately before him, what he had heard reported afar off. " Valiant knight," said he, " do not vex yourself, or consider your present situation in the light of a misfortune : perhaps, by stumbling in this manner, your crooked fate may be made straight ; for Heaven, by strange unforeseen windings, which mankind cannot comprehend, is wont to raise the fallen, and enrich the needy."

Don Quixote's mouth was already open to thank him for his courteous behaviour, when they heard behind them a noise like that of a whole troop of horse, though there was only one, upon which came at full speed a youth who seemed to be about the age of twenty, dressed in green damask laced with gold, long breeches, a loose coat, a hat cocked in the Walloon fashion, with straight waxed boots and spurs ; armed with a gold-hilted sword and dagger, a small fusil in his hand, and a case of pistols by his side.

Roque, hearing the noise, turned about, and was surprised with the sight of this handsome figure, who accosted him in these terms : " In search of thee, courageous Roque, I came hither, hoping by thy means to find, if not a remedy, at least an allevia-

tion of my misfortune: and, to keep thee no longer in suspense, as I am certain you never saw me before, know that I am Claudia Geronima, daughter of Simon Forte, who is thy intimate friend, as well as the particular enemy of Clauquel Torellas, thy inveterate foe, as being head of the party which thou hast always opposed. This Torellas, thou knowest, has a son called Don Vincente Torellas, at least he was, two hours ago, distinguished by that name. I will be as brief as possible in the account of my disaster, and explain the occasion of it in a few words: That youth happened to see me, and courted my good graces; I listened to his addresses, and gave him my heart without the knowledge of my father; for there is no woman whatsoever so retired and mewed up, but she will find a time to execute and gratify her irresistible desires. In a word, he promised to be my husband, I consented to become his wife; and this was the farthest extent of our correspondence. Yesterday I was informed that, forgetting this obligation, he intended to marry another woman, and that this morning he had set out to celebrate his nuptials. My brain was disturbed, and my indignation roused to such a degree by these fatal tidings, that, taking the advantage of my father's absence, I disguised myself in this apparel, pursued a-horseback my perfidious lover, whom, having overtaken about a league from this place, I, without staying to make complaints, or hear apologies, discharged upon him this fusil and these two pistols; so that, I believe, he has more than a brace of bullets in his body; thus I opened a gate through which my honour, though bathed in his blood, may escape, and left him in the hands of his servants, who neither could, nor presumed to exert themselves in his defence. Thence I came in quest of thee, to beg that thou wilt conduct me safely to France, where I have relations; and, at the same time, promise to defend my father from the numerous kindred of Don Vincente, who may otherwise sacrifice him to their insatiable revenge.

Roque was struck with admiration at the gallantry, gay appearance, genteel mien, and adventure of the beauteous Claudia, to whom he replied, "Come, madam, let us first see whether or not your enemy is actually dead, and then we will consider about the most proper measures to be taken in your behalf." Here Don Quixote, who had listened with great attention to Claudia's address and Roque's reply, interposing in the conversation, exclaimed: "No man has any occasion to give himself the least trouble about the defence of this lady, which I take upon my own shoulders. Give me my horse and my arms, and stay where you are; I will go in quest of the gentleman, and, dead or alive, compel him to perform the promise he hath made to so much beauty." "Who doubts that!" cried Sancho; "adad! my master has an excellent hand at match-making: a few days ago, he compelled another person, who likewise refused to keep his word with a young woman; and if those plagny enchanters, who persecute him so much, had not transmographied the gallant into a lacquey, that very hour, she that was a maid before, would have been a maid * no more."

Roque, whose attention was engrossed by the adventure of the beautiful Claudia, paid very little regard to what was said, either by the master or the man; but ordering his squires to restore the spoils of Dapple to Sancho, and retire to the place appointed for their quarters that night, he set out with Claudia, in great haste, to reconnoitre the situation of the dead, or wounded, Don Vincente. When they arrived at the spot where he had been overtaken by the young lady, they found nothing but some recent blood; but, casting their eyes around, they discovered some people on the side of a hill, and conjectured, they could be no other than the servants of Don Vincente carrying their master to a

* This rhyme is substituted in lieu of Sancho's playing on the word *fuera*, in the original.

proper place, where he might be cured, if alive, or buried, if dead. Their supposition was just: and, spurring up their horses, they soon overtook the unhappy cavalier, whom they found in the arms of his attendants, whom he intreated, with a faint and languid voice, to let him die where he was; for the pain of his wounds would not suffer him to proceed farther. Then Claudia and Roque approached him, to the great terror of his servants, who stood aghast at sight of this famous free-booter: but Claudia was greatly disturbed at the melancholy situation of Don Vincente; and agitated, by the conflicting passions of tenderness and resentment, took him by the hand, saying, "Hadst thou given me this of thy own accord, conformable to the mutual promise subsisting between us, thou wouldst never have been in this condition."

The wounded cavalier opened his eyes, which were almost shut for ever, and recognizing Claudia, "I plainly perceive," said he, "most beautiful and misled young lady, that I owe my death to your hand; a punishment altogether unmerited and unsuited to my inclinations, which, as well as my conduct, were, in regard to your person, altogether void of offence." "What!" cried Claudia, "is it not true that you, this morning, intended to marry Leonora, daughter of the rich Balvastro?" "No, surely," replied Don Vincente: "my evil genius must have alarmed you with such information, that, your jealousy being inflamed, you might deprive me of life, which, as I leave it in your arms, and your embrace, I consider as happily lost: and, that you may be convinced of my sincerity, give me your hand, and if you please, receive me for your husband; this being the only satisfaction I can make for the offence I was supposed to have given." Accordingly, Claudia and he joined hands and hearts together in such a manner, that she fainted away upon his bloody breast, and he sunk into a mortal paroxysm.

Roque being confounded and perplexed, the servants ran for water, which they sprinkled upon their

faces, and Claudia recovered from her swoon : but this was not the case with her unhappy lover, who had already breathed his last. The young lady perceiving her beloved husband was no more, rent the air with her groans, wounded the heavens with her lamentation, tore her locks and scattered them to the winds, and disfigured her face with her own nails, exhibiting all the marks of the most severe grief that ever took possession of an afflicted bosom. “ O cruel and inconsiderate woman ! ” she cried : “ how easily wast thou provoked to execute such dire revenge ! O furious jealousy ! to what fatal despair dost thou conduct all those who give thee harbour in their breasts ! O my dear husband ! whose unhappy fate, in being mine, hath made thy marriage-bed thy grave.”

Such were the melancholy exclamations of Claudia, which brought water into the eyes of Roque, who had seldom or never shed tears before : their servants wept bitterly ; the young lady swooned almost at every step, and this whole circuit seemed to be the scene of sorrow and field of misfortune. At length, Roque Guinart ordered the servants to carry their master’s body to his father’s country-seat, which was hard by, that it might be buried according to the old gentleman’s directions ; and Claudia expressed her desire of retiring to a certain monastery, the abbess of which was her aunt, where she intended to finish her life, in company of a better and more eternal husband. Roque applauded her design, and offered to conduct her to the place, promising at the same time to defend her father from the kindred of Don Vincente, and all the world, should they conspire against his peace. She would by no means avail herself of his attendance ; but, thanking him for his obliging offers in the most courteous terms she could use, took her leave of him, shedding a torrent of tears : the servants of Don Vincente carried off the body, Roque returned to his gang, and thus ended the amour of Claudia Geronima ; a catastrophe not to be wondered at, when we consider that the web of her melancholy

fate was woven by the baleful and invincible force of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place where he had ordered them to take up their night's lodging, and in the midst of them Don Quixote upon Rozinante, exhorting them in a long harangue to quit that way of life so dangerous both to soul and body ; but as the greatest part of them were Gascoons, a brutal and disorderly sort of people, the knight's arguments made but little impression. The chief arriving, asked Sancho Panza if the men had restored the furniture and effects they had taken from Dapple ; and the squire replied in the affirmative, excepting, however, three night-caps, worth as many royal cities. " What the devil does the fellow say ?" cried one of the gang : " here they are, and any body may see they would not sell for three rials ?"

" True," said Don Quixote : " but my squire values them at that rate, on account of the person of whom I received them in a present." Roque commanded the man to restore them instantly ; then, forming his people into a line, gave orders for bringing before them all the clothes, jewels, money, and every thing they had acquired by robbery since the last partition ; then making a short valuation, and reducing the indivisibles into cash, he shared the whole among his company with such equity and discretion, that, in the most minute article, he neither exceeded nor fell short of distributive justice.

Having made this partition, with which every individual was perfectly well satisfied and contented, Roque turning to Don Quixote, " If we did not observe this punctuality," said he, " there would be no living among such a crew." To this declaration Sancho replied, " From what I have seen, I find justice so excellent in itself, that the practice of it is necessary even among thieves."

One of the squires overhearing the remark, lifted up the butt-end of his musket, with which, in all probability, he would have shattered Sancho's skull, had not the general commanded him to desist ; while

Panza, trembling in every limb, resolved never to open his lips again, so long as he should sojourn among such ruffians.

About this time arrived one of the gang, who was placed sentinel on the road to reconnoitre travellers, and bring intelligence; and, riding up to their chief, "Signor," said he, "not far from hence there is a large company of people travelling to Barcelona." "Have you perceived," answered Roque, "whether they are such as we seek, or such as are in quest of us." When the squire replied that they were such as he sought; "Set out then all together," said he, "and bring the whole company hither, without suffering one to escape."

This whole gang departed accordingly, leaving their chief alone with Don Quixote and Sancho, to wait the issue of their expedition; and, during this interval, Roque addressing himself to the knight, "This life of ours," said he, "must appear very strange to Don Quixote, exposed as it is to infinite adventures and incidents replete with danger; and, indeed, I do not wonder that it should appear in that light; for I must know there can be no situation so full of terror and disquiet as that in which I live, and into which I was misled by the desire of revenge, which is often powerful enough to disturb the most philosophic breast. I am naturally benevolent and compassionate; but, as I have already observed, the desire of revenging an injury which I received hath overturned all my virtuous inclinations in such a manner, that I persevere in this career, maugre and in despite of my own understanding; and, as deep calleth unto deep, and sin unto sin, different schemes of revenge are so linked together, that I undertake not only my own, but also those of other people: yet, by the blessing of God, although I find myself thus involved in a labyrinth of confusion, I have not lost the hope of being, one day, happily extricated from all my troubles."

Don Quixote was surprised to hear Roque talk so sensibly and with such moderation; for he imagined that among those who were in the daily practice of

assaulting, robbing, and murdering their fellow-creatures, there could not surely be one single person of sense and reflection. "Signor Roque," said he, "the beginning of health is the knowledge of the disease, and the patient's desire to comply with the physician's prescription. You are now in the diseased condition, sensible of your infirmity, and heaven, or rather God himself, who is the great physician, will apply those medicines which are proper for the cure of your distemper; but these remedies are wont to operate slowly, not in a sudden, miraculous manner. And sensible sinners are much more likely to recover than delinquents of little understanding. Now, as your discourse evinces your discretion, be of good cheer, and courageously wait for the perfect recovery of your conscience. If you are, in earnest, inclined to quit this road, and enter at once into that which leads to salvation, come along with me, and learn to be a knight-errant, in which capacity you will undergo such toils and disasters as will be deemed sufficient penance, and exalt you to heaven in the turning of two balls."

Roque could not help smiling at Don Quixote's advice; but, changing the conversation, he recounted the tragical adventure of Claudia Geronima, at which Sancho was extremely grieved; for he had been hugely pleased with the beauty, vivacity, and demeanor of the young lady.

About this time they were joined by the squires of the booty, who brought along with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by six servants, partly mounted and partly footmen, together with two muleteers who waited upon the gentlemen. These came all in a troop, surrounded by the squires, and universal silence prevailed among the victors and the vanquished; both sides expecting with resignation the commands of the great Roque Guinart, who, approaching the gentlemen, asked who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had?

To these interrogations one of them replied, "Signor, we are captains of the Spanish infantry, our companies are in Naples; our intention is to embark on board of four galleys, which, they say, are now in the harbour of Barcelona, ready to sail for Sicily; and our funds amount to two or three hundred crowns, with the possession of which we thought ourselves rich and happy, considering the narrow appointments of a soldier, which will not permit him to heap up a great deal of wealth."

Then Roque putting the same questions to the pilgrims, they answered, that their design was to embark for Italy, in order to visit Rome; and that, between both, they could muster about sixty rials. He likewise desired to know the quality of those who were in the coach, the place to which they were going, and the state of their finances? In these particulars he was satisfied by one of the horsemen, who said, "The company in the coach consists of my Lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones, wife to the regent of the vicariate of Naples, her little daughter, a damsel, and a duenna; I am one of the six servants who attend them, and her ladyship's cash may amount to six hundred crowns." "At that rate then," replied the mighty Roque, "here are nine hundred crowns, and sixty rials: I have sixty soldiers; see what each man's share will come to; for I am but an indifferent arithmetician." The robbers hearing this decision, cried aloud, "Long life to Roque Guinart, and confusion to the knaves who endeavour to effect his ruin!"

The captain exhibited evident marks of affliction, my lady regent assumed a very sorrowful countenance, and the pilgrims did not at all rejoice at this confiscation of their effects. Although Roque kept them for some time in suspense, he had no mind to protract their melancholy, which was plainly perceivable a gun-shot off; but, turning to the captains, "Gentlemen," said he, "be so good as to lend me sixty crowns, and my lady regent will favour me with four-score, in order to satisfy my squadron: you know the abbot must not want, who for his bread doth

chant : then you may prosecute your journey without fear or molestation, by virtue of a safe conduct I will grant ; in consequence of which, you will be exempted from plunder, in case you should fall in with any other of those squadrons which I have posted up and down in different divisions ; for it is not my intention to aggrieve either soldiers or ladies, especially ladies of quality."

Infinite and well-turned were the compliments in which the captains acknowledged their obligation to Roque for his politeness and liberality, for such they accounted it, in leaving them possessed of their own money. My lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones would have thrown herself from the coach, in order to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque ; but he would by no means accept such marks of submission. On the contrary, he begged pardon for the injury which he was compelled to do them, in compliance with the precise duty of his wicked profession. The lady ordered her servant to pay instantly the eighty crowns which were demanded ; the captains had already disbursed threescore ; and the pilgrims were going to surrender their miserable pittance ; when Roque desired them to desist ; and, turning to his gang, "Of these crowns," said he, "two shall fall to the share of each man, and then there will be an overplus of twenty, one half of which I give to the pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest squire, that he may make a favourable report of the adventure."

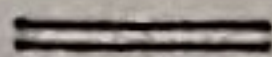
After this decision, he took pen, ink, and paper, with which he was always provided, and writing a safe-conduct, directed to the chiefs of his squadrons, gave it to the company, whom he courteously dismissed, and they proceeded on their journey, struck with admiration at his noble demeanour, gallant disposition, and strange conduct, looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great than a notorious robber. One of the squires, displeased at the booty, said, in his Catalonian dialect, "This captain of ours is fitter for praying than preying : if henceforth he has a mind to shew his generosity, let it be from

his own purse, and not what is ours by right of conquest."

The unhappy wretch did not speak so softly, but that he was overheard by Roque, who instantly unsheathing his sword, cleft his head almost in two, saying, "Thus I chastise mutiny and presumption." All the rest of the gang were terrified at this execution, and not one of them durst open his lips, so much were they overawed by the character of their chief.

As for Roque, he went aside, and wrote a letter to a friend at Barcelona, giving him to understand how he had met with the famous Don Quixote de La Mancha, that knight-errant, whose exploits were in every body's mouth; and he assured him that the adventurer was the most agreeable and understanding man in the whole world: he likewise gave him notice, that in four days from the date of the letter, on the feast of St. John, the said knight-errant would appear on the beach of the city, armed cap-a-pee, mounted on Rozinante, and accompanied by his squire Sancho upon an ass. He, therefore, desired his correspondent to communicate this intelligence to his friends the Nearri, that they might enjoy the character of Don Quixote, and wished his enemies, the Cadelli, might not partake of the diversion. But that was a vain desire, because the mixture of madness and discretion in the knight, and the pleasantries of his squire, were such as could not fail to yield entertainment to the whole world in general.

This letter was dispatched by one of his squires, who, disguising himself in the habit of a peasant, entered Barcelona, and delivered it according to the direction.



CHAP. IX.

THREE days and three nights did Don Quixote remain with Roque, and had he staid as many hundred years, he would not have wanted subject for

inquiry and admiration at their way of life: they lodged in one place, dined in another; sometimes they fled from they knew not what, sometimes waited for they knew not whom. They slept standing, and even that slumber was often interrupted; they shifted from place to place: in a word, their whole time was spent in appointing spies, examining sentinels, and blowing matches for their muskets, though they had but few; for they chiefly used firelocks. As for Roque, he passed the night by himself, in private haunts, and places concealed even from the knowledge of his own gang; for the repeated proclamations issued by the viceroy of Barcelona, setting a price upon his head, had rendered him restless, diffident, and fearful; so that he durst not confide in any person whatever, being apprehensive that even his own followers would either murder or deliver him up to justice; a life of all others assuredly the most tiresome and miserable! At length, this renowned freebooter, accompanied by Don Quixote and Sancho, and attended by six of his own squires, set out for Barcelona, through unfrequented roads, short cuts, and private paths, and arrived upon the strand, after it was dark, on the eve of St. John.

Here Roque, embracing Don Quixote, and giving to Sancho the ten crowns, which, though promised, had not hitherto been paid, took his leave, and returned to his station, after mutual protestations of friendship had passed between him and our hero, who resolved to sit on horseback as he was till day, which was not far off. Accordingly, they had not tarried long in this situation, when Aurora disclosed her rosy face through the balconies of the east, infusing vigour and seeming joy into every plant or flower, instead of gratifying the ear, which however was also that instant regaled with the sound of waits and kettle-drums, together with the noise of morrice bells, the clatter of horses upon the pavement, and the repetition of "Clear the way," pronounced by the couriers who came forth from the city. Aurora vanished before the sun, who, with a countenance ample as a target, gradually

arose from below the horizon: then Don Quixote and Sancho, extending their view all around, perceived the sea, which they had never before beheld, and which seemed to be infinitely vast, and abundantly more spacious, than even the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha: they likewise beheld the galleys in the road, which, when their awnings were furled, displayed a glorious sight of pendants, flags, and streamers, that wantoned in the wind, and kissed and brushed the surface of the deep; while they were surrounded with clarions, trumpets, and other sorts of music, which filled the air for many leagues around with sweet and martial accents. Now they began to move, and forming themselves into line of battle, exhibited the representation of a naval fight upon the tranquil bosom of the sea. At the same time, a mock skirmish was acted on the shore by a great number of gentlemen, mounted on beautiful horses, who came forth from the city in gay attire, with splendid liveries. The soldiers of the galleys discharged an infinite number of fire-arms, which were answered from the wall and forts of the city; and to the great guns, which seemed to rend the air with their tremendous sound, the midship cannons of the galleys made a suitable reply: the joy that resounded on board, the pleasure that appeared on shore, together with the serenity of the air, which was sometimes disturbed by the smoke of the artillery, seemed to infuse and engender a sudden flow of spirits and delight in every breast. As for Sancho, he could not conceive how those great bulks could use such a number of feet in moving through the sea.

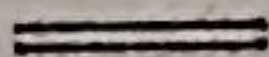
About this time, the cavaliers so richly caparisoned, crying, hallooing, and shouting, in the moorish manner, came riding up to the place where Don Quixote sat on horseback, overwhelmed with surprise and astonishment; and one of their number, who had been apprised by Roque, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Welcome to our city, thou mirror, lantern, planet, and polar star of all chivalry in its utmost extent! welcome, valorous Don Quixote de La Mancha, not the

false, fictitious, and apocryphal adventurer, lately in spurious history described ; but the real, legal, and loyal knight recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, the flower of historians."

Don Quixote answered not a word : nor did the cavaliers wait for his reply ; but with their followers began to wheel and turn, and curvet in a circle round the knight, who, addressing himself to Sancho, "As these people know us so well," said he, "I will lay a wager they have read our history, and even that of the Arragonian, which hath been lately printed." The gentleman who had at first accosted him returning, renewed his address in these words : "Signor Don Quixote, be so good as go along with us, who are all the intimate friends and humble servants of Roque Guinart." To this intreaty the knight replied, "If courtesy engenders courtesy, yours, signor cavalier, is the daughter, or at least nearly allied, to that which I experienced in the gallant Roque. Conduct me whither you please to go ; my will shall, in all respects, be conformable to yours, and I should be proud if you would employ it in your service."

The gentleman answered this compliment with expressions equally polite ; and all his companions surrounding the knight in a body, they, to the music of the waits and kettle-drums, conducted him to the city, his entrance into which was attended with a small misfortune. That mischief, from which all mischief is produced, ordained that two bold and impudent boys, more mischievous than mischief itself, should squeeze themselves through the crowd, and approaching Rozinante and Dapple, clap an handful of furze under the tail of each ; the poor animals feeling the severity of this new kind of spurs, augmented the pain, by pressing their tails more closely to their buttocks ; so that, after a thousand plunges, they came with their riders to the ground, to the unutterable shame and indignation of Don Quixote, who with great dispatch delivered the posteriors of his companion from this disagreeable plumage ; while Sancho performed the same kind office for his friend Dapple.

The gentlemen would have willingly chastised the boys for their presumption ; but it was not in their power to give the strangers that satisfaction ; for they had no sooner executed their purpose, than they concealed themselves among the crowd of above a thousand youngsters who followed the cavalcade ; so that Don Quixote and Sancho were obliged to pocket the affront, and, remounting their beasts, proceeded, with the same music and acclamation, to the house of their conductor, which was large and magnificent, and in all respects suitable to the rank of an opulent cavalier. Here then we shall leave him for the present ; for such is the will of Cid Hamet Benengeli.



CHAP. X.

DON Quixote's landlord was called Don Antonio Moreno, a wealthy gentleman of good understanding, who loved a joke in a fair and good-humoured way ; so that, finding our knight safely housed under his roof, he began to contrive means for extracting diversion from the madness of his guest, without prejudice to his person ; for those are no jests that give pain ; nor is that pastime to be indulged which tends to the detriment of a fellow-creature. His first step was to unarm Don Quixote, and in that straight shamoy doublet, which we have already painted and described, expose him to public view in a balcony that jutted out into one of the chief streets in the city, where he was surveyed by the people and the children, who gazed upon him as if he had been a monster or baboon. While he stood in this situation, the gentlemen with the rich liveries performed their courses before him, as if for his sake only, and not in order to celebrate the festival, they had provided all their finery ; and Sancho was ravished with the thoughts of having so luckily found, without knowing how or wherefore, another wedding of Camacho, another house like

that of Don Diego de Miranda, and another palace equal to the duke's castle, where he had been so hospitably entertained.

Don Antonio had that day invited some friends to dinner, and all of them paid particular respect to Don Quixote, whom they treated as a renowned knight-errant, a circumstance that elevated his vanity to such a pitch, that he could scarce contain his satisfaction; and Sancho's conceits flowed so fast and humorous, that all the servants of the family, and all who heard his sallies, seemed to hang upon his lips. While he waited at table, Don Antonio, accosting him, "Honest Sancho," said he, "we are informed you are such a lover of fowls, and balls of forced meat, that, when you can eat no longer, you pocket what remains for next day." "No, signor," answered Sancho; "that is not the case; and your worship must have been misinformed; I am a cleanly squire, and no such filthy glutton; for my master, here present, knows very well, that we have often passed eight whole days without any other sustenance than a handful of nuts or acorns. True it is, if ever the heifer is offered, the tether is at hand; my meaning is, I eat what I get, and ride the ford as I find it. If, therefore, any person whatever hath said that I am an exceeding glutton, and foul feeder, your worship may take it for granted that he is in a mistake; and I would tell him my mind in another manner, if it was not for the respect I bear to the honourable beards of this company." "Assuredly," said Don Quixote, "Sancho's cleanliness and moderation in eating, might be inscribed and engraved on tables of brass, for an everlasting memorial and example to succeeding ages. True it is, when very hungry, he may seem to be a little voracious; for he eats with precipitation, chewing with both sides of his jaws; but cleanliness he punctually maintains; and while a governor, learned to eat so delicately, that he took up grapes, and even

* Literally, *Use the times as I find them.*
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the grains of a pomegranate, with a fork." "How!" cried Don Antonio, "hath Sancho been a governor?" "Yes, sure," replied the squire; "and that of an island, called Barataria, which I governed according to my own will and pleasure for the space of ten days, during which I lost my natural rest, and learned to despise all the governments upon earth: I therefore fled from it, as I would fly from the devil, and tumbled into a cavern, from whence, though I gave myself up as a dead man, I was brought up alive by a perfect miracle." Then Don Quixote gave them a circumstantial account of Sancho's government, which afforded extraordinary entertainment to the whole audience.

Dinner being ended, and the table uncovered, Don Antonio took our hero by the hand, and conducted him into a private apartment, where there was no furniture but a table that seemed to be of jasper, supported by one foot of the same substance; and upon this table was placed a bust of bronze, from the breast upwards, representing a head of one of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio, after having traversed the room with his guest, and more than once walked round the table, "Signor Don Quixote," said he, "now that I am assured no person overhears us, as nobody listens, and the door is bolted, I will impart to your worship one of the rarest adventures, or rather, one of the greatest rarities, that ever was known; on condition, however, that you will deposit the secret in the most hidden recesses of your heart." "I swear to that condition," answered Don Quixote: "and for the greater security, will put a tombstone over whatever you shall communicate; for know, Signor Don Antonio, (by this time he had learned his name) your worship is talking to one, who though he has ear to hear, has never a tongue to tattle; so that you may securely transfuse the contents of your own breast into mine, and take it for granted, you have ingulphed them in the abyss of silence." "On the faith of that promise," replied Don Antonio, "I will excite your

worship's admiration with what you shall see and hear; and I myself will enjoy some alleviation of the pain I have felt from having no person to whom I could communicate the secret, which is not to be trusted to every body's discretion." Don Quixote waited with impatience and surprise to see the result of this preamble; when his entertainer taking him by the hand, made him feel all around the bust, the table, and the jasper foot upon which it was supported; then accosting him with great solemnity of aspect, "This bust, Signor Don Quixote," said he, "was made and contrived by one of the greatest enchanter and necromancers that ever the world produced. He was, I think, a native of Poland, and disciple of the famous Escotillo,* of whose knowledge such wonders are reported. As he chanced to be in this part of the world, I took him into my house, where, in consideration of a thousand crowns, which I paid, he wrought this head, in which is centered the surprising power and virtue of answering every question communicated to its ear. The master performed certain rites, erected schemes, consulted the stars, and carefully observed the lucky and unlucky minutes, until at length he brought it to that perfection which we shall perceive to-morrow; for on Fridays it is mute, and this being Friday, we must wait till another day; in the mean time, your worship may consider and prepare your

* This was Michael Scot, who lived in the thirteenth century, and was such an adept in medicine, mathematics, chemistry, alchemy, and other branches of natural knowledge, that the vulgar looked upon him as a wizard, or magician. But as this philosopher died in 1291, and this conversation between Don Antonio and our knight must have happened after the year 1605, when the first part of Don Quixote was licensed, how could the disciple of Scot be in the house of Don Antonio? Yet this anachronism might easily pass upon Don Quixote, as it related to matters of enchantment.

questions, which I know by experience it will truly answer." Don Quixote was confounded and astonished at this property and virtue of the head, and indeed almost tempted to disbelieve Don Antonio's account; but, seeing how little time was required to make the experiment, he would not mention his incredulity; but in very polite terms, thanked his entertainer for having entrusted him with such an important secret. They accordingly quitted the apartment, and Don Antonio having locked the door, returned to the rest of the company, who were highly entertained with Sancho's recapitulation of many adventures and incidents to which his master had been exposed.

That same evening they persuaded Don Quixote to make a progress along the streets with them, not in his armour, but in a loose coat of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made ice itself sweat at that season; and, in the mean time, they directed their servants to amuse Sancho within doors, that he might not come forth and spoil their diversion. The knight was not mounted on Rozinante, but accommodated with an ambling mule, gaily caparisoned; and, upon the back of his coat, or cloak, they, without his knowledge, pinned a parchment, inscribed in large letters, **THIS IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA**. The procession no sooner began, than this scroll attracted the eyes of the people; and when they read it aloud, the knight was astonished to find himself known, and hear his name repeated by all the spectators. He, therefore, turning to Don Antonio, who rode by his side, "Great," said he, "is the prerogative that centers in knight-errantry, the professors of which are known and celebrated through all the corners of the earth: take notice, Signor Don Antonio, how my name is repeated by the very boys, who never saw me before." "It is even so, Signor Don Quixote," replied Antonio: "for, as light cannot be shut up and concealed, so neither can virtue remain unknown; and that which is acquired by the profession of arms, shines with superior splendor over all other acquisitions."

While our knight thus proceeded amidst the ac-

climation of the crowd, a certain Castilian happened to pass, and reading the scroll, exclaimed aloud, "Now the devil take thee, Don Quixote de La Mancha! how hast thou made shift to come so far without expiring under some of those infinite drubbings which thy ribs have received? A madman surely thou art; and if the defect of thine understanding affected thyself only, and was confined within the gates of thy own madness, the misfortune would be the smaller; but thy phrenzy is of such a peculiar nature as to turn the brains of all those with whom thou hast any commerce or communication; witness these gentlemen by whom thou art now accompanied. Return to your own house, Mr. Goose-cap, mind your family-concerns, look after your wife and children, and discard these vain maggots which have eaten and burrowed into your brain, and skimmed off the very cream of your understanding." "Hark ye, brother," said Don Antonio, "go about your business, and do not pretend to offer your advice to those who want none of your counsel; Signor Don Quixote de La Mancha is renowned for wisdom, and we who accompany him are not so mad as you may imagine. Virtue ought to be honoured wheresoever it is found: therefore, begone, with a vengeance, and seek not to meddle in those affairs with which you have no concern." "'Fore God! your worship is in the right," replied the Castilian: "advising that honest man is kicking against the pricks. Nevertheless, I am extremely sorry that the good sense which, they say, this madman displays in some things, should be unprofitably wasted through the canal of his knight-errantry: and may that vengeance which your worship imprecated, overtake me and all my posterity, if, from this day forwards, I give advice to any person whatever, asked or unasked, even though I should live to the age of Methusalem." So saying, this counsellor went away, and the procession went on; but the throng was so great, occasioned by the boys and other idle people who pressed in to read the scroll, that Don Antonio was fain to take it off, on

pretence of freeing the knight from some other annoyance.

In the twilight they returned to the house of Don Antonio, where they found a ball prepared by his lady, who was a woman of birth, beauty, good-humour, and discretion; and had invited a number of her friends to come and honour her guest, and enjoy the strange peculiarities of his madness: they accordingly came, and after supper, at which they were entertained in a very splendid manner, the ball began about ten o'clock. Among the company were two ladies who had a turn for satire, accompanied with a great deal of humour; and who, though persons of unblemished honour, indulged themselves with uncommon freedom of behaviour, in order to keep up the spirit of the diversion, that it might not flag. This pair of female wags persisted, with incredible eagerness, in dancing with Don Quixote, until not only his body, but even his very soul seemed fainting with fatigue: and nothing could be more ludicrous than the figure of the knight; so long, so lank, so lean, so yellow, capering about in a strait shamoy doublet, with an air unspeakably awkward, and legs that were never designed for such exercise. The young ladies affected to court his good graces by stealth; and he privately treated their advances with disdain, until, finding them become more and more pressing, he pronounced aloud, "*Fugite partes adversæ!* disturb not my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts! avaunt, ladies, with your unruly desires; for she who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent that I should surrender or be subject to any other than her own!"

So saying, he sat down upon the floor in the middle of the hall, quite exhausted and demolished with the violent exercise he had undergone; so that Don Antonio gave orders for his being carried forthwith to bed; and the first person who touched him, in obedience to this order, was his own squire Sancho Panza, who, as he endeavoured to raise him upon his legs, could not help reprehending him in these words:

“What a plague tempted your worship to fall a capering? did you suppose every valiant man was as nimble as an harlequin, or that all knights-errant must needs be masterly dancers? if that was your opinion, I say you were much deceived: for there be men who would rather undertake to slay a giant than to cut a caper. Had it been the shoe-slapping hornpipe, I could have supplied your place; for I flap like a jerfaulcon; but as for your figured dances, I know not a stitch of the matter.” With this address Sancho raised a laugh from the assembly, and his master from the floor, and carrying the knight to bed, covered him up very warm, that he might sweat out the the cold caught in dancing.

Next day Don Antonio thought proper to try the experiment of the enchanted head, and for this purpose entered the apartment, accompanied by Don Quixote, Sancho, a couple of friends, with our hero's two waggish partners who had staid all night with Antonio's lady. The door being fast bolted, he explained the property of the bust, after having laid injunctions on the company to keep the secret, and declared this was the day on which he intended to make the first trial of the virtue contained in the enchanted head.* Indeed, except his two friends, no other person knew the mystery; and if they had not been previously informed by Don Antonio, they would certainly have shared in the same admiration which necessarily seized the rest who were present at the execution of a scheme so artfully contrived.

The first who approached the ear of this enchanted head was Don Antonio himself, who said in a low voice, but so as to be overheard by all present, “Tell me, O head, by thy inherent virtue, what are my present thoughts?” To this interrogation the head, without moving its lips, replied in a clear and distinct voice, which was heard by the whole com-

* But in this very chapter he has already told Don Quixote, that he knew the virtue of the head from experience.

pany, "I do not pretend to investigate the thoughts." Those who knew not the plot, were confounded at hearing this answer, as they plainly perceived there was not a living soul under the table or in the whole apartment to utter this reply. Don Antonio, addressing himself again to it, asked how many persons are here in company? and was answered in the same key. "You and your wife,* two friends of yours, and two of her companions, with a famous knight, called Don Quixote de La Mancha, and his squire, Sancho Panza by name." Here was fresh amazement! here was their hair standing on end with affright: while Don Antonio stepping aside from the table, said, "This is enough to convince me that I have not been deceived by the person of whom I purchased thee, thou sage, speaking, oracular, and admirable head! Let some other person go and question it at will."

As women are usually very curious and impatient, the next who approached was one of the two ladies; and her question was this: "Tell me, O head, what I shall do to be extremely beautiful?" She received for answer, "Be extremely virtuous:" and replied, "I ask no more." Then her companion advanced, saying, "I want to know, sagacious head, whether or not I am fondly beloved by my husband." And she was answered, "That you will learn by observing his behaviour." The married lady retired, observing, that it required no magic to solve that question; for, in effect, an husband's behaviour to his wife will always declare the state of his affection. The third person that approached the table was one of Don Antonio's friends, who asked, "What am I?" And when the voice answered, "Thou knowest best;" he replied, "That is not the purport of my question: I desire thou wilt tell me if thou knowest my name." "Yes," said the ora-

* Antonio's wife must have been here before the others entered: for she is not in the list of those who went in with her husband.

cle : " I know thou art Don Pedro Noriez. " Then I am satisfied," answered Don Pedro ; " for that answer is sufficient to convince me, O head, that thou knowest every thing." Then he withdrew, and was succeeded by the other gentleman, who, advancing to the table, " Tell me, O head," said he, " the wish of my eldest son ? " " I have already owned, that I cannot dive into the thoughts of men," said the voice ; " nevertheless, I will tell thee that the wish of thy son is to bury his father." " That is indeed his wish," replied the cavalier, " I see it with my eye, I touch it with my finger, and do not choose to ask another question." Don Antonio's lady approached, saying, " I know not how to interrogate thee, O head ; but I should be glad to know if I shall long enjoy my good husband." " Yes, you will," replied the voice : " his healthy constitution, and moderate way of life, promise a long succession of years, and a good old age, of which many men deprive themselves by their own intemperance."

Don Quixote now took his turn, and addressing himself to the bust, " Tell me then, whatsoever thou art," said he, " is my account of what befel me in the cave of Montesinos really fact, or only the illusion of a dream ? will the flagellation of my squire Sancho be certainly accomplished ? and will the disenchantment of Dulcinea take effect ? " " With respect to the cave," replied the oracle, " much may be said : the adventure partakes both of truth and of illusion. The flagellation of Sancho will proceed slowly ; but Dulcinea will be disenchanted in process of time." " And that is all I desire to know," cried the knight ; " for, in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, I shall reckon all my wishes at once happily fulfilled !"

The last interrogator was Sancho, who approaching the table, " Pray, good Mr. Head," said he, " shall I peradventure obtain another government ? shall I ever rise above the humble station of a squire ? and, lastly, shall I ever see again my wife and children ? " To these questions he received these answers : " If it be thy fate to return to thy own

house, thou wilt govern thy family and see thy wife and children; and in ceasing to serve, thou wilt cease to be a squire." "'Fore God! an excellent response!" cried Sancho: "that I could have foretold myself: and the prophet Perogrullo could have said no more." "What answer would you have, you beast?" said Don Quixote; "is it not sufficient that the responses delivered by the head correspond with the questions you have asked?" "It shall suffice," replied the squire; "but I wish it had explained itself a little more fully, and told me some more of my fortune."

Thus ended the questions and answers, but not the admiration of the whole company, except Antonio's two friends, who had been let into the secret, which Cid Hamet Benengeli will now explain, that the world may not be kept longer in suspense, or imagine that any necromantic talisman, or extraordinary mystery was contained in this wonderful bust. He gives us, therefore, to understand, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of such another head, which he had seen at Madrid, contrived by a statuary, ordered this to be made in his own house for his private amusement, and with a view to surprise the vulgar; and in this manner was the whole fabricated. The table was of wood, painted and varnished like jasper, and the foot that supported it of the same materials carved into the resemblance of four eagles' talons, which kept it firm and steady in its position. The head, formed from the medal of one of the Roman emperors, and covered with a copper colour, was hollow, as well as the table, in which it was so nicely fixed, that no eye could perceive the joining: the foot was likewise hollow, and answered to the neck and breast of the bust; and the whole corresponded with another chamber below, by means of a concealed tin pipe which passed through the bust, the table, and the foot. In this lower apartment, communicating with that of the enchanted head, did the person who uttered the responses fix his mouth to the pipe, so as that the voice ascended and descended in distinct and articulate sounds, and it

was impossible for any person to discover the deception. The respondent was Antonio's nephew, a student of acute parts and a well-cultivated understanding, who, being previously informed by his uncle of the number and names of the persons whom he intended to introduce into the chamber of the enchanted head, was enabled to answer the first question with great facility and precision; and to the rest he replied by conjectures which were equally ingenious and discreet.

Cid Hamet moreover relates, that for ten or twelve days the virtue of this wonderful machine continued in full force; but a report diffusing itself through the city, that Don Antonio had in his house an enchanted head, which could answer all manner of questions, he began to be afraid that these tidings might reach the ears of the vigilant centinels of our faith; for which reason he explained the whole affair to the father's of the Inquisition, who forbade him to proceed with the deception, and gave orders that the head should be broke in pieces, lest it should give umbrage to the superstitious vulgar; but in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, it passed for a head that was really enchanted and oracular; though it had given more satisfaction to the knight than to the squire.

The gentlemen of the city, in compliance to Don Antonio, and for the entertainment of Don Quixote, whom they wanted to furnish with an opportunity of discovering his diverting follies, appointed a running at the ring, to be performed in six days; but this was prevented by an incident, which will be explained in the sequel. Meanwhile the knight was desirous of going out, and viewing the city at leisure and a-foot, fearing that, should he appear on horseback, he would again be persecuted by the boys and vulgar. He accordingly went forth, attended by Sancho, and two of Antonio's servants, whom their master had chosen for that purpose; and, chancing to lift up his eyes in passing through one of the streets, he saw inscribed over a gate, in capital let-

ters, THIS IS A PRINTING-HOUSE; a circumstance which gave him uncommon satisfaction, as hitherto he had never seen a printing-press, and longed much to know something of that art: he, therefore, entered the house with all his train, and saw people casting off in one part, correcting in another, composing in a third, revising in a fourth; and, in short, the whole economy of a large printing-house. Going up to one box, he asked what was doing; and, being informed by the workmen, expressed his admiration, and proceeded to a second. Among others, he went up to one, and putting the same question, the workman replied, "Signor, that there gentleman, pointing to a grave person of a very prepossessing appearance, has translated a book from the Tuscan into the Castilian language, and I am now composing it for the press." "What is the name of the book?" said Don Quixote. "Signor," answered the author, "the book in the original is called *Le Bagatelle*." "And what is the signification of *Le Bagatelle* in our language?" resumed the knight. "*Le Bagatelle*," replied the author, "is, as if we should say, in Castilian, *Juquetes*;* and, although the title of the book be so humble, it includes and contains a great deal of excellent and substantial writing." "I am not altogether ignorant of the Tuscan language," said Don Quixote: "for I value myself upon singing some stanzas of Ariosto; but pray tell me, signor, (and what I am going to ask is not with any intention to sound your genius, but merely to satisfy my own curiosity) have you ever, in composing your books, met with the word *Pignatta*?" "Yes, frequently," replied the author. "And how do you translate it into Castilian?" resumed the knight. "How should I translate it," said the other, "but by the word *Olla*?" "Body o'me!" cried Don Quixote, "what progress you have made in the knowledge of the Tuscan idiom! I will lay a good wager that you

* Trifles.

translate *Piace* into *Plaze*, *Più* into *Mas*, *Su* into *Arriba*, and *Giù* into *Abaxo*." "Certainly," said the author; "because these words of the two languages correspond with one another." "Notwithstanding all your learning," replied the knight, "I could almost swear you are hitherto unknown to the world, which is ever averse to remunerate a flourishing genius and works of merit. What talents are lost, what abilities obscured, and what virtues are undervalued in this degenerate age! yet, nevertheless, a translation from one language to another, excepting always those sovereign tongues the Greek and Latin, is, in my opinion, like the wrong side of Flemish tapestry, in which, though we distinguish the figures, they are confused and obscured by ends and threads, without that smoothness and expression which the other side exhibits: and to translate from easy languages, argues neither genius nor elocution, nor any merit superior to that of transcribing from one paper to another; but from hence I would not infer that translation is not a laudable exercise; for a man may employ his time in a much worse and more unprofitable occupation. At any rate, my observation cannot effect our two famous translators, Doctor Christoval de Figueroa in *Pastor Fido*, and Don Juan de Xaurigui in *Aminta*, two pieces they have so happily executed, as to render it doubtful which is the original and which the translation: but pray, signor, is this book printed on your own account; or have you sold the copy to a bookseller?" "I publish it on my own account," replied the author; "and expect to gain a thousand ducats at least upon the first impression, of which there will be two thousand copies, that will fetch six rials a-piece, in the turning of a straw." "That is a very clear and comfortable reckoning," answered Don Quixote: "but you seem to be very little acquainted with the outgoings and the incomings, the schemes, conspiracies, and cabals of booksellers: when you find your back burdened with two thousand copies, I give you my word, both your mind and body will be terribly fatigued; especially if the

the books should be harsh or a little deficient in point of spirit." "What!" said the author, "your worship thinks then, I ought to offer my performance to a bookseller, who would give me three maravedis for the copy, and insist upon it that he had done me a favour into the bargain? I do not publish with a view to acquire reputation in the world, where, thank Heaven, I am already well known by my works; I print for profit, without which, reputation is not worth a doit." "God send you good luck, signor," answered the knight: who advancing to another box, where he saw the corrector employed on the sheet of a book intitled, 'the Light of the Soul;' "Aye," said he, "these are the books that ought to be printed; for, although there is already a pretty large number of this kind in print, numerous are the sinners for whose use they are intended, and for such multitudes who are in darkness, an infinite number of lights is required." He proceeded in his inquiry, and when he asked another corrector the name of a book, on which he saw him at work; he understood it was the second part of the *SAGE HIDALGO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA*, written by a certain person, a native of Tordesillas." "I have heard of this performance," said the knight; "and really, in my conscience, thought it was, long before this time, burned into ashes, or pounded into dust, for the impertinence it contains; but as we say of hogs, 'Martinmas will come in due season.'* Works of imagination are the more useful and entertaining the nearer they approach the truth, and the more probability they contain; and even history is valued according to its truth and authenticity."

So saying, he quitted the printing-house, with some marks of displeasure; and that same day, Don Antonio proposed that he should go on board, and see the galleys in the road; a proposal which was extremely agreeable to Sancho, who had never seen the

* About Martinmas they killed the hogs designed for bacon.

inside of a galley in the whole course of his life ; and he sent a message to inform the commodore of his intention to visit him in the evening, with his guest, the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose name and person were already well known to this commander, and all the citizens of Barcelona. What passed during this visit, will be related in the following chapter.



CHAP. XI.

MANIFOLD and profound were the self-deliberations of Don Quixote on the response of the enchanted head, without his being able to discover the deceit ; and the result of all his reflections was the promise of Dulcinea's being disenchanted, on which he reposed himself with the most implicit confidence. This was the jail of all his thoughts, and he rejoiced, in full assurance of seeing it suddenly accomplished. As for Saicho, although he abhorred the office of a governor, as we have already observed, he could not help wishing for another opportunity of issuing our orders and seeing them obeyed : a misfortune which never fails to attend the exertion of power, even though founded on mock authority.

In a word, that very evening his landlord, Don Antonio Moreno, and his two friends, went on board of the galleys with Don Quixote and Sancho : and the commodore being apprised of the visit intended by two such famous personages, no sooner perceived them coming towards the sea-side, than he ordered the awnings to be struck, and the music to play : the barge was hoisted out, covered with rich carpets, and furnished with velvet cushions, and the minute Don Quixote embarked, the cannon a-midships of the captain-galley was discharged, and the others followed her example. When the knight ascended the accommodation-ladder, on the starboard-side, the whole crew saluted him with three cheers, a compliment

usually paid to persons of the first quality; and the general, for by this name we shall henceforth call him, who was a noble Valentian, presented his hand, and embracing Don Quixote, "This day," said he, "will I mark with a white stone, as one of the happiest I shall ever enjoy, on account of seeing the renowned Signor Don Quixote de La Mancha, in whom the whole worth of knight-errantry is ciphered and centered." No less courteous and polite was the reply of Don Quixote, who rejoiced above measure at seeing himself treated with such respect. The whole company having ascended the poop, which was very gaily ornamented, and seated themselves upon benches, the boatswain repaired to the gangway, and making a signal with his whistle for all the slaves to strip, was obeyed in an instant, to the no small discomposure of Sancho, who was terrified at the sight of so many naked backs; nor did his apprehension abate, when he saw the awning stretched out with such incredible dispatch, that he thought all the devils in hell had assisted in the operation. Yet this was nothing but cakes and gingerbread to what I am going to relate.

The squire sat upon the stentril, close by the aftermost rower on the starboard-side; who, in consequence of the previous instructions he had received, lifted up Sancho in his arms, and while the whole crew of slaves stood up, alert with the prospect of the joke, tossed him like a tennis-ball to his fellow, who, in the same manner, committed him to a third; and thus he was bandied forwards on the starboard-side, from slave to slave, and bench to bench, with such expedition, that poor Panza lost his eye-sight entirely, and firmly believed himself in the possession of the fiends; nor did they desist from this exercise, until he was re-conveyed by the larboard-side to the poop, where this miserable object lay bruised, breathless, and covered with a cold sweat, and in such perturbation of spirits, that he scarce knew what he had undergone.

Don Quixote seeing Sancho flying in that manner without wings, asked the general if it was a cere-

mony practised upon every person at his first going on board ; for, in that case, as he himself did not intend to make profession of a seafaring life, he had no ambition to perform such an exercise : and he vowed to God, if any man should attempt to seize him, as a fit subject for flying, he would spurn his soul out of his body : in confirmation of which resolve, he started up, and laying his hand upon his sword, put himself in a posture of defence.

At that instant the awning was furled, and the main-yard lowered with such a terrible noise, that Sancho imagined the heavens were torn from off their hinges, and tumbling down upon his head, which he forthwith shrunk between his legs in an agony of terror ; nor was all serene in the breast of Don Quixote, who, while his legs trembled under him, shrugged up his shoulders and changed colour. The crew having hoisted the main-yard with the same expedition and noise which were made in its descent, while they themselves continued as silent as if they had been altogether without breath or utterance, the boatswain piped all hands to weigh anchor, and leaping into the middle of the gangway, began to ply their shoulders with his subtle-jack, or bull's-pizzle, and the galley, by little and little, stood out to sea.

Sancho beholding such a huge body moved by so many painted feet, for such he took the oars to be, said within himself, " This, indeed, is really enchantment ; but what my master takes for it is no such matter : what have these miserable wretches done to be scourged in this manner ? and I wonder how the devil that single man, who skips up and down, piping and whistling, dares whip and flog so many people ! now, on my conscience, I believe this is hell itself, or purgatory at least."

Don Quixote perceiving with what attention the squire observed every circumstance, " Friend Sancho," said he, " with what facility and dispatch might you now, if you please, strip yourself from the middle upwards, and taking your place among these gentlemen, finish at once the disenchantment

of Dulcinea ; for amidst the distress of so much good company, you would hardly be sensible of bodily pain : and who knows but the sage Merlin would reckon each of these stripes, which are bestowed with good-will, equivalent to ten of those which, at the long run, you must receive from your own hand." The general had just opened his mouth to inquire about the nature of this flagellation and Dulcinea's disenchantment, when a mariner came and told him that the fort of Munjuy had made signal of a rowing bark upon the coast to the westward. He no sooner received this intelligence, than advancing into the gangway, " Pull away, my lads," cried he, " let not this corsair brigantine escape ; for certainly she must be a vessel belonging to Algiers, which the castle has discovered."

The other three galleys ranging along-side of the admiral to receive orders, the general directed that two of them should stand out to sea, and the other keep along shore, so as that the Algerine should not escape. The slaves immediately began to ply their oars, which impelled the galley with such velocity, that they seemed to fly ; while the two that put to sea, at the distance of two miles discovered a bark, which, from the view, they judged to have fourteen or fifteen banks, and their conjecture was right. This vessel no sooner descried the galley, than she made the best of her way, in hope of being able to escape by her nimbleness ; but she was baffled in this expectation ; for the admiral being one of the swiftest galleys that ever sailed, came up with her apace, and the captain of the brigantine perceiving plainly that he could not escape, desired the rowers to quit their oars and strike, that he might not, by his obstinacy, incense the officer who commanded the galley : but fate, which conducted their affairs in another manner, ordained, that even after the admiral was within hearing, and ordered them to strike, two Loraquis, that is, a couple of drunken Turks, belonging to the brigantine, discharged two firelocks, which killed as many soldiers who chanced to be in the head of the galley ; an incident which

was no sooner perceived by the general, than he swore he would not leave one person alive in the brigantine, which he ordered his people to board with all expedition; nevertheless, she, for the present, escaped under the oars, and the galley had such way, that she shot a-head to a good distance; so that the people on board the chase seeing themselves in danger of being destroyed, hoisted their sails and put before the wind, while the galley tacked and pursued with all her force of canvas and of oars. The diligence and dexterity of the Algerines did not turn out so much to their advantage, as their presumption conducted to their prejudice; for the admiral running along-side, grappled with the brigantine, and took their whole crew prisoners. The other two galleys came up, and all four returned with the prize to the road, while a great concourse of people stood on the beach to see the contents of the ship they had taken. The general anchored close by the shore, and understanding the viceroy of the city was among the spectators, he ordered the barge to be hoisted out to fetch him on board, and commanded the yard to be lowered for the convenience of hanging the master of the brigantine, and the other Turks he had taken, to the number of thirty-six, all stout young fellows, and mostly Turkish musqueteers. When he asked who commanded the brigantine, one of the prisoners, who was afterwards known to be a Spanish renegado, answered in Castilian—"That there young man is our master:" pointing to one of the most beautiful and genteel youths that human imagination can conceive, whose age to all appearance was under twenty." "Ill-advised dog," said the general, "what induced thee to kill my soldiers, when thou sawest it was impossible to escape? Is that the respect which is due to admiral-galleys? Dost thou not know, that rashness is not valour, and that doubtful hopes ought to make men resolute, but not desperate?"

The moor was about to reply, but the general could not at that time hear his answer, because he was obliged to go and receive the viceroy, who had

just entered the galley, with some of his own servants, and a few other persons. "General," said this nobleman, "you have had a fine chase." "Aye, so fine," replied the other, "that your excellency shall see it presently hoisted up at the yard-arm." "For what reason?" said the viceroy. "I mean, the master of the brigantine and his crew," answered the commodore, "who have, against all law, reason, and custom of war, killed two of the best soldiers that ever served on board; so that I have sworn to hang all the prisoners, especially this youth who was their captain," pointing to the handsome moor, who, by this time, waited for execution, with his hands tied, and a rope about his neck.

The viceroy, surveying this unhappy prisoner, whose beauty, genteel mien, and humility, served him instead of a recommendation, was seized with the desire of saving his life, and approaching him; "Tell me, corsair," said he, "art thou a Turk, moor, or renegado?" To this question the youth answered in the Castilian tongue, "I am neither Turk, moor, nor renegado." "Then what art thou?" resumed the viceroy. "A Christian woman," replied the captive. "A Christian woman," cried the viceroy, "in such dress and situation! this is a circumstance more worthy of admiration than of credit." "Gentlemen," said the youth, "be so good as to suspend my execution, until I shall have recounted the particulars of my story; and that small delay will not much retard the accomplishment of your revenge." What heart could be so obdurate as not to relent at this address; so far, at least, as to hear the story of the afflicted youth? The general, accordingly, told him he might proceed with his relation, but by no means expect pardon for the crime of which he was convicted. With this permission, he began in these terms:—

"I was born of that nation, more unfortunate than wise, which hath been lately overwhelmed by a sea of trouble; in other words, my parents were

moors, and in the torrent of their misfortune I was carried by two uncles into Barbary, notwithstanding my professing myself a Christian; not one of those impostors, who are so only in appearance, but a true and faithful Roman Catholic. This declaration did not avail me with those who had the charge of our miserable expulsion; nor was it believed by my uncles, who, on the contrary, supposing it no more than a lie and expedient by which I thought to obtain permission to remain in my native country, hurried me along with them in a forcible manner. My mother was a Christian, and my father a prudent man, of the same religion: I sucked in the Catholic faith when an infant at the breast, and was trained up in the ways of virtue; nor do I think I have ever given the least marks of Mahometanism, either in word or deed. In equal pace with my virtue, (for I really think my life was virtuous) my beauty, such as it is, hath ever walked; and notwithstanding the extraordinary reserve in which I lived, concealed from public view, it was my fate to be seen by a young cavalier, called Don Gregorio, eldest son of a gentleman who had an estate in our neighbourhood. How he became desperately enamoured of me, and how I grew fond of him to distraction, it would be tedious to relate, considering my present situation, standing as I am, with the fatal cord between my tongue and throat: I shall, therefore, only observe, that Don Gregorio resolved to accompany me in my exile, and actually mingled with those moors who joined us in different places, without being discovered; for he spoke the language perfectly well. Nay, in the course of our voyage, he insinuated himself into the friendship of my two uncles, with whom I travelled; for my father, who was a man of prudence and foresight, no sooner heard the first mandate for our expulsion, than he went abroad to foreign kingdoms in quest of an asylum for his family, leaving a large quantity of pearls, valuable jewels, with some money, in cruzados, and doubloons of gold, concealed and interred in a certain place, to which I alone was privy; and lay-

ing strong injunctions upon me to avoid touching this treasure, in case we should be exiled before his return. I obeyed his commands in this particular, and, as I have already observed, set sail with my uncles, relations, and friends, for Barbary; and the place in which we settled was Algiers, whereas we might as well have taken up our habitation in hell itself. The king hearing of my beauty, and the report of my wealth, which was partly fortunate for my designs, ordered me to be brought before him, and asked from what part of Spain I had come, and what money and jewels I had brought to Barbary? I told him the place of my nativity, and gave him to understand that the money and jewels were buried underground; but that I should easily recover the whole hoard, provided I could return alone for that purpose. This information I gave, that he might be more blinded by his own avarice than my beauty: but, during the conversation, a person told him that I was accompanied in my voyage, by one of the most beautiful and genteel youths that ever was seen. I immediately understood, that this was no other than Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty far exceeds the fairest that ever was extolled; and was exceedingly afflicted at the prospect of danger to which the dear youth might be exposed; for, among those barbarous Turks, a boy, or handsome youth, is more prized and esteemed than any woman, let her be never so beautiful.

“The king forthwith ordered his people to bring Don Gregorio into his presence, and in the mean time asked me if his person actually corresponded with this report? Then I, as if inspired by Heaven, answered in the affirmative, though at the same time I assured him it was no youth, but a woman like myself; and begged leave to go and dress her in her natural attire, which would shew her beauty to the best advantage, and enable her to appear in his presence with less confusion. He said I might go, in good time, and that some other day he would concert measures for my return into Spain, to bring off the

hidden treasure. Thus dismissed, I went and explained to Don Gaspar the risk he would run in appearing as a man, and dressing him in the habit of a moorish woman, accompanied him that same evening to the presence of the king, who was seized with admiration at the sight of her beauty, and resolved to keep her for a present to the Grand Signor. In order to avoid the danger to which this young creature might be exposed to the seraglio, from his own inordinate desires, he ordered her to be lodged, quartered, and attended in the house of some moorish ladies, whither she was immediately conveyed; and what we both felt at parting, for I cannot deny that I love him tenderly, I leave to the consideration of lovers who have experienced such a cruel separation.

“The king afterwards contrived a scheme for my returning to Spain in this brigantine, accompanied by two native Turks, the very persons who killed your soldiers, and that Spanish renegado, pointing to him who spoke first, who I know is a Christian in his heart, and is much more desirous of remaining in Spain than of returning to Barbary; the rest of the crew are moors, and Turks whom we engaged as rowers. The two insolent and rapacious Turks, without minding the order they received, to land the renegado and me in the habit of Christians, with which we were provided, on the first part of Spain they could make, resolved previously to scour the coast, with a view to take prizes, fearing that should they set us on shore before-hand, we might meet with some accident which would oblige us to discover that there was a corsair on the coast, and they, of consequence, run the risk of being taken by the galleys. At night we descried this road, thou we did not perceive the four galleys, and being discovered, were taken as you see. In a word, Don Gregorio remains in the habit of a woman among the moorish ladies, at the imminent hazard of his life, and here I stand, fettered and manacled, in expectation, or rather in fear, of losing that existence of which I am already tired. This, signor,

is the end of my lamentable story, which is equally true and unfortunate ; and all I beg of you is, that I may die like a Christian, seeing, as I have already observed, I have in no shape been guilty of the fault which hath been charged upon our unhappy nation !”

So saying, she stood silent, her lovely eyes impregnated with tears, which few of the spectators could behold unmoved ; and the viceroy, whose disposition was humane and compassionate, unable to speak, advanced to the place, and with his own hands released those of the beautiful moor.

While this Christian moor related her peregrinations, an ancient pilgrim, who had followed the viceroy into the galley, kept his eyes close fixed upon her countenance, and her story was no sooner finished than he threw himself at her feet, which he bathed, with his tears, while in accents interrupted with a thousands sighs and groans, he exclaimed, “ O, Anna Felix ! my unhappy daughter ! I am thy father Ricot, who have returned in search of thee in Spain, because I could not live without thee, who art dear to my affection even as my own soul.”

At these words Sancho opened his eyes, and raised his head, which he had hitherto hung in manifest despondence, reflecting upon the disgrace of his flying adventure ; and, looking at the pilgrim, recognized that same Ricote whom he had encountered the very day on which he quitted his government : he likewise recollected the features of his daughter, who being by this time unbound, mingled her tears with those of her father, whom she tenderly embraced ; and then the old man addressing himself to the viceroy and general, “ My lords,” said he, “ this is my daughter, not so happy in the incidents of her life as in her name, which is Anna Felix, with the addition of Ricote, as famous for her beauty as for her father’s wealth. I left my country in quest of a place where we should be received and hospitably entertained ; and having found such an asylum in Germany, I returned as a pilgrim

in the company of some people of that nation, hoping to find my daughter, and fetch away the wealth which I had buried in the earth: my daughter was gone, but I recovered my hoard, which is in my possession; and now by this strange vicissitude which you have seen, I have retrieved that treasure which is the chief object of my affection,—I mean my beloved daughter. If our innocence and mutual tears can have influence enough upon your integrity and justice, to open the gates of mercy, O let it prevail in favour of us who never offended you even in thought, nor in any shape corresponded with the designs of our people, who have been justly expelled.” Here Sancho interposing, “I am very well acquainted with Ricote,” said he, “and know all he has said about his daughter, Anna Felix, to be true; but with respect to that other trash of his comings and goings, and his good or evil designs, I neither meddle nor make.” Every person present expressed admiration at this strange incident; and the general, turning to the daughter, “Every tear you let fall,” said he, “conspires in preventing the performance of my oath. Live, beauteous Anna Felix, the term of your life prescribed by Heaven, and let those insolent and presumptuous wretches suffer punishment for the crimes they have committed.”

So saying, he ordered the two Turks, who had killed his soldiers, to be hanged at the yard’s arm; but the viceroy earnestly intreated him to spare their lives, as their crime was rather the effect of madness than of preconceived design. The general granted his request, especially as he did not think it commendable to execute revenge in cold blood.

Then they began to contrive some method for extricating Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger in which he was involved; and Ricote offered to the value of above two thousand ducats, which he had about him in pearls and jewels, to any person who could effect his deliverance. Many schemes were projected; but none of them seemed so sensible as that which was presented by the fore-mentioned Spanish renegado, who offered to return to Algiers in

some small bark of about six banks, manned with Christians, as he knew where, how, and when, he might land with safety, and was well acquainted with the house in which Don Gasper remained. The general and the viceroy were dubious of the renegado, and scrupled to trust him with the command of Christian rowers; but Anna Felix was satisfied of his integrity, and her father said he would engage to ransom them, should they chance to be taken and enslaved.

Matters being settled on this footing, the viceroy went ashore, after having laid strong injunctions on Don Antonio Moreno, who had invited the moorish beauty and her father to his house, to make much of his guests, and command whatever his own palace could afford for their entertainment. Such was the charity and benevolence which Anna's beauty had infused into his heart!



CHAP. XII.

DON Antonio's lady, as the history relates, was extremely pleased at sight of Anna Felix, whom she received with great cordiality, equally enamoured of her beauty and discretion; for, indeed, the moor excelled in both; and here she was visited by all the people of fashion in town, as if by toll of bell. As for Don Quixote, he gave Antonio to understand, that, in his opinion, the plan they had formed for the deliverance of Don Gregorio, was more dangerous than expedient; and that it would be much more effectual to set him on shore in Barbary, with his arms and horse; in which case, he would bring home the young gentleman, in despite of the whole moorish race, as heretofore Don Gayferos had delivered his wife Melisandra." Sancho, hearing this proposal, "Consider," said he, "that Signor Don Gayferos delivered his wife from captivity on the main land, and carried her off to France through the high road; but,

in this case, even granting we should have the good luck to release Don Gregorio from his confinement, we shall not be able to convey him hither to Spain, because the sea is between us and Barbary." "There's a remedy for all things but death," replied the knight: "for, if there is a bark by the shore, we can go aboard, in opposition to the whole universe." "Your worship describes it a very easy matter," said the squire: "but, between said and done, a long race may be run: and, for my part, I would stick to the offer of the renegado, who seems to be a very honest person, and a man of compassionate bowels." Don Antonio said, that if the renegado should fail in his undertaking, they would certainly find some means for transporting the great Don Quixote to Barbary; and, in two days, the renegado departed in a little bark with six oars on a side, manned with a crew of approved valour. In two days after her departure, the galleys likewise set sail for the Levant, after the general had begged and obtained the viceroy's promise to let him know the success of the scheme they had contrived for the deliverance of Don Gregorio, together with the fate of the lovely Anna Felix.

One morning, Don Quixote rode forth upon the strand, completely armed; for he often observed, arms were his ornaments, and fighting his diversion, and he never cared to appear in any other dress; and as he pranced along, he saw coming towards him, a knight, likewise armed, cap-a-pée, having a full moon painted on his shield. This apparition was no sooner within hearing, than he addressed his discourse to Don Quixote, pronouncing aloud, "Renowned cavalier, never-enough-applauded Don Quixote de La Mancha, I, the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of exploits may, peradventure, recal him to your remembrance, am come with hostile intent to prove the force of thine arm: to convince and compel thee to own that my mistress, whosoever she is, exceeds in beauty thy Dulcinea del Toboso beyond all comparison: which truth, if thou wilt fairly and fully confess, thou wilt avoid thy own death, and spare me the trouble

of being thy executioner ; but shouldst thou presume to engage with me in single combat, and be overcome, all the satisfaction I demand is, that thou wilt lay aside thine arms, desist from travelling in quest of adventures; and, quitting the field, retire to thine own habitation, where thou shalt continue a whole year, without drawing a sword, in comfortable peace and profitable tranquillity, which may tend to the augmentation of thy fortune, and the salvation of thy precious soul. On the other hand, if it be my fate to be vanquished, my life shall exist at thy discretion; thine shall be the spoils of all my arms and horse, and to thee shall be transferred all the fame of my achievements: consider which of these alternatives thou wilt choose, and answer me on the spot; for on this very day the affair must be dispatched and determined."

Don Quixote was astonished and confounded, as well at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, as at the cause of his defiance; and, after a short pause of recollection, replied with a solemn tone and countenance severe, "Sir Knight of the White Moon, whose exploits have not as yet reached mine ear, I dare say you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea: for, had you enjoyed that happiness, I know you would not have dreamed of making such a rash demand: one glimpse of her would have undeceived you perfectly, and plainly demonstrated that there never was, or will be, beauty comparable to that which she possesses. I, therefore, without giving you the lie, but only affirming that you are egregiously mistaken, accept of your defiance on the conditions you have proposed, and will fight you forthwith before the day you have pitched upon shall be elapsed; with this exception, however, that I will by no means adopt the fame of your exploits; because I know not how, where, or wherefore, they were achieved, and am content with my own, such as they are: choose your ground, therefore, and I will take my share of the field; and let St. Peter bless what God shall bestow."

The Knight of the White Moon being discovered from the city, and seen talking with Don Quixote,

notice was given to the viceroy, who, supposing it was some new adventure contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or some other gentleman of the town, went down to the strand, accompanied by the said Don Antonio, and a number of other cavaliers, and reached the spot just as Don Quixote wheeled about on Rozinante to measure his distance. Seeing both parties ready for returning to the encounter, he placed himself in the middle between them, and demanded the cause that induced them so suddenly to engage in single combat. The Knight of the White Moon answered, that it was the precedence of beauty, and briefly repeated his proposal to Don Quixote, with the mutual acceptation of the conditions proposed. Then the viceroy taking Don Antonio aside, asked if he knew this Knight of the White Moon ; and if this was a joke which he intended to perpetrate upon Don Quixote ? Don Antonio assured him that he knew not the stranger, nor could guess whether the challenge was given in jest or earnest. He was a little perplexed, and dubious whether or not he should allow the battle to be fought ; but as he could not conceive it to be any thing else than a preconcerted joke, he retired, saying, “ Valiant knights, seeing there is no other remedy, but you must confess or die, and Signor Don Quixote persists in denying what you of the White Moon presume to affirm, I leave you to your fate, and God stand by the righteous.”

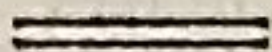
The stranger in very polite terms, and well-selected phrase, thanked the viceroy for the permission he had granted ; and his example was in this particular followed by Don Quixote, who having recommended himself heartily to Heaven and his Dulcinea, according to his usual practice when he engaged in any combat, turned about to take a little more ground, in imitation of his antagonist ; then, without receiving a signal for engaging, either by sound of trumpet, or any other instrument, both parties wheeled about at the same instant. The Knight of the White Moon having the fleeter horse, coming up with his adversary, before this last had run one-third of his career,

lifted up his lance purposely that he might not wound Don Quixote, whom, however, he encountered with such an irresistible shock, that both he and Rozinante came to the ground with a very dangerous fall: the victor instantly sprung upon him, and clapping his lance to his visor, "Knight," said he, "you are vanquished, and a dead man, unless you acknowledge the terms of the defiance." To this address, the battered and astonished Don Quixote, without lifting up his beaver, replied in a languid tone and feeble voice, that seemed to issue from a tomb, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth; and as it is not reasonable that my weakness should discredit this truth, make use of your weapon, knight, and instantly deprive me of life, as you have already divested me of honour." "By no means," said he of the White Moon: "let the fame of my lady Dulcinea's beauty flourish in full perfection; all the satisfaction I ask is, that the great Don Quixote shall retire to his own house, and there abide for the space of one year, or during the term which I shall prescribe, according to the articles agreed upon before we engaged." This whole dialogue was overheard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and a number of other people who were present, and they were also ear-witnesses of the answer made by Don Quixote, who said, that as the victor had demanded nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would comply with his proposal like a true and punctual knight.

He of the White Moon hearing his declaration, turning his horse, and bowing courteously to the viceroy, entered the city at a half gallop, whither he was followed by Don Antonio, at the desire of the viceroy, who intreated him to make inquiry, and obtain satisfactory information concerning this romantic stranger. In the mean time they raised up Don Quixote, and uncovering his face, found him pale as death, and his forehead bedewed with a cold sweat, while Rozinante lay motionless, from the rough

treatment he had received. As for Sancho, he was so overwhelmed with sorrow and vexation, that he knew not what to say or do: this unlucky incident seemed to be a dream, and he looked upon the whole scene as a matter of enchantment. Seeing his lord and master overcome, and obliged to lay aside his arms for the space of a whole year, he imagined the splendour of his exploits was eclipsed, and all those fair hopes produced from his late promise dispersed in the air, as smoke is dissipated by the wind: in a word, he was afraid that Rozinante was maimed for ever, and his master's bones dislocated, and even thought it would be a great mercy if he was not in a worse condition.

Finally, the viceroy ordered his people to bring a sedan, in which the knight was carried to the city, accompanied by that nobleman, who longed very much to know who this Knight of the White Moon was, by whom Don Quixote had been left in such a cruel dilemma.



CHAP. XIII.

DON Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon, who was also accompanied, and even persecuted, by a number of boys, until they had housed him in one of the city inns, which was at the same time entered by Don Antonio, who burned with impatience to know what he was: and without ceremony intruded himself into the apartment to which the stranger retired, with his squire, to be unarmed. He of the White Moon, perceiving how much the gentleman's curiosity was inflamed, and that he was resolved to stick close by him until it should be satisfied, "Signor," said he, "I am not ignorant that you are come hither on purpose to know who I am; and as there is no reason why I should refuse you that satisfaction, I will, while my servant is employed in taking off my armour, explain the whole mystery, without the least reserve: You must know then, sig-

nor, that I am called the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsman of Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose madness and extravagance have given great concern to all his acquaintance, and to me in particular. Believing that his recovery would depend upon his living quietly at his own habitation, I projected a scheme for compelling him to stay at home; and about three months ago sallied forth upon the highway, as a knight-errant, assuming the appellation of the Knight of the Mirrors, fully resolved to engage and vanquish Don Quixote, without hurting him dangerously, after I should have established, as the condition of our combat, that the vanquished should be at the discretion of the victor; and as I deemed him already conquered, my intention was to demand that he should return to his own house, from which he should not stir for the space of one year, in which time I hoped his cure might be effected. But fate ordained things in another manner: I was conquered and overthrown, and my design entirely frustrated; he proceeded in quest of new adventures, and I returned vanquished, ashamed, and sorely bruised by the dangerous fall I had sustained in battle: nevertheless, I did not lay aside the design of returning in quest of him to overthrow him in my turn, and you have this day seen my intention succeed; for he is so punctual in observing the ordinances of chivalry, that he will doubtless perform his promise in complying with my demand. This, signor, is an account of the whole affair; nor have I omitted one circumstance; and I beg you will not discover and disclose to Don Quixote who I am, that my Christian intention may take effect, and the poor gentleman retrieve his judgment, which would be altogether excellent, were he once abandoned by those mad notions of chivalry." "God forgive you, signor," cried Don Antonio, "for the injury you have done the world, in seeking to restore to his senses the most agreeable madman that ever lived! Do not you perceive, signor, that the benefit resulting from the cure of Don Quixote will never counterbalance the

pleasure produced by his extravagances? But I imagine all the care and industry of Signor Bachelor will hardly be sufficient to effect the recovery of a man who is so thoroughly mad; and if it was no breach of charity, I would say, May Don Quixote never be cured; for in his recovery we not only lose his own diverting flights, but also those of his squire Sancho Panza; and any of these conceits are such as might convert melancholy herself into merriment and laughter: nevertheless, I shall put a seal upon my lips, and say nothing, that I may see whether or not I shall judge aright, in supposing that the diligence of Signor Carrasco will not answer his expectation." The bachelor answered, that all things considered, the business was already in a fair way, and he did not doubt would be blessed with a prosperous issue. Don Antonio having made a tender of his services, and taken his leave, Sampson ordered his arms to be fastened upon a mule: then mounting the horse on which he engaged Don Quixote, he quitted the city that same day, on his return to his own country, in which he arrived without having met with any incident worthy of being recorded in this authentic history. Don Antonio made the viceroy acquainted with all the particulars he had learned from Carrasco, which afforded no great pleasure to that nobleman, as the retirement of Don Quixote would destroy all that entertainment enjoyed by those who had the opportunity of observing his madness.

Six whole days did Don Quixote lie a-bed, pensive, melancholy, mauled, and meagre, revolving in his imagination, and meditating incessantly on the unfortunate incident of his overthrow; notwithstanding the consolations of Sancho, who, among other arguments of comfort, exhorted his worship to hold up his head, and dispel his sorrow, if possible. "Your worship," said he, "has reason to thank God, that though you are overthrown, your ribs are still whole: you know that, in those matters, we must take as well as give; and where there are hooks, we do not always find bacon—A fig for the physician, seeing we

do not want his help in the cure of this distemper : let us return to our habitation, and leave off travelling about in quest of adventures, through lands and countries unknown : nay, if we rightly consider the case, I am the greatest loser, though your worship is the most roughly handled ; for though when I quitted the government, I likewise quitted all thought of governing, I did not give up the desire of being a count, which will never be fulfilled if your worship should renounce your design of being a king, and quit the exercise of chivalry ; in that case, all my hopes must vanish into smoke.” “Peace, Sancho,” said the disconsolate knight : “the term of my penance and retirement will not exceed a year, at the end of which I will return to the honourable duties of my profession, and then we shall find kingdoms to conquer, and countships to bestow.” “The Lord give ear, and my sin never bear,” cried Sancho : “and I have always heard it said, that righteous hope is better than unjust possession.”

Their conversation was interrupted by Don Antonio, who, entering the apartment with marks of infinite satisfaction, exclaimed, “Money for my good news, Signor Don Quixote : Don Gregorio, and the renegado who undertook his deliverance, are now in the road—n the road ! they are by this time in the viceroy’s palace, and will be here in an instant.” The knight was a little revived by these tidings, and replied, “In truth, I was going to say, I should have been glad to hear that the scheme had not succeeded, so that I should have been obliged to cross over into Barbary, where I would, by the strength of my arm, have given liberty not only to Don Gregorio, but also to all the Christian captives in Algiers—but what am I saying, miserable caitiff ! am not I vanquished ? am not I overthrown ? am not I excluded from the exercise of arms for the space of a whole year ? wherefore then promise what I cannot perform ? wherefore praise my own valour, when I am fitter for handling a distaff than for wielding a sword ?” “No more of that, good signor,” replied the squire : “Let the hen live though she has the

pip: To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me: as to those matters of encounters and dry-bastings, they are not to be minded; for He that falls to-day may rise to-morrow, if he does not choose to lie a-bed; I mean if he does not choose to despair, without endeavouring to recover fresh spirits for fresh adventures. Get up, therefore, I beseech your worship, and receive Don Gregorio; for the people are in such an uproar, that, by this time, he must be in the house."

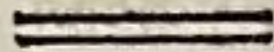
This was really the case: Don Gregorio and the renegado having given the viceroy an account of the voyage and success of the undertaking, the young gentleman, impatient to see his dear Anna Felix, was come with his deliverer to the house of Don Antonio; and although Don Gregorio was in woman's apparel when they delivered him from Algiers, he had exchanged it in the vessel with another captive by whom he was accompanied; but in any dress whatsoever his appearance was such as commanded friendship, service, and esteem; for he was exceedingly beautiful, and seemingly not above seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went forth to receive him, the father with tears of joy, and Anna with the most modest deportment: nor did this fair couple embrace one another; for where genuine love prevails, such freedom of behaviour is seldom indulged. The beauty of Don Gregorio and his mistress excited the admiration of all the spectators: while silence spoke for the lovers themselves, and their eyes performing the office of the tongue, disclosed the joy of their virtuous thoughts. The renegado recounted the stratagem and means he had used for the deliverance of the youth, who likewise entertained the company with a detail of the dangers and distresses to which he was exposed among the women with whom he had been left; and this task he performed not with diffused prolixity, but in elegant and concise terms, which plainly proved that his discretion far exceeded his years. Finally, Ricote liberally rewarded the rowers and the renegado, who re-united and re-incorporated himself with the church, and, from a rotten member, became fair and

sound, by dint of mortification and sincere repentance.

Two days after the arrival of Don Gregorio, the viceroy consulted with Don Antonio about the means of obtaining permission for Anna Felix and her father to reside in Spain, as they were persuaded that no inconvenience could arise from such indulgence to a daughter who was so perfectly a Christian, and a father so righteously disposed. Don Antonio offered to negotiate this affair at court, whither he was pressingly called by his own occasions; observing, that by dint of interest and presents many difficulties are removed. Ricote, who was present at this conversation, said, "There is nothing to be hoped from favour or presents; neither tears, intreaties, promises, nor presents, will avail with the great Don Bernandino de Velasco, Count de Selaza, to whom his majesty has entrusted the charge of our expulsion; for although he really tempers justice with mercy, as he perceives the whole body of our nation contaminated and gangrened, he applies the actual cautery instead of the mollifying ointment; so that by his diligence, prudence, sagacity, and terrifying threats, he has sustained upon his able shoulders the weight of that vast project which he has successfully put in execution, without suffering his Argus eyes, which are always alert, to be blinded by all our industry, stratagem, fraud, and solicitation. He is resolved that none of our people shall remain concealed, lest, like an hidden root, they may hereafter bud and bring forth fruit which may be poisonous to Spain, already cleansed and delivered from those fears that arose from the prodigious number of moors; an heroic resolution of the great Philip III. who has at the same time displayed the most consummate wisdom, in committing the execution of the scheme to the courage and ability of Don Bernandino de Velasco." "Nevertheless," said Don Antonio, "I will, while at court, use all possible means in your behalf, and leave the determination to Heaven: Don Gregorio shall go along with me, and console his parents for the grief they have suffered from his absence; Anna

Felix shall stay with my wife, or be boarded in a monastery; and I know my lord viceroy will be pleased to lodge honest Ricote until we shall see the issue of my negociation." The viceroy agreed to every circumstance of the proposal; but Don Gregorio, being informed of the scheme, declared he neither could nor would leave his charming Anna Felix. At length, however, he assented to the proposal, resolving to go and visit his parents, with whom he would concert measures for returning to fetch away his mistress; so that Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote staid in the viceroy's palace.

The hour of Antonio's departure arrived, and in two days was followed by that of Don Quixote, whose fall would not permit him to travel before that time. The parting of the lovers was attended with weeping, sighing, sobbing, and swooning; and Ricote offered to accommodate Don Gregorio with a thousand crowns; but the young gentleman would take but five, which he borrowed of Don Antonio, promising to repay them at court. Thus they set out together for Madrid: and soon after, as we have already observed, Don Quixote and Sancho departed from Barcelona; the knight unarmed, in a travelling-dress, and the squire trudging a-foot, because Dapple carried the armour of his master.



CHAP. XIV.

DON Quixote, in leaving Barcelona, turned about to survey the fatal spot in which he had fallen, and thus exclaimed, "Here Troy once stood! here, by misfortune, not by cowardice, was I despoiled of all the glory I had acquired! Here did I feel the vicissitudes of fortune! here all my achievements were eclipsed! and, finally, here fell my fortune, never more to rise!" Sancho, hearing this effusion,

“Signor,” said he, “it is the part of a valiant man to bear with patience his sufferings and adversity, as well as to enjoy his prosperity with good humour: I judge from my own feeling; for if I was merry when a governor, I am not melancholy now that I am a poor squire, travelling a foot: and I have often heard that she we call Fortune is a drunken fickle female, and so blind withal, that she sees not what she does, and knows not whom she is abusing, or whom exalting.” “Sancho,” answered the knight, “thou art very philosophical, and hast spoke with great discretion, which I know not where thou hast learned: I can tell thee, however, there is no such thing as fortune in the whole world; nor do those things which happen, whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but solely from the particular providence of Heaven; and hence comes the usual saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune: I, at least, have been the maker of mine, though not with sufficient prudence, and therefore my presumptuous hopes miscarried. I ought to have considered, that Rozinante’s weakness could not resist the weight and magnitude of my adversary’s horse: in a word, I tried my fortune, did what I could, found myself vanquished and overthrown; and, though I lost mine honour, I neither did nor can forget my integrity, and the merit of fulfilling my promise: while I was a knight-errant, valiant and intrepid, my hand and my performance gave credit to my exploits; and now that I am no more than a pedestrian squire, my word shall be confirmed by the accomplishment of my promise. Make haste then, friend Sancho, let us return to our own country, and pass the year of our probation, and, during that term of confinement, acquire fresh vigour and virtue to resume the never-by-me-forgotten exercise of arms.” “Signor,” answered the squire, “the pastime of trudging a foot is not quite so pleasant as to move and instigate me to travel at a great pace; let us leave these arms of your’s hanging like a malefactor on some tree; and then I, oc-

cupying the back of Dapple, with my feet no longer in the mire, we may travel just as your worship shall desire or demand ; but to think that I can make long marches a-foot, is a vain supposition.” “ Thou art in the right, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “ let my arms be suspended in form of a trophy : and beneath, or around them, we will engrave upon the tree an inscription like that which appeared under the armour of Orlando :

‘ Let him alone these arms displace,
Who dares Orlando’s fury face.’”

“ A most excellent device !” cried the squire ; “ and if it were not that we should feel the want of him in our journey, it would not be amiss to hang up Rozinante at the same time.” “ Nevertheless,” replied Don Quixote, “ neither Rozinante nor my arms will I suffer to be hung up ; for it shall never be said of me that a good service met with a bad remuneration.” “ Your worship talks very much to the purpose,” said Sancho ; “ for, according to the opinion of wise men, the pannel ought not to suffer for the fault of the ass ; and since your worship alone was to blame for the bad success of the last adventure, you ought to punish yourself only, and not vent your indignation upon your bloody and already rusted arms, or upon the meekness of Rozinante ; or, lastly, upon the tenderness of my feet, in desiring them to walk at a pace which they cannot maintain.”

In this conversation, and other such discourse, they passed that whole day, and the next four, without meeting with any incident that could interrupt their journey : on the fifth, which was a holiday, they entered a village, where they saw a number of people making merry at the gate of an inn ; and when Don Quixote approached, a countryman exclaimed, “ One of these gentlemen travellers, who are unacquainted with the parties, shall decide our wager.” The knight assuring them he would give his opinion freely and honestly, as soon as he should be informed of the matter, the peasant replied, “ Worthy signor, this

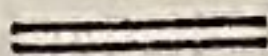
here is the case : One of our townsmen, who is so fat and bulky, that he weighs little less than three hundred weight, has challenged one of his neighbours, a thin creature not half so heavy, to run with him one hundred yards, with equal weight. The match was accordingly made ; but when the challenger was asked how the weight of both should be made equal, he insisted on the other's carrying the difference in bars of iron, by which means Limberham would be upon a footing with Loggerhead." " By no means," cried Sancho, interposing before his master could answer one word, " to me, who have been lately a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to resolve these doubts, and give my opinion in every dispute." " Speak then, in happy time, friend Sancho," said the knight ; " for my judgment is so confounded and disturbed, that I am hardly fit to throw crumbs to a cat." " With this permission, Sancho addressing himself to the peasants who had assembled round him, and waited his decision with open mouths, " Brothers," said he, " the demand of Loggerhead will not hold water, and is indeed without the least shadow of justice ; for if what all the world says be true, namely, that the challenged party has the choice of the weapons, it is not reasonable that the said Loggerhead should pretend to choose such arms as may encumber his adversary, and secure the victory to himself ; it is therefore my opinion, that Loggerhead the challenger shall scrape, shave, pare, polish, slice, and take away one hundred and fifty pounds weight of his own individual flesh from different parts of his body, according to his own fancy and convenience ; so that, leaving the other moiety, which will be sufficient to counterbalance his antagonist, the parties may run with equal advantage." " 'Fore God !" cried one of the countrymen, hearing this wise decision, " the gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given sentence like a canon : but, sure I am, Loggerhead will not part with an ounce, much less one hundred and fifty pounds of his flesh." " The best part of the joke," replied another pea-

sant, "is, that the match cannot be run; for Limberham will not touch a bar of iron, and Loggerhead will not pare himself; let us therefore spend the half of the money in treating these gentlemen at the tavern with some of the best wine, and when it rains let the shower fall upon my cloak." "Gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "I thank you for your invitation; but I really cannot tarry a moment: for melancholy thoughts and unlucky adventures oblige me to appear uncivil on this occasion, and to travel faster than the ordinary pace." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and set on, leaving them astonished in consequence of having seen and observed the strange figure of the master and sagacity of the servant, for such they supposed Sancho to be. One of them could not help saying, "If the servant is so wise, what must the master be? I'll lay a wager, if they go to study at Salamanca, they will in a trice be created Alcaldes of the court; for it is nothing but children's play, studying and poring, and having interest and good luck; and when a man thinks least about the matter, he finds himself with a white rod in his hand, or a mitre upon his head."

That night our adventurer and his squire passed in the middle of an open field, under the spacious cope of heaven; and next day, proceeding on their journey, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a javelin or half pike in his hand, and a wallet on his back; circumstances from which they judged he was a post or courier. As he advanced he quickened his pace, and running up to Don Quixote, embraced his right thigh, for he could reach no higher, exclaiming, with marks of extraordinary satisfaction, "O my good Signor Don Quixote! how will the heart of my lord duke be rejoiced, when he knows your worship is returning to his castle, where he still continues with my lady dutchess!" "Friend," said the knight, "I do not recollect your features, nor do I know who you are, unless you will be pleased to tell me." "Signor Don Quixote," replied the courier, "I am my lord duke's lacquey Tosilos, who refused to fight with your

worship concerning the marriage of the duenna's daughter." "God in heaven protect me!" cried the knight, "is it possible that you are he whom my enemies the enchanter transformed into that same lacquey you mention, to deprive me of the glory of that combat?" "No more of that, worthy signor," replied the post; "there was no enchantment in the case, nor any sort of transformation: I was as much the lacquey Tosilos when I entered the lists, as when I left them. I thought the girl handsome, and therefore would have married her without fighting; but the event did not answer my expectation. Your worship was no sooner gone from the castle, than my lord duke ordered me to be severely bastinadoed, for having contradicted the instructions he had given me before I entered the lists; and this is the upshot of the whole affair: the girl is by this time a nun, Donna Rodriguez is gone back to Castile, and I am now bound for Barcelona with a packet of letters from his grace to the viceroy. If your worship is inclined to take a small draught of good wine, though not very cool, I have here a calabash full of the best, and some slices of Tronchon cheese, which will serve as provocatives and rousers of thirst, if perchance it should be asleep." "Your invitation is accepted," cried Sancho; "truce with your compliments and skink away, honest Tosilos, maugre and in despite of all the enchanter of the Indies." "Verily, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art the most insatiate glutton in the universe, and the most ignorant animal upon earth: but as thou art not persuaded that this courier is enchanted, and no other than a counterfeit Tosilos, thou mayest tarry along with him and fill thy belly; and I will jog on at a slow pace until thou shalt overtake me." The lacquey smiled at his infatuation, unsheathed his calabash, unwalleted his cheese, and producing a small loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the grass, where in peace and harmony they dispatched and discussed the contents of the wallet with great perseverance and good will, and even licked the packet, because it smelled

of cheese. During the repast, Tosilos said to the squire, "Doubtless, friend Sancho, thy master is bankrupt in common sense." "How bankrupt!" answered Panza, "he owes no man a farthing, but pays like a prince, especially where madness is the current coin: I see the matter plain enough, and tell him my opinion freely: but to what purpose? Now, indeed, he is going home in despair for having been vanquished by the Knight of the White Moon." Tosilos earnestly begged he would recount that adventure; but Sancho declined the task, observing that it would be unmanly to let his master wait for him; though at their next meeting he should have more leisure. He accordingly started up, and shaking his crumbs from his garment and beard, bad adieu to Tosilos; then driving Dapple before him, soon came up with his master, whom he found waiting for him under the shade of a tree.



CHAP XV.

IF Don Quixote was perplexed with cogitation before his overthrow, much more was he fatigued by his own thoughts after his late misfortune. Under the shade of a tree, as we have already observed, did he remain, and there he was stung with reflections that swarmed like flies about honey; some dwelling upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and others revolving plans for the life he was to lead in his compulsive retirement. When Sancho joined him, and began to expatiate upon the liberal disposition of Tosilos, "Is it possible, O Sancho," said the knight, "that thou still believest that man to be the individual lacquey? one would think thou hadst forgot that thy own eyes have seen Dulcinea converted and transformed into a country wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Carrasco, by the wicked arts of those enchanters who persecute my virtue. But, tell me now, didst thou ask Tosilos how Providence hath

disposed of Altisidora? hath she bewailed my absence, or already consigned to oblivion those amorous thoughts by which she was tormented during my residence at the castle?" "My thoughts," answered Sancho, "were not such as allowed me to ask these childish questions. Body o'me! signor, is your worship at present in a condition to inquire about other people's thoughts, especially those you call amorous." "Sancho," said the knight, "you must consider there is a wide difference between the suggestions of love, and those of gratitude: a gentleman may very well be insensible to love; but, strictly speaking, he can never be ungrateful. Altisidora, in all appearance, loved me to distraction: she, as thou very well knowest, made me a present of three night-caps; she bewailed my departure, loaded me with curses and reproach, and in spite of maiden shame, complained of me in public; undoubted proofs of my being the object of her adoration; for the indignation of lovers usually vents itself in maledictions. I had no hopes to give, nor treasures to offer; all my affections are yielded to Dulcinea; and the treasures of knight-errant are like those of the fairies, altogether phantom and illusion: all, therefore, that I can return, is a kind remembrance, without prejudice, however, to the memory of Dulcinea, who is greatly aggrieved by thy remissness in delaying to scourge and chastise that flesh which I hope will be a prey to the wolves; seeing thou seemest more inclined to reserve it for the worms, than to use it in behalf of that poor distressed lady." "Signor," answered the squire, "if the truth must be told, I cannot persuade myself that the whipping of my posteriors can have any effect in disenchanting those who are enchanted; no more than if we should anoint the shins to cure the head-ache: at least, I will venture to swear, that in all the histories your worship has read concerning knight-errantry, you have never found that any person was disenchanted by such a whipping: but, be that as it may, I will lay it on when I have time, convenience, and inclination to make free with my own flesh." "God

grant thou mayest," said Don Quixote; "and Heaven give thee grace to understand and be sensible of the obligation thou liest under, to assist my mistress, who, as thou art mine, is thine also."

With such conversation they amused themselves in travelling, until they arrived at the very spot where they had been overturned by the bulls; when Don Quixote, recognizing the ground, "This is the meadow," said he, "where we met the gay shepherdesses and gallant swains, who sought to renew and re-act the pastoral Arcadia, a project equally original and ingenious; in imitation of which, shouldst thou approve of the scheme, we will assume the garb and employment of shepherds during the term of our retirement. I will purchase some sheep, together with all the necessary implements of a pastoral life, and taking the name of Quixotiz, while thou shalt bear that of the swain Pancino: we will stroll about through mountains, woods, and meadows, singing here, lamenting there, drinking liquid crystal from the gelid springs, the limpid rill, and mighty rivers. The lofty oaks will shed upon us abundance of their delightful fruit; the trunks of hardest cork trees will yield us seats; the willows will afford us shade; the rose perfume; the extended meadow carpets of a thousand dyes; the pure serenity of air will give us breath; the moon and stars will grant us light in spite of darkness: our singing will inspire delight; our lamentations mirth; Apollo, verses; and Love himself, conceits to render us immortal and renowned, not only in the present age, but also to the latest posterity." "Odds tens!" cried Sancho, "such a life will square, aye, and be the very corner-stone of my wishes: the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber, as soon as they have a glimpse of it, will wish to join us in the scheme, and turn shepherds for our company; and God grant that the curate himself may not take it in his head to enter the fold; for he is a merry companion, and a great friend to good fellowship." "Thou hast a very good notion," said the knight; "and if the bache-

lor shall be inclined to join our pastoral association, as he doubtless will, he may take the appellation of the shepherd Sansonino, or of the swain Carrascon; Nicholas the barber may be called Niculoso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso: and as for the curate, I know not what title we can confer upon him, except some derivative from his own name, such as the shepherd Curiambro. For the nymphs, of whom we must be enamoured, there is plenty of names to choose; but seeing that of my mistress will suit as well with a shepherdess as with a princess, I need not give myself the trouble to invent any other that might be more proper; as for thee, Sancho, thou mayest give thy mistress what appellation will please thy own fancy." "I have no intention," replied the squire, "to give her any other than that of Teresona, which will fit her fatness to a hair, as well as be agreeable to her own name Teresa; especially as in celebrating her in verse, I shall disclose my chaste desires, without going in search of fine bread in a neighbour's house: the curate would be in the wrong to choose a shepherdess, because he ought to set a good example to his flock; and as for the batchelor, if he has any such inclination, let him please his own soul without let or controul."

"Good heaven! friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "what a life shall we lead! how will our ears be regaled with pipes and bagpipes of Zamora, tambourines, timbrels, and rebecks! and if these different kinds of music be reinforced with the sound of the albogues, we shall have a full concert of all the pastoral instruments." "And pray what are the albogues?" said Sancho, "I never saw nor heard them named before, in the whole course of my life." "Albogues," answered the knight, "are plates of brass, resembling candlesticks, the hollow parts of which being clashed together, produce a sound, if not ravishing or harmonious, at least not disagreeable, nor unsuited to the rusticity of the bagpipe and tabor. The name of albogues is moorish, as are all the words in our language beginning with al; for

example, Almoaca, Almorcar, Albombra, Alguazil, Alucima, Almacen, Alcanzia, and a few others; and we have only three moorish words ending in i, namely, Borcegui, Zaquicami, and Maravedi; as for Alheli and Alfaqui, they are known to be Arabic, as well from their beginning with al, as for their ending in i: these observations I have made, by the bye, in consequence of having mentioned albogues, which recalled them to my remembrance. But to return to our scheme, nothing will conduce so much to the perfection of it, as my having a talent for versification, as thou very well knowest, and the batchelor's being an excellent poet. Of the curate I shall say nothing; though I would lay a good wager that his collars and points are truly poetical: and that Master Nicholas is in the same fashion I do not at all doubt; for people of his profession are famous for making ballads and playing on the guitar. For my own part, I will complain of absence; thou wilt extol the constancy of thy own love; the swain Carascon will lament the disdain of his mistress; the curate Curiambro choose his own subject; and every thing proceed in such a manner as to fulfil the warmest wishes."

To this effusion Sancho replied, "Verily, signor, I am such an unlucky wretch, that I am afraid the time will never come when I shall see myself in that blessed occupation. O what delicate wooden spoons shall I make when I am a shepherd! O what crumbs and cream shall I devour! O what garlands and pastoral nick-nacks shall I contrive! and though these may not perhaps add much to my reputation for wisdom, they will not fail to convince the world of my ingenuity. My daughter Sanchica shall bring our victuals to the fold; but 'ware mischief! the wench is buxom; and there are some shepherds more knavish than simple: I would not have her come out for wool, and go home shorn. Those same armours, and unruly desires, are gratified in the open field as well as in the city-chamber, in a shepherd's cot as well as in a royal palace. The sin will cease, when the

temptation is removed: The heart will not grieve for what the eye does not perceive; and What prayers ne'er can gain, a leap from an hedge will obtain." "No more of your proverbs, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "any one of those thou hast repeated is sufficient to explain thy meaning; and I have often exhorted thee to be less prodigal of old saws, and keep them more under command; but I see it is like preaching to the desert: and, My mother whips me, and I scourge the top." "Under correction," answered the squire, "your worship, methinks, is like the frying-pan which called to the pot, 'Avaunt, black-a-moor, avaunt!' Even in the very act of rebuking me for uttering proverbs, your worship strings them together in pairs." But then you must consider, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that when I use them they are seasonably brought in, and fit the purpose as the ring fits the finger: whereas, by thee they are not brought in, but lugged in, as it were, by the head and shoulders. If my memory fails me not, I have formerly told thee, that proverbs are short sentences extracted from the experience and speculation of ancient sages; and a proverb, unseasonably introduced, is rather an absurdity than a judicious apothegm. But let us quit the subject, and as the day is already spent, retire from the highway to some place where we may pass the night; for God alone knows what will be to-morrow."

They accordingly retired to a grove, where they made a late and very indifferent supper, to the no small mortification of Sancho, who ruefully reflected upon the meagre commons of chivalry, so uncomfortably discussed among woods and mountains; though his imagination was also regaled with the remembrance of that abundance which he had enjoyed at the castle, as well as at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and in the houses of Don Diego de Miranda, and Don Antonio de Moreno: but, finally, considering it could not be always day, or always night, he resolved for the present to sleep while his master indulged his contemplations awake.

CHAP. XVI.

THE night was a little dark ; for, although the moon was in the heavens, she was invisible to the people of our hemisphere, Madam Diana having taken a trip to the antipodes, and left our mountains obumbrated, and our valleys obscured.

Don Quixote, in compliance with nature, enjoyed his first sleep without indulging himself in a second, quite contrary to the practice of Sancho, who never desired a second, because the first always lasted from night till morning ; a sure sign of little care, and an excellent constitution. As for the knight, his cares interfered so much with his repose, that he wakened his squire, to whom he said, “ I am amazed, Sancho, at the indifference of thy disposition, and imagine thou art made of marble or obdurate brass, unsusceptible of sentiment or emotion. I watch whilst thou art snoring ; I weep whilst thou art singing ; I faint with fasting ; whilst thou art overloaded and out of breath with eating ! It is the province of a good servant to sympathize with his master’s pain, and to share his anguish, even for the sake of decorum. Observe the serenity of the sky, and the solitude of the place, which invite us to make an intermission in our repose. I conjure thee, by thy life, to rise and go aside to some proper place, where with good-will and grateful inclination thou mayest conveniently inflict upon thyself three or four hundred stripes, on account of Dulcinea’s enchantment ; and this favour I humbly request, without any intention to try again the strength of thine arms, which I know to be heavy and robust : after the performance of that task, we will pass the remainder of the night in harmony ; I, in singing the torments of absence, and thou in chanting the constancy of thy passion ; and thus will we begin the pastoral life which we are to lead at our own village.” “ Signor,” answered the squire, “ I am no monk, to rise and discipline my flesh in

the middle of the night; nor do I think the extremity of pain is such a provocative to music: I, therefore, desire your worship will let me take out my nap, without pressing me further to scourge myself, lest I should grow desperate, and solemnly swear never to whip the nap of my garment, much less an hair of my skin." "Soul of a savage! flinty-hearted squire!" cried Don Quixote: "O ill-bestowed bread! O ill-requited benefits, intended or conferred! By my means wast thou created governor; and through me alone dost thou now enjoy the near prospect of being a count, or something else of equal title; nor will the accomplishment of thy wishes be retarded longer than the term of one fleeting year; for, *Post tenebras spero lucem*." "Your conclusion," said Sancho, "I do not understand; but well I know, that while I sleep, I am troubled neither with fear, nor hope, nor toil, nor glory; and praise be to Him who invented sleep, which is the mantle that shrouds all human thoughts; the food that dispels hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms the cold; the cool breeze that moderates heat; in a word, the general coin that purchases every commodity; the weight and balance that makes the shepherd even with his sovereign, and the simple with the sage: there is only one bad circumstance, as I have heard, in sleep; it resembles death; inasmuch as, between a dead corpse and a sleeping man, there is no apparent difference." "Truly, Sancho," said the knight, "I never heard thee talk so elegantly before, whence I perceive the truth of the proverb which thou hast often repeated, Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are fed." "Odds my life! sir master of mine," cried Sancho, "I am not the only person who string proverbs: they fall from your worship's mouth in couples, faster than from mine: indeed, there is some difference; for your worship's proverbs come at a proper time, whereas mine are always out of season; but, nevertheless, they are all proverbs.

Thus far the conversation had proceeded, when they heard a dull confused noise, intermingled with

very harsh sounds, that seemed to extend through the whole valley. The knight immediately started up and unsheathed his sword; while the squire squatted down under Dapple, fencing himself on each side with his master's armour and the pannel of the ass, being as much afraid as Don Quixote was astonished; for the noise increased every moment, as the cause of it approached the two tremblers, or rather one trembler; for the other's valour and courage are well known. The case, in fact, was this:—Some dealers were driving about six hundred hogs to a fair, and as they travelled in the night, the noise of their feet, together with their grunting and blowing, made such a din, as almost deafened Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not conceive the meaning of such an uproar. Meanwhile, the numerous grunting herd advanced, and without showing the least respect to the authority of Don Quixote or Sancho, ran over them in a twinkling, demolished the barricadoes of the squire, and trampled down not only the master, but also his steed Rozinante. The thronging, the grunting, and the hurry of those unclean animals, throwing every thing in confusion, and strewing the master and the man, the horse and the ass, the pannel and the armour, along the ground. Sancho getting up as well as he could, demanded his masters's sword, in order to sacrifice half a dozen of those discourteous gentlemen porkers; for, by this time, he had discovered what they were: but the knight refused to grant his request, saying, "Let them pass," friend Sancho; "this affront is the punishment of my crime; and the just chastisement of Heaven inflicted upon a vanquished knight, is, that he shall be devoured by dogs, stung by wasps, and trampled upon by swine." "At that rate, then," replied the squire, "the chastisement which Heaven inflicts upon squires of vanquished knight-errants, is, that they shall be bitten by fleas, devoured by lice, and assaulted by famine: if we squires were sons of the knights we serve, or even their near relations, it would be no great wonder if

the punishment of their faults should overtake us to the fourth generation ; but what affinity is there between the Panzas and the Quixotes ? At present let us put things to rights again, so that we may sleep out the remainder of the night, and we shall be in better plight when God sends us a new day." " Enjoy thy repose," said Don Quixote ; " thou wast born to sleep, and I to watch ; and during the little of night that remains, I will give my thoughts the rein, and cool the furnace of my reflections with a short madrigal, which I have this evening, unknown to thee, composed in my own mind." " In my opinion," answered the squire, " your thoughts could not be very troublesome and unruly, if they gave you leisure to make couplets ; but, however, your worship may couple as many as you please, and I will sleep as much as I can." So saying, he chose his ground, on which he huddled himself up, and enjoyed a most profound sleep, which received no interruption from the remembrance of debt, surety, or any other grievance. As for Don Quixote, he leaned against a beech or cork-tree ; for Cid Hamet Benengeli has not distinguished the genus ; and to the music of his own sighs, sung the following stanzas :

I.

O cruel love ! when I endure
The dreadful vengeance of thy bow,
I fly to death, the only cure
For such immensity of woe.

II.

But, when I touch the peaceful goal,
That port secure from storms of strife,
The sight revives my drooping soul,
I cannot enter for my life !

III.

Thus life exhausts my vital flame,
But death still keeps the spark alive ;
O wondrous fate ! unknown to fame !
That life should kill, and death revive.

Every verse he accompanied with a multitude of sighs, and a torrent of tears, as if his heart had been transpierced with grief for his overthrow, and the absence of Dulcinea. In this situation he was found by the day, when Phœbus darting his rays into Sancho's eyes, the squire awoke, yawned, turned, stretched his lazy limbs, and surveying the havoc which the swine had made in his store, he bitterly cursed the whole herd; aye, and even went farther with his maledictions.

Then the two proceeded in their journey, and towards the close of the afternoon, descried about ten men on horseback, and half that number on foot, advancing towards them; a sight which made the knight's heart throb with surprise, and the squire's with terror; for this company was armed with lance and target, and approached in a very hostile manner. Don Quixote turning to his squire, "Sancho," said he, "if I could now exercise my arms, and my hands were not tied by a solemn promise, I would look upon that machine, which comes upon us, with contempt, as so much cake and gingerbread; but perhaps it may be something else than we apprehend." He had scarce pronounced these words, when the horsemen coming up, and couching their lances, surrounded him in a trice; then clapping the points of their weapons to his back and breast, seemed to threaten immediate death and destruction; while one of those on foot, laying his finger on his mouth, as a signal for him to be silent, seized Rozinante's bridle, and led him out of the highway. The rest of the foot-pads drove Sancho and Dapple before them, and, while a wonderful silence prevailed, followed the knight, who attempted twice or thrice to ask whither they conducted him, and what they wanted; but scarce had he begun to move his lips, when they threatened to shut them for ever with the points of their spears. The same menaces were practised upon Sancho, who no sooner expressed a desire to be talking, than he was pricked in the posteriors with a goad by one of his attendants; and Dapple met with the same fate, as if he too had made a motion to speak, like his master.

As night approached they quickened their pace, and the terrors of the captives increased in proportion as the darkness deepened, especially as their guard pronounced from time to time, "Dispatch ye Troglodytes! silence, ye barbarians! now ye shall suffer, ye anthropophagi! not a word of complaint, ye Scythians! open not your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemuses! ye carnivorous lions and beasts of prey." With these and other such appellations, they tormented the ears of the miserable master and the forlorn Sancho, who said within himself, "Draggle doits! Barber Anns! Henry puff a Jay! City hens! and Paulfamouses! these are fine names with a vengeance! I'm afraid this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn! the mischief comes upon us altogether, like drubbing to a dog; and I wish this misventurous adventure, that threatens so dismally, may end in nothing worse!" As for Don Quixote, he was utterly astonished and confounded; nor could he, with all his reflection, comprehend the meaning of his own captivity, and those reproachful terms, from which he could only conclude, that no good, but a great deal of mischief, was to be expected. In this state of anxious suspense he continued till about an hour after it was dark, when they arrived at a castle, which the knight immediately recognizing to be the duke's habitation, where he had so lately resided, "Good Heaven!" cried he, "where will this adventure end! surely this is the dwelling-place of politeness and hospitality; but, to those who are vanquished, good is converted into bad, and bad to worse." This ejaculation he uttered as they entered the court of the castle, which was decorated in a strange manner, that increased their admiration, and redoubled their fear, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

THE horsemen alighting, with the assistance of those who were on foot, snatched up the bodies of Don Quixote and Sancho, carried them hastily into the court of the castle, round which above an hundred flaming torches were placed, and the corridors of the court were illuminated by five hundred tapers, shining with such a blaze, that, in spite of the night, which was dark, there was no want of the day. In the middle of the court appeared a monument, raised about two yards from the ground, and covered with a spacious canopy of black velvet; and, upon the steps that led up to it, above an hundred tapers of virgin wax stood burning in silver candlesticks. On the tomb lay the body of a young damsel, whose beauty was such as rendered death itself beautiful: her head was raised on a cushion of brocade, and crowned with a garland of various odoriferous flowers; and in her hands, that were crossed upon her breast, appeared a bough of green victorious palm. On one side of the court was erected a theatre, on which were seated two personages, whom their crowns and sceptres declared to be either real or fictitious kings; and hard by the theatre, which was furnished with steps, two other chairs, upon which Don Quixote and Sancho were seated by their captors, who still maintained their former silence, the observance of which they likewise recommended, by signs, to our hero and his squire; though these injunctions were altogether superfluous, for their astonishment at what they saw had effectually tied their tongues: and, indeed, how could they help being astonished at sight of this apparatus; considering too, that by this time the knight had discovered the dead body on the tomb to be no other than the beauteous Altisidora? At this juncture, two noble personages, with a numerous retinue, ascended the theatre, and seated themselves in magnificent chairs, hard by the figures that were crowned; then Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving the new

comers to be their former entertainers, the duke and dutchess rose up and bowed with great veneration, and their graces, rising also, returned the compliment with a slight inclination of the head. And now an officer crossing the court, and approaching Sancho, threw over him a robe of black buckram, painted all over with flames of fire ; at the same time, pulling off his cap, he put upon his head one of those pasteboard mitres which are worn by the penitents of the holy office ; and in a whisper advised him to keep his lips sewed together, unless he had a mind to be gagged or put to death without mercy. Sancho surveyed himself from head to foot, and saw his robe in flames ; but as they did not burn, he valued them not a farthing ; he then took off his mitre, and perceiving it figured with pictures of fiends, set it on his head again, saying to himself, " As the flames do not burn, and the fiends do not fly away me, I am very well satisfied." Don Quixote likewise surveyed the squire, and, although his reflection was still disturbed with fear and suspense, could not help smiling at the ludicrous figure.

Sancho being thus equipped, a low yet agreeable sound of flutes seemed to issue from beneath the tomb, and being uninterrupted by any human voice, for here silence itself kept silence, produced a very soft and pleasing melody. Then all of a sudden a beautiful youth, in a Roman habit, appeared close by the cushion on which the seemingly dead body reposed, and to the sound of the harp on which he himself played, with a sweet harmonious voice he sung the two following stanzas :

I.

'Till fair Altisidora, slain

By Quixote's cruelty, return ;

And all the enchanted female train

Her hapless fate in sackcloth mourn ;

Until duennas, clad in bays,

Appear in presence of her grace,

I'll celebrate the nymph in lays

That would not shame the bard of Thrace.

II.

Nor shall thy beauty fade unsung,
When life forsakes my gelid veins ;
My clay-cold lips and frozen tongue
In death shall raise immortal strains.
My soul, when freed from cumb'rous clay,
Her flight o'er Stygian waves shall take ;
And while on Lethe's banks I stray,
My song shall charm th' oblivious lake.

Here he was interrupted by one of the two pretended kings, who said, " Enough, divine songster ; it would be an infinite task to describe the death and beauties of the peerless Altisidora, not dead as the ignorant world imagines, but alive in the voice of fame, and in the penance which Sancho Panza here present must undergo, in order to restore her to the light she has lost ; and therefore, O Rhadamanthus, who sittest with me in judgment, within the gloomy caverns of Lethe, as thou art intimately acquainted with all the determinations of the inscrutable fates, touching the revival of this damsel, relate and declare them without loss of time, that we may no longer delay that happiness which we expect from her recovery."

Scarce had Minos pronounced these words, when his fellow-judge and companion Rhadamanthus stood up, saying, " So ho, ye ministers of this house, high and low, great and small, come hither one by one, and mark the face, the arm, and loins, of Sancho, with two dozen of tweaks, one dozen of pinches, and half a dozen pricks with a pin : for upon this execution depends the revival of Altisidora." Sancho Panza hearing this sentence, broke silence, and exclaimed aloud, " I vow to God, I will sooner turn Turk, than allow my face to be marked, or my flesh to be handled, in any such manner ! Body o'me ! what has the pinching of my face to do with the resurrection of that damsel. The old woman has got a liquorish tooth, and she is still licking her fingers, forsooth. Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be

scourged for the disenchantment of her ladyship : Altisodora is dead by the hand of God, and, in order to bring her to life, I must suffer two dozen of tweaks ; my body must be pinked into a sieve with large pins, and my arms pinched into all the colours of the rainbow ! such jokes may pass upon a brother-in-law ; but I am an old dog, and will not be coaxed with a crust." " Then thou shalt die," cried Rhadamanthus, with an audible voice ; " tame that savage heart of thine, thou tiger : humble thyself, thou proud Nimrod ! suffer and be silent : we ask not impossibilities, and therefore thou must not pretend to examine the difficulties of this affair ; tweaked thou shalt be ; pinked shalt thou find thyself, and pinched until thy groans declare thine anguish. So ho, I say, ye ministers execute my command, or, by the faith of an honest man, you shall see for what you were born."

In consequence of this summons, six duennas came walking through the court-yard in procession, one by one, the four first with spectacles, and each with her right arm raised, about four inches of the wrist being bared according to the present fashion, that the hand may seem the larger. Sancho no sooner beheld these matrons, than he began to bellow like a bull, exclaiming, " I might have allowed myself to be handled by all the world besides, but that duennas should touch me, I will by no means consent ! they may cat-claw my face, as my master was served in this very castle : they may run me through the guts with daggers of steel : they may tear the flesh off my arms with red-hot pincers : all these tortures will I bear patiently, for the service of these noble persons : but, I say again, the devil shall fly away with me, before I suffer a duenna to lay a finger on my carcase !—Then Don Quixote, addressing himself to Sancho, broke silence in these terms :—" Exert thy patience, my son, for the satisfaction of these noble personages, and give thanks to Heaven which hath indued thy person with such virtue, that by the martyrdom of thy flesh, the enchanted are delivered from enchantment, and even the dead revived."

By this time the duennas had surrounded Sancho, who, being softened and persuaded, seated himself in a proper posture, and held out his face and beard to the first, who treated him with a well-planted twitch, and then dropped a profound curtsey. "Less courtesy, less anointing, good madam duenna," cried the squire; "for, by the Lord, your fingers smack of vinegar!" In a word, he was tweaked by all the duennas, and pinched by a great number of other persons belonging to the family: but, what he could by no means be brought to endure, was the puncture with pins, which they no sooner began to perform, than starting up in a rage, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him, he assaulted the duennas and all the rest of his executioners, crying, "Avaunt, ye ministers of hell! I am not made of brass, to be insensible to such torture." At this instant Altisidora, who must have been tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side; and this motion was no sooner perceived by the spectators, than all of them exclaimed as if with one voice, "Altisidora moves! Altisidora lives!" Then Rhadamanthus desired Sancho to lay aside his indignation, seeing the intended aim was already accomplished.

Don Quixote seeing Altisidora stirring, fell upon his knees before Sancho, saying, "Now is the time, dear son of my bowels, and no longer my squire! now is the time to inflict upon thyself some of those lashes thou art obliged to undergo for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. This, I say, is the time, when thy virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy sufficient to perform the cure which we expect from thy compliance. To this apostrophe the squire replied, "This is reel upon reel, and not honey upon pancakes: scourging, to be sure, is a very agreeable dessert to a dish of twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings. There is no more to be done, but to take and tie a great stone about my neck, and toss me into a well; it will be much better for me to die at once, than to be always the wedding heifer, to remedy the misfortunes of other people:

either let me live in peace, or, before God! all shall out, sell or not sell."

By this time Altisidora sat upright on the tomb, and at that instant the waits beginning to play, were accompanied by the music of flutes, and the voices of all the spectators, who exclaimed, "Live Altisidora! Altisidora live!" The duke and dutchess, together with Minos and Rhadamanthus, rising from their seats, and being joined by Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive this young lady and help her in descending from the tomb; while they were thus employed, she assumed a languid and fainting air, and inclining her head towards the duke and dutchess and the two kings, darted a sidelong glance to Don Quixote, saying, "God forgive thee, unrelenting knight! by thy cruelty I have been doomed to remain, as I believe, above a thousand years in the other world! but, as for thee, thou most compassionate squire that this wide earth contains! I thank thee kindly for that life I now enjoy. From this day, friend Sancho, thou mayest command six of my shifts to be converted into shirts for thy own body; and if they are not quite whole, at least they are white and clean." Sancho thanked her for the present, with mitre in hand and knee on ground: and when the duke ordered his servants to take away those badges of disgrace, and restore his own cap and coat, the squire entreated his grace to let him keep the mitre and the flaming robe, and carry them to his own country, as a mark and memorial of this incredible adventure. To this supplication the dutchess replied, "That he might keep these testimonials, for he knew how much she was his friend."

The duke ordered the court to be cleared, the company to retire to their several chambers, and the knight and squire to be conducted to the apartments which they had formerly occupied.

CHAP. XVIII.

SANCHO slept that night in a truckle bed in the apartment of Don Quixote ; a circumstance which he would have waved, if possible, because he well knew his master would keep him awake with questions and replies, and he was not at all in a talkative humour ; for the pain of his past sufferings kept them still present in his fancy, depriving his tongue of its usual freedom ; and he would have much rather slept alone in a hut, than in the richest chamber, thus accompanied. His apprehension was so true, and his suspicion so just, that scarce had his master committed his body to the bed, when he accosted the squire in these words : “ What is thy opinion, Sancho, of this night’s adventure ? Great and powerful is the force of amorous disdain, as thou hast seen with thine own eyes Altisidora dead—not by shaft or sword, or warlike instrument, or mortal poison, but solely by the reflection of that rigour and disdain with which I have always treated her advances.” “ She might have died in good time, when and how she thought proper,” cried Sancho, “ and left me quiet at my own house, seeing I never treated her either with love or disdain in the whole course of my life ; for my own part, I neither know, nor can I conceive, as I have formerly observed, what the health or life of such a whimsical girl as Altisidora has to do with the martyrdom of Sancho Panza : but now, at length, I can clearly and distinctly perceive, that this world actually abounds with enchanters and enchantments, from which I pray God may deliver me, since I cannot deliver myself : in the mean time, I humbly beseech your worship to let me sleep without farther question, if you have not a mind to see me throw myself out of the window.” “ Sleep then, friend Sancho,” said the knight, “ if thou canst enjoy the benefit of slumber, after the pinching, twitching, and pricking thou hast undergone.” “ No pain is comparable to that of

the twitching," replied the squire; "for no other reason but because it was inflicted by duennas, whom God in heaven confound. I again intreat your worship to leave me to my repose; for sleep is a remedy for those miseries which we feel when awake." "Be it so," said the knight, "and the Lord make thy sleep refreshing."

While these two are left to their repose, Cid Hamet, author of this sublime history, takes occasion to explain the motives that induced the duke and dutchess to raise the edifice of the adventure above related. He says, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco still remembering how, as Knight of the Mirrors, he had been vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, and his whole design blotted and defaced by that unlucky fall and defeat; he resolved to try his fortune once more, in hope of meeting with better success; and learning where the knight was, from the information of the page who carried the letter and present to Sancho's wife Teresa Panza; he purchased a new suit of armour, and an horse, ordered a white moon to be painted on his shield, and fastened the whole cargo on the back of an he-mule, which was conducted by a certain ploughman, and not by his old squire Tom Cecial, lest he should be known by Sancho or Don Quixote. With this equipage he set out for the duke's castle, where he was informed of the knight's motions and route, together with his intention to assist at the tournament in Saragossa. His grace likewise gave him an account of the jokes they had executed upon our adventurer, with the contrivance of Dulcinea's disenchantment, to be effected at the expense of Sancho's posteriors. Nor did he forget to relate the trick which Sancho had practised on his master, in making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench; as how also my lady dutchess had persuaded the squire that Dulcinea was really and truly enchanted and transformed, and he himself the person that was mistaken and deceived: particulars which afforded abundance of mirth to the bachelor, who could not help admiring afresh the mixture of

archness and simplicity in Sancho, as well as the unaccountable madness of Don Quixote. The duke begged he would return that way and communicate his success, whether he should be vanquished or victor. Sampson, having promised to comply with his request, set out in quest of our knight: and, as he did not find him in Saragossa, proceeded to Barcelona, where he met with the adventure we have already related in its proper place: then he returned to the duke's castle, where he gave an account of the whole engagement, and the conditions of the combat; in consequence of which Don Quixote was already on his return to fulfil, like a worthy knight-errant, the promise he had made to reside at his own habitation for the term of one year, during which the bachelor said he might possibly be cured of his madness. He declared this was his sole motive for disguising himself in such a manner; as it was a thousand pities that a gentleman of Don Quixote's excellent understanding should continue under the influence of such infatuation. He accordingly took his leave of the duke, and returned to his own country, in full hope that the knight was not far behind.

From this information, his grace took the opportunity to contrive this last adventure, so much was he delighted with the behaviour of Sancho and Don Quixote. He ordered a great number of his people, on horseback and a-foot, to scour the country far and near, and a patrolle through every road by which he thought the knight could possibly return, with orders to bring him to the castle, either by fair means or foul. Accordingly, when they found him, they gave notice to his grace, who having already preconcerted what was to be done, no sooner heard of his coming, than he directed that the torches and tapers should be lighted around the court, and Altisidora placed upon the tomb, together with all the apparatus already described, which was so naturally and artfully executed, that it differed very little from the real truth. Nay, Cid Hamet moreover observes, that he looked upon the jokers to be as mad

as those who were joked, and the duke and dutchess to be within two fingers breadth of lunacy ; seeing they placed such happiness in playing pranks upon two confirmed madmen ; one of whom the new-day found sleeping at full snore, and the other watching over his disastrous thoughts, and very impatient to quit his couch ; for, whether vanquished or victor, Don Quixote never took pleasure in lolling on the lazy down.

It was now that Altisidora, who, in the knight's opinion, had returned from death, in compliance with the humour of her lord and lady, entered his apartment, crowned with the same garland she had worn on the tomb, clad in a robe of white taffety, powdered with flowers of gold, her hair flowing loose upon her shoulders, and supporting herself upon a staff of fine polished black ebony. This apparition discomposed our hero to such a degree, that he shrunk within his nest in silent confusion, and almost covered himself wholly with the sheets, fully determined against making any return of compliment. Meanwhile, Altisidora, sitting down upon a chair at his bed's-head, heaved a profound sigh, and thus addressed herself to him, in a faint and tender tone : " When women of fashion, and damsels of reserve, trample upon honour, and give their tongues the liberty to break through all inconveniences, so as to divulge the secrets which their hearts conceal, their condition must be desperate indeed. I am one of those, Signor Don Quixote de La Mancha ; sorely hampered, vanquished, and enamoured, but withal so patient and modest, that my soul broke through my silence, and I lost my life : in consequence of thy rigour, O flinty-hearted knight ! more deaf than marble to my complaints, have I been dead for two days, or at least supposed to be dead by those who saw me ; and if love, in pity to my fate, had not deposited a remedy in the tortures of that worthy squire, I should have remained for ever in the other world." " Love," said Sancho, " might as well have deposited the remedy in the tortures of my ass, and I should have thanked him for it heartily : but

pray, madam, tell me, so may Heaven send you a kinder lover than my master, what did you see in the other world? what is going forward in hell? for surely those who die in despair, must go to that baiting-place." "To tell you the truth," answered Altisidora, "I could not be quite dead, seeing I did not enter the infernal regions; for, had I been once fairly introduced, I could not have left the place again, whatever inclination I might have had to return. The truth is, I went no farther than the gate, where I saw about a dozen devils playing at tennis, in their drawers and doublets, having bands edged with Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same at their wrists, which were naked to the length of four inches, in order to enlarge the appearance of their hands, in which they wielded rackets of fire: but what I chiefly admired was, that instead of balls they made use of books, which seemed to be filled with wind and flocks; a circumstance equally new and surprizing! and yet there was another particular, which still increased my astonishment: for, whereas among the gamesters of this world, it is natural for the winners to be merry, and for the losers to be sad; in that diabolical pastime, all the players growled, and grumbled, and cursed one another." "That is not to be wondered at," replied the squire; "for the devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be content." "That must certainly be the case," answered Altisidora; "but there was likewise another peculiarity at which I wonder, I mean at which I then wondered; namely, that after the first toss, the ball was useless, and could not be used a second time; so that they whirled them away, new and old, in a marvellous manner. On one of these, which was finely gilt and lettered, they bestowed such a violent stroke, that the guts flew out in scattered leaves. "What book is that?" said one devil to his fellow. The other answered, that it was the second part of the history of Don Quixote de La Mancha, composed not by the original author Cid Hamet, but by an Arragonian, who calls himself a native of Fordesillas. "Away with it!" cried the

first, "plunge it into the lowest abyss of hell, that mine eyes may never behold it again." "What! is it so bad?" said the second. "So very bad," replied the other, "that if I myself had endeavoured to make it worse, it would not have been in my power." They proceeded with their play, driving about the unfortunate books; and I hearing them mention Don Quixote, whom I love and adore, endeavoured to retain the vision in my memory." "A vision it must have been, without all doubt," said Don Quixote; "for there is no other I in the whole world; and as for that history, it is bandied from hand to hand, without finding a resting-place; and every body has a fling at the author: nor am I in the least mortified to hear that I wander like a fantastic shadow through the dark abodes of hell, as well as through the enlightened mansions of this globe, as I am not the person recorded in that history, which, were it elegant, faithful, and authentic, would live for ages; but, being false and execrable as it is, there will be no great distance between its birth and burial."

Altisidora was going to proceed with her lamentations, when she was prevented by the knight, who said with great solemnity, "I have often told you, madam, that I am sorry you have placed your affection upon me, who can make no other return than that of gratitude and thanks: I was born for Dulcinea del Toboso, and the fates, if such there be, have consecrated me for her service; so that to imagine any other beauty shall ever occupy the place which she possesses in my heart, is to suppose a mere impossibility. Let this declaration, therefore, undeceive and prevail upon you to retire within the limits of virtue and decorum, seeing no man is obliged to perform impossibilities." Altisidora, in consequence of this repulse, assumed an air of indignation, and, in an affected transport of rage, exclaimed, "How now, Don stock-fish! soul of a mortar! stone of a date! more positive and obstinate than a courted peasant when his arrow hath chanced to hit the mark; by the Lord! if I once

fall upon you, I will tear your eyes out. Hark ye, Don beaten and cudgelled, are you such a wiseacre as to suppose I died for love of you? All you have seen this last night, was pure fiction: for I am not the woman to have a finger ache, much less to die, for such a camel." "O my conscience! I believe what you say," cried Sancho; "that of dying for love is a most ridiculous affair; your lovers, indeed, may easily say they are dying; but, that they will actually give up the ghost, Judas may believe it for me."

During this conversation, the musician and poet, who had sung the two stanzas which we have already repeated, came into the apartment, and made a profound bow to Don Quixote, saying: "Sir knight, I beg you will esteem and reckon me among the number of your most humble servants; for many days have elapsed since I have conceived the warmest affection for your person, from the fame of your character and achievements." When Don Quixote desired to know who he was, that he might respect him according to his merit, he answered, that he was the musician and panegyrist of the preceding night. "Assuredly, your voice is extremely sweet," said the knight; "but, methinks, the verses you sung were not much to the purpose; for what affinity is there between the stanzas of Garcilasso and the death of this young lady?" "Your worship must not wonder at that impropriety," answered the musician; "it is a common practice among the beardless poets of this age, to write what they will, and steal from whom they please to pillage, whether it be or be not to the purpose, and every absurdity that occurs in their singing or writing, they attribute to the *Licentia poetica*."

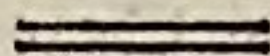
Don Quixote's reply was prevented by the entrance of the duke and dutchess, who came to visit him in his chamber, and a long diverting conversation ensued, in the course of which, Sancho uttered so many humourous sallies and satirical jokes, that their graces admired anew the mixture of his acuteness and simplicity. As for the knight, he humbly

requested that he might be allowed to depart that very day, as it was much more proper that vanquished knights, like him, should live in hogsties, than in sumptuous palaces. They graciously complied with his request, and when the dutchess inquired if Altisidora had, as yet, acquired his good graces, "Your grace must know," said he, "that damsel's distemper wholly proceeds from idleness, which may be easily cured by continual and decent occupation: she tells me it is the fashion in hell to wear lace, and as she knows how to make it, let the work never be out of her hand, which being employed in moving the bobbings, the idea or ideas of what she loves will no longer move in her imagination: and this is the truth, the substance of my opinion, and the marrow of my advice." "Aye, and of mine too," cried Sancho; "for never in my born days did I know a lace-maker die for love: the thoughts of girls employed at that work, run more upon the finishing of their tasks than upon the idle fancies of love; and, for myself, I can safely say, that while I am digging in the field, I never so much as dream of my duck; I mean my wife Teresa Panza, whom I love as the apple of mine eye." "You talk like an oracle, Sancho," said the dutchess, "and I will take care, that from this day forward, Altisidora shall be employed in some plain work which she understands to perfection." "Your ladyship shall not need to use any such expedient," replied Altisidora; "for the consideration of the cruelty with which I have been used by that felonious monster, will blot him effectually from my remembrance, without any other assistance; and, in the mean time, with your grace's permission, I will retire, that I may no longer have before my eyes—I will not say his rueful countenance, but his frightful and abominable aspect." "These reproaches," said the duke, "put me in mind of the old observation, that scolding among lovers is the next neighbour to forgiveness."

Altisidora, making a show of wiping the tears from her eyes with a white handkerchief, dropped

a low curtsey to her lord and lady, and withdrew ; and Sancho sending after her an earnest look, " Poor damsel ! " cried he, " I can bequeath—bequeath thee nothing, I say, but bad luck, seeing thou hast placed thine affection upon a soul of rush, and an heart of oak ; had it lighted upon me, another sort of a cock would have crowed thy fortune."

Thus the conversation ended, Don Quixote put on his clothes, dined with the duke and dutchess, and set out that same evening for his own habitation.



CHAP. XIX.

THE perplexed and vanquished Don Quixote travelled along, extremely chagrined on one account, though greatly rejoiced at another : his melancholy was occasioned by his overthrow, and his joy produced from the consideration of that virtue inherent in his squire, which he had seen demonstrated in the resurrection of Altisidora, though he had some scruples in persuading himself that the enamoured damsel was actually dead. As for Sancho, he felt no sort of pleasure ; but, on the contrary, was much mortified to find that Altisidora had failed in performing her promise touching the present of the shifts ; and his imagination dwelling upon this circumstance, he said to his master, " Truly, signor, I must certainly be the most unfortunate physician that ever lived upon the earth, in which there are many leeches, who, though they kill their patients, insist upon being paid for trouble, which, by the bye, is no more than writing and signing a list of medicines upon a scrap of paper ; for the apothecary makes up the prescription, and so the farce is acted ; whereas, I receive not a doit, though I cure other people's maladies at the expense of pinches, twitches, pin-pricks, lashes, and drops of blood ; but I vow to God ! if any other patient is put into my hands, they shall be well anoint-

ed before I undertake the cure : for, The abbot chants, but to supply his wants : and I cannot believe that Heaven hath bestowed such virtue upon me, in order that I should throw it away upon the undeserving.” “Thou art in the right, friend Sancho,” replied Don Quixote ; “and Altisidora is much to blame in having withheld the promised shifts, although thy virtue is *gratis data*, without having put thee to the trouble of studying aught but the art of enduring personal torture ; for my own part, I can say, that if thou hadst demanded payment for the disenchanting stripes, I should have allowed it to thy own satisfaction ; though I know not how such hire might interfere with the cure ; and I should not wish that the premium might impede the effect of the medicine : nevertheless, I do not think the experiment could be attended with any bad consequence. Consider, Sancho, what thou wouldst have ; then proceed to the flagellation, and pay thyself fairly out of my money which is in thy own hands.”

At this proposal, the squire opened his eyes and ears a full span, and resolving in his heart to scourge himself with good will, answered in these words : “Aye, now, signor, I find myself extremely well disposed to comply with your worship’s desire, since my compliance will be attended with some profit ; and I own, my regard for my poor wife and children makes me feel a little selfish. Pray, what will your worship please to give for every stripe ?” “Were I to pay thee, Sancho,” said the knight, “according to the greatness of thy deserts, and the quality of the cure, the bank of Venice and mines of Potosi would not afford a sufficient recompense : but see how much of my money thou hast got, and set thy own price upon every lash.” “The number of stripes to be given,” answered the squire, “amounts to three thousand three hundred and odd : of these, I have received about five, which shall stand for the odd ; so that three thousand three hundred remain. Now, if we value each lash at a quarter of a rial, and I would not bait a doit though the whole world should desire me,

the sum will be three thousand three hundred quartillos ; the three thousand quartillos make fifteen hundred half rials, which are equal to seven hundred and fifty rials; and the other three hundred quartillos make one hundred and fifty half rials, which are equal to seventy-five rials, and these being added to the former seven hundred and fifty, the whole reckoning amounts to eight hundred and twenty-five rials. These I will deduct from your cash that is in my hands, and then I will return to my own house, rich and satisfied, though well scourged ; for, We cannot catch trouts without wetting our clouts : and I will say no more upon the subject.” “ O blessed Sancho ! O lovely Sancho !” cried Don Quixote ; “ Dulcinea and I will be bound to serve thee all the days that Heaven shall permit us to live, provided she shall retrieve her lost form : and in this hope we cannot possibly be mistaken ; her misfortune will prove fortunate, and my overthrow a most happy triumph. And now, Sancho, consider when thou wilt begin this discipline ; towards the speedy performance of which, I add another hundred rials.” “ When ?” replied the squire ; “ this very night, without fail : if your worship will take care to choose our lodging in the open field, I will take care to open my own carcase.”

At length the night arrived, after it had been impatiently expected by Don Quixote, who thought the wheels of Apollo's car had broken down, and that the day was extended to an unusual length ; like those lovers whose desires ever outstrip the career of time.

In the evening they betook themselves to the covert of some pleasant trees at a little distance from the highway, and, vacating the saddle of Rozinante and the pannel of the ass, sat down together upon the grass, and supped upon the store contained in the wallet of Sancho, who, forming a strong and flexible scourge with Dapple's halter, retired into a tuft of beeches about twenty paces from his master. The knight seeing him withdraw so brisk and resolute,

“Beware, friend Sancho,” said he, “of scourging thyself to pieces ; perform thy discipline at leisure ; let the stripes follow one another in regular succession, and do not run so fast as to be out of breath in the middle of thy career ; I mean, do not lash thyself so severely, as to destroy thy own life before the number be completed ; and, that thou mayest not lose it by a card too many, or too few, I will stand aside and count the stripes upon my rosary. Mayest thou enjoy the protection of Heaven which thy Christian intention so richly deserves.” “A good paymaster needs no bail,” answered the squire : “I intend to scourge myself in such a manner as will mortify my flesh, without any hazard of my life ; for, in that medium, the substance of the miracle must consist.” He forthwith stripped himself naked from the waist upwards, and snatching the scourge, began to whip himself, while his master reckoned the stripes. About half a dozen or eight lashes had Sancho bestowed upon himself, when he found the joke very expensive, and the reward dog-cheap ; and suspending the instrument, told the knight he had been deceived, and claimed the benefit of an appeal ; for every one of these stripes was worth half a rial instead of a quartillo. “Proceed, friend Sancho, without dismay,” replied Don Quixote, “and I will double the allowance.” “At that rate,” replied the squire, “to it again, by the grace of God, and let it rain lashes.” But the cunning knave no longer made application to his own shoulders, in lieu of which, he began to scourge the trees, venting, between whiles, such dismal groans, as seemed to tear his very soul up by the roots. The knight, from the tenderness of his own disposition, being apprehensive that he would actually put an end to his life, and of consequence defeat the purpose of his flagellation, by his imprudence, exclaimed, “I conjure thee, by thy life, friend Sancho, to let the business rest where it now stands : the medicine seems to have a very rough operation, and it will be better to proceed leisurely ; for Zamora was not taken in one hour.

Above a thousand stripes hast thou already inflicted upon thyself, if my reckoning is just, and these shall suffice for the present ; for if I may use a vulgar expression, Though the load must lie over the ass, he must not be overloaded." " No, no, signor," replied Sancho, " they shall never say of me, When money's paid before it is due, a broken limb will straight ensue. Pray stand aside a little, signor, and let me lay on another thousand, if you please : two such bouts will perform the bargain, and leave something to boot." " Since thou findest thyself in such an excellent frame and disposition," said the knight, " Heaven protect thee ; stick to the stuff, and I shall withdraw." Sancho resuming his task, and reckoning, had already disbarked a number of trees, with the rigorous application of his scourge, when, bestowing a dreadful stroke upon an unfortunate beech, he exclaimed with great vociferation, " Here, Sampson, shalt thou die with all thine abettors." Don Quixote hearing this dismal ejaculation, and the terrible sound of the stroke, ran up to the spot, and seizing the twisted halter that Sancho used instead of a bull's pizzle, " Fate," said he, " friend Sancho, will not permit, that, for my pleasure, thou shouldst lose that life on which the sustenance of thy wife and family must depend. Dulcinea shall wait for a more favourable conjuncture, and I will contain myself within the limits of the nearest hope, until thou shalt recover new strength to conclude this affair to the satisfaction of all parties." " Since your worship is so inclined," answered the squire, " so be it in happy time ; and pray, good signor, throw your cloak about my shoulders ; for I am all in a sweat, and would not willingly catch cold, which is so often the case with new disciplinants." The knight, in compliance with this request, stripped himself of his upper garment, with which he covered up Sancho, who slept until he was wakened by the sun : then they proceeded on their journey, which, for that day, did not exceed three leagues.

They alighted at an inn ; for such it was acknow
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ledged by Don Quixote, who did not, as usual, suppose it a castle furnished with a fossée, turrets, portcullices, and draw bridges: indeed, since his defeat, he had talked with more sanity on all subjects, as will presently appear. He was shewn into a low apartment hung with old painted serge, instead of tapestry, such as is used in country places, in one piece of which some wretched hand had drawn the rape of Helen, who was carried off from Menelaus by his presumptuous guest; and in another was represented the story of Dido and Æneas, the unhappy queen standing upon a lofty tower, making signals with a white sheet to her fugitive lover, who, in a frigate, or brigantine, was flying from her coast. He observed of these two history pieces, that Helen shewed no marks of compulsion; but rather exhibited her satisfaction in a roguish smile; whereas, from the eyes of the beautiful Dido, tears as big as walnuts seemed to fall. Don Quixote having considered both pictures, "these two ladies," said he, "were most unfortunate, because they did not live in this our age; and I above all men unhappy, because I did not live in theirs. Had I encountered these gentlemen, Troy had never been burnt, nor Carthage laid in ruins; for by killing Paris only, I should have prevented such disasters." "I'll lay a wager," said Sancho, "that in a very little time, every cook's cellar, tavern, inn, and barber's shop in the kingdom, will be ornamented with pictures, containing the history of our achievements; but I should be glad to see them painted by a better workman than him who made these daubings." "Thou art in the right," replied Don Quixote; "he that painted these pieces, is just such another as Orbaneja, a painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he was about, answered just as it happens; and if he chanced to represent a cock, he wrote under it, This is a cock; that it might not be mistaken for a fox. Such a person, I suppose, is that same painter or author; for it is the same thing, who ushered into the world the lately published history of the new Don Quixote; for he has painted or described whatever came

uppermost ; or perhaps, he resembles an old court poet, called Mauleon, who pretended to answer every question extempore ; and being one day asked the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, replied, *de donde diere*.* But, waving this subject, tell me, Sancho, if thou art resolved to take the other turn to-night, and whether thou wouldst choose to go to work under an humble roof, or beneath the high canopy of heaven ?” “ ’Fore God ! signor,” replied the squire, “ as to what I intend to take, it matters not much, whether it be taken within doors or without : nevertheless, I should choose to go to work among trees ; for they seem to accompany and assist me wonderfully in bearing the brunt of the application.” “ But it must not be so at present, friend Sancho,” answered the knight ; “ in order to recruit your strength, the execution shall be postponed until we arrive at our own village, which we shall reach the day after to-morrow, at farthest.” Sancho said he might take his own way ; though he himself should be glad to dispatch the business now he was warm, and while the mill was a-going ; for delay breeds danger ; and we ought still to be doing, while to God we are sueing : I will give thee, is good, but here take it, is better : a sparrow in hand is worth an eagle on wing.” “ No more proverbs, Sancho, for the love of God !” cried the knight : “ thou seemest to be returning to *sicut erat*. Speak plainly and perspicuously, without such intricate mazes, as I have often advised thee, and thou wilt find thyself one loaf per cent. in pocket.” “ I am so unlucky,” answered the squire, “ that I cannot give a reason without a proverb, nor a proverb that I do not think a good reason ; but I will mend if I can !” And here the conversation ended for that time.

* *Wherever it may hit* : An answer that has no affinity with the question, but the faint resemblance of sound.

CHAP. XX.

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho tarried at the inn, waiting for night ; during which, the one intended to finish his whipping task in the open field, and the other hoped to see the accomplishment of that discipline on which depended the accomplishment of his desire. In the mean time, a gentleman on horseback arrived at the door, attended by three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be the master, " Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship may pass the afternoon in this house ; the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly." Don Quixote hearing this address, " Hark ye, Sancho," said he, " when I glanced over the second part of my history, I am very much mistaken if I did not perceive, as I turned over the leaves, this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe." " Very likely," replied the squire ; " first let him alight, and then we can ask questions." Accordingly, the traveller having alighted, was conducted by the landlady into a room that fronted the knight's apartment, and was ornamented with the same kind of paintings which we have already described. This new-come cavalier, laying aside his upper garment, came out into the porch, which was cool and spacious, where seeing Don Quixote walking backwards and forwards for the benefit of the air, asked in a courteous manner, which way his worship was travelling. The knight told him he was going to the place of his nativity, which was a village in the neighbourhood ; and in his turn expressed a desire of knowing the direction of the stranger's course. " Signor," said the cavalier, " I am travelling to Grenada, which is my native country." " And a good country it is," replied Don Quixote ; " but will your worship be so good as to tell me your name, which I believe is of more importance to me to know, than I can well explain." " My name," said the stranger, " is Don Alvaro Tarfe." " Without doubt, then," replied the knight, " you must be the gentleman mentioned in the second part

of the history of Don Quixote de La Mancha, lately printed and published by a modern author." "The very same," answered the cavalier: "Don Quixote, the principal character of that history, was an intimate acquaintance of mine: I brought him from his own habitation; at least I persuaded him to assist at the tournament of Saragossa, whither I was going, and where I really and truly did him signal services; and particularly saved his back from being very roughly handled by the hangman, for his excessive impudence and knavery." "And pray, Signor Don Alvaro, is there any resemblance between me and that Don Quixote whom your worship mentions?" said the knight. "No, surely; none at all," replied the stranger. "Is that Don Quixote attended by a squire called Sancho Panza?" resumed our hero. "Yes, he is," answered the other; "and although he was reported to be a very humorous companion, I never heard him utter one merry conceit." "That I can very well believe," said Sancho, mingling in the discourse; "it is not every body that can utter conceits; and that same Sancho, whom your worship mentions, must be a very great knave, and indeed, both fool and knave; for I am the true Sancho Panza, who have as many conceits as there are drops of rain: if your worship will but try the experiment, and keep me company for a year or so, you will see them fall from me at every step; nay, they are so merry, and so numerous, that very often when I myself know not what I have said, they make all the hearers burst their sides with laughing: and the true Don Quixote de La Mancha, the renowned, the valiant, the sage, the enamoured, knight, the undoer of wrongs, the tutor of wards and orphans, the protector of widows, the destroyer of maids, he who owns no other mistress than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, is my master, this very gentleman here present: every other Don Quixote, and every other Sancho whatsoever, is no better than a dream or delusion." "Before God! I am of the same opinion," replied Don Alvaro; "for truly, my good friend, you have uttered more pleasantry in

these few sentences you have spoke, than ever I knew come from the mouth of the other Sancho Panza, though he was an eternal babbler; he was much more of a glutton than an orator, and rather idiotical than humourous. Indeed, I am fully persuaded, that those enchanters who molest the good Don Quixote, have been pleased to persecute me with the bad Don Quixote; and yet I know not what to say; for I can take my oath that I left him at Toledo in the nuncio's house, under the care of surgeons; and now another Don Quixote starts up in this place, though of a very different character and complexion!" "I know not whether or not I am the good Don Quixote," replied the knight; "but I will venture to say, I am not the bad Don Quixote; and as a proof of what I allege, my good signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship must know, that, in the whole course of my life, I never was at Saragossa; on the contrary, having been informed that the fantastical Don Quixote had been present at the tournament of that city, I would not set foot within its walls, that I might demonstrate his imposture to the satisfaction of the whole world: I, therefore, openly repaired to Barcelona, that repository of politeness, that asylum of strangers, that hospital of the poor, that native place of gallantry, that avenging tribunal of the injured, that agreeable scene of unshaken friendship, unparalleled both in beauty and situation! and although certain adventures which there befel me did not much contribute to my satisfaction, but, on the contrary, conduced to my unspeakable disquiet, I bear my fate without repining, and count myself happy in having seen that celebrated place: finally, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am the real Don Quixote de La Mancha, so well known to fame, and not that wretched impostor who has thought proper to usurp my name, and deck himself with the spoils of my reputation. I must, therefore, intreat your worship, as you value yourself on the character of a gentleman, to make a declaration before the alcade of the place; importing, that before this day you never saw me in the

whole course of your life ; and that I am not the Don Quixote described in the second part, nor this Sancho Panza the squire whom your worship knew in his service." "With all my heart," said Don Alvaro ; "and yet I cannot help being astonished to see two Don Quixotes, and two Sanchos at the same time, so similar in name, and so unlike in character ; so that I say again, and even affirm, that I have not really seen that which I thought I had seen, nor met with those incidents in which I supposed myself concerned." "Doubtless," cried Sancho, "your worship must be enchanted, like my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; and would to God your disenchantment depended upon my undergoing another tale of three thousand three hundred lashes, such as I have undertaken in her favour ; I would lay them on without interest or deduction." When Don Alvaro said he did not understand what he meant by lashes, the squire answered, it was a long story, which, however, he would relate to him, should they chance to travel the same road.

Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together : and the alcade of the town chancing to enter the inn, with a scrivener, our hero demanded, by a formal petition, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, should depose before his worship, that he was not acquainted with him, Don Quixote, there present also ; and that he the said Don Quixote was not the person described in a certain history, entitled, *The Second Part of Don Quixote de La Mancha* ; composed by one Avellanada, native of Tordesillas. In a word, the alcade proceeded in form ; the deposition was drawn up in the strongest terms, and the knight and squire were as much rejoiced, as if this certificate had been of the utmost consequence to their identity, and as if the difference between the two Quixotes and Sanchos would not have plainly appeared from their words and actions.

Many compliments and proffers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote ; and our great Manchegan gave such proofs of discretion as undeceived Don Alvaro, who persuaded himself that he

was certainly enchanted, seeing he had felt, as it were with his hand, two such contrary Don Quixotes. In the evening they departed from the village, and travelled together about half a league, until they found the highway divided into two roads, one of which led to the habitation of Don Quixote, and Don Alvaro's journey lay through the other: yet, in that small space, the knight recounted the misfortune of his overthrow, together with Dulcinea's enchantment, and the remedy proposed; so as to excite anew the admiration of the stranger, who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, took his leave, and proceeded on his own affairs, while our knight jogged on at an easy pace, and passed the knight in a grove of trees, in order to give Sancho an opportunity to perform his penance, which he accomplished as before, at the expense of the beeches, and not of his own shoulders; these he defended with such care, that they felt not even the whiff of any stripe sufficient to displace a fly. The credulous knight lost not one in his reckoning of the lashes, which, including those of the preceding night, amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine: the sun seemed to rise early on purpose to behold this sacrifice, and to light our adventurer on his way, which he prosecuted, conversing with Sancho upon the mistake and deception of Don Alvaro, and his own presence of mind in obtaining such an authentic testimonial before the justice.

The whole day and night they travelled without encountering any adventure worthy of record, except that, in the dark, Sancho finished his discipline, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the knight, who waited with impatience for the day, in hope of finding his mistress Dulcinea disenchanted upon the road: indeed, he was so much engrossed by this notion, that he went up to every woman he met in the remaining part of his journey, to see if she was not Dulcinea del Toboso, infallibly persuaded that there could be no deceit in the promises of Merlin. While he indulged these reflections and desires,

they ascended a rising ground, from whence they descried their own village, which Sancho no sooner perceived, than he fell upon his knees, saying, "Open thine eyes, beloved country! and behold the return of thy son Sancho Panza, who, though not very rich in coin, is well stored with lashes: open thine arms at the same time, and receive thy son Don Quixote, who, though vanquished by a stranger's hand, returns the victor of himself; and that, as he hath often told me, is the greatest conquest which can be desired: with regard to my own fate, I have money in my purse; for though the stripes fell thick and heavy, I was rewarded like a gentleman." "Leave these fooleries," said the knight, "and let us go directly home, where we will indulge our imagination with free scope, in contriving the scheme of pastoral felicity which we intend to enjoy."

They accordingly descended the hill, and made the best of their way to their own village.

CHAP. XXI.

CID Hamet relates, that Don Quixote, as he entered the village, perceived two boys quarrelling in a threshing floor, and heard the one say to his antagonist, "Struggle thy fill, Periquillo, thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life." These words no sooner reached the knight's ears, than turning to his squire, "Friend Sancho," said he, "didst not thou mark what the boy said? Thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life." "And what signifies what the boy says?" answered the squire. "What!" replied the knight, "dost thou not perceive that these words, applied to my concerns, signify that I shall never behold Dulcinea?"—Sancho was just going to answer, when he was prevented by the sight of a hare, which being pursued by a number of greyhounds and hunters, came running through the field, and squatted down in a fright under Dapple; the squire immedi-

ately saved it from the dogs, by seizing and presenting it to his master, who said, "*Malum Signum, Malum Signum!* the hare flies, the hounds pursue, and Dulcinea does not appear." "That is a strange fancy in your worship," replied the squire: "let us, for example, suppose Dulcinea del Toboso, and these pursuing hounds the felonious enchanters who have transformed her into a country-wench; she flies, I catch and deliver her to your worship, who hold and fondle her in your arms; what bad sign is that? or what ill omen can be conjured from such a circumstance?" At this juncture the two boys who had been quarrelling came up to see the hare, and Sancho, having asked the cause of their quarrel, was answered by him who said, "Thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life," that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he did not intend to restore in the whole course of his life. In consequence of this information, the squire pulled out of his pocket four farthings, and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he put into the hands of Don Quixote, saying, "Behold, signor, the wreck and destruction of those omens, which I (though a fool) imagine have no more to do with our affairs than last year's clouds; and if I right remember, I have heard the curate of our parish observe, that no Christian of common sense ought to mind such childish trifles: nay, even your worship made the same remark some time ago, and told me those Christians were actually mad who put any faith in omens; and, therefore, we have no occasion to make a stumbling block of this accident: but let us proceed and enter the town a God's name."

The hunters coming up, demanded the hare, which was delivered to them by our knight, who jogging on with his squire, perceived the curate and bachelor Carrasco busy at their devotion, in a little meadow that skirted the town. Now the reader must know that Sancho Panza had, over the bundle of armour carried by Dapple, thrown, by way of sumpter-cloth, the buckram robe painted with flames of fire which

he had worn in the duke's castle on the night of Altisidora's resurrection; and he, at the same time, had fixed the mitre upon the head of the ass, which, thus adorned, exhibited the strangest transformation that any beast of burden in the world had ever undergone. Our adventurers were immediately recognized by the curate and bachelor, who ran to receive them with open arms, when Don Quixote alighting, embraced them with great cordiality; and the boys, who are quick-sighted as lynxes, descrying the mitre of the ass, came running in crowds to behold this new spectacle, crying to one another, "Come along, boys, and see Sancho Panza's Dapple, as fine as a *May morning, and Rozinante more lean than ever."

In a word, they entered the town, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by the curate and bachelor, who attended them to the knight's house, at the gate of which they found the niece and house-keeper, already apprised of his arrival. The same intimation, neither more nor less, had been given to Sancho's spouse, Teresa Panza, who came running to see her husband, half naked, with her hair hanging about her ears, and her daughter Sanchica in her hand: but seeing he was not so gaily equipped as she thought a governor should be, "Hey-day! husband," cried she, "you come home afot, and seem to be quite foundered, and look more like a governor of hogs than a ruler of men." "Hold your tongue, Teresa," replied the squire: "you will often find hogs where there is no bacon: let us e'en trudge home, where I will tell thee wonders: I have money in my purse, (and that's the one thing needful) earned by my own industry, without prejudice to any person whatsoever." "Do you bring home the money, good husband," said Teresa, "and let it be earned here or there, or got in what shape you please, I give myself no trouble about the matter; I am sure in getting it you have introduced no new fashion into the world." Sanchica

* In the original as fine as Mingo, who was a bad poet and tawdry beau, cotemporary with Cervantes.

embraced her father, and asked if he had brought any thing for her, who had expected him as impatiently as if he had been May-dew : then taking hold of his girdle with one hand, and leading Dapple with the other, while her mother held him by the fist, they repaired to their own house, leaving Don Quixote to the care of his niece and housekeeper, and in company with the curate and bachelor.

The knight, disregarding times and seasons, instantly retired into an apartment with his two friends, to whom he briefly related his overthrow, and the obligation under which he lay to stay at home for the space of one year, which obligation he intended literally to observe, without failing in the least tittle, like a true knight-errant, bound by the punctuality of the order which he had the honour to profess. During this term of retirement, he proposed to turn shepherd, and enjoy the solitude of the fields, where he would give full scope to his amorous sentiments, and exercise himself in all the virtues of a pastoral life : he at the same time besought them (provided they had any time to spare, and were not hindered by business of more consequence) to become his companions ; assuring them he would purchase a flock of sheep, sufficient for a number of swains, and that the principal part of the scheme was already effected, inasmuch as he had invented names that would suit them with the utmost propriety. The curate expressing a desire to know these appellations, the knight said he would call himself the shepherd Quixotiz, the bachelor should be distinguished by the name of the swain Carrascon, the curate be denominated Curiambro, and the squire Pancino. They were confounded at this new species of madness ; but lest he should once more forsake his habitation to follow his new chivalries, and in hope that he might possibly be cured during the year of his confinement, they seemingly assented to this new proposal, extolled his madness as the very essence of discretion, and promised to be his companions in the exercise he had planned. “ All the world knows that I am a celebrated poet,” said

Sampson Carrasco, "and at every turn I shall compose verses, pastorals, or courtly sonnets, or such as will best answer the purpose of entertaining us in the fields through which we shall rove: but there is one circumstance, gentlemen, which we must by no means neglect; and that is, every man shall choose a name for the shepherdess he intends to celebrate, and inscribe and engrave it on every tree, let it be never so hard, according to the constant practice of enamoured swains." "A very seasonable suggestion," answered Don Quixote, "but although I am at liberty to choose a fictitious name, I shall not employ my invention for that purpose, while there is such a person as the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks! the ornament of these meadows! the support of beauty! the cream of all gentility! and, finally, the subject that suits all praise, how hyperbolical soever it may be." "Very true," said the curate; "but we must put up with nymphs of an inferior rank, who, though they will not square, may corner with our desires." "And should we be at a loss," added Sampson Carrasco, "we will borrow names that abound in printed books; such as Phillis, Amaryllis, Diana, Florida, Galatea, and Belisarda, which, as they are publicly sold, we may purchase and appropriate to our own use. If, for example, my mistress, or rather shepherdess, be called Ann, I will celebrate her under the name of Anna; if her name is Frances, she shall be called Francenia; if Lucia, she shall be known by the appellation of Lucinda: in the same manner shall other names be metamorphosed; and if Sancho Panza is inclined to be one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife, Teresa Panza, under the name of Teresayna." Don Quixote could not help smiling at this transformation; and the curate in very high terms applauded his honourable and virtuous resolution, promising anew to spend in his company all the time he could spare from his indispensable obligations. And now they took leave of the knight, after having advised and intreated him to have a reverend care of his health,

and comfort his stomach with something good and substantial.

The niece and housekeeper having by accident overheard this conversation, entered the apartment, as soon as the curate and bachelor were gone, and the former addressing herself to Don Quixote, "Uncle," said she, "what is the meaning of all this! Now that we thought you was returned to stay at home, and lead a quiet and honourable life in your own house, you want to re-entangle yourself in new labyrinths, and turn a poor shepherd. Thou cam'st with a crook, with a scrip thou wilt go, as the saying is; for, in good faith, the straw is too old to make pipes of." "And does your worship think," added the housekeeper, "that you can stay in the field during the heats of summer and the frosts of winter, to hear the howling of wolves! no, truly; that is the office and employment of robust clowns, tanned by the weather, and brought up to the business, even from their christening blankets and swaddling clothes; and weighing one evil against another, you had better still be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Consider, signor, and take my advice, which I do not give from a full stomach, but fresh and fasting, with fifty good years over my head: stay at home in your own house, look after your estate, go frequently to confession, be good to the poor, and let my conscience answer for the rest. "Hold your peace, my good children," answered Don Quixote; "I know my own duty, and what I have to do; meanwhile carry me to bed, for methinks I am not very well; and be assured that whether I continue knight-errant or turn shepherd, you may depend upon my good offices and assistance, as you shall find by experience."

Comforted by this declaration, the good souls, for so they were without doubt, carried the knight to bed, where they presented him with victuals, and cherished him with all possible care.

CHAP. XXII.

AS nothing human is eternal, but every sublunary object, especially the life of man, is always declining from its origin to its decay ; and Don Quixote had no particular privilege from Heaven, exempting him from the common fate, the end and period of his existence arrived when he least expected its approach. Either in consequence of the melancholy produced by his overthrow, or by the particular dispensations of Heaven, he was seized with a calenture, which detained him in bed for the space of six days, during which he was often visited by his friends, the curate, bachelor, and barber ; and his good squire, Sancho Panza, never stirred from his bed-side. These gentlemen, supposing his distemper proceeded from the chagrin inspired by his overthrow, and the disappointment of his hope, concerning the liberty and disenchantment of Dulcinea, endeavoured by all possible means to exhilarate his spirits. The bachelor exhorted him to cheer up his heart, and forsake his couch, that they might begin their pastoral exercise, towards which he had already composed an eclogue, which would disgrace all the pastorals that ever Sannazarius wrote. He likewise gave him to understand that he had purchased with his own money, from an herdsman of Quintanar, two famous dogs called Barcino and Butron, to defend their flock from the wolves. All these consolations, however, could not dispel the melancholy of Don Quixote ; so that his friends called a physician, who having felt his pulse, made a very doubtful prognostic, saying, happen what would, they ought to provide for the health of his soul, as that of his body was in imminent danger ; and he gave it as his opinion that the poor gentleman was overwhelmed with melancholy and vexation. The knight heard this sentence with the most heroic composure ; but that was not the case with his housekeeper, niece and squire, who began to weep and wail most bitterly, as if they had already seen him deprived of life.

Don Quixote finding himself inclined to slumber, desired he might be left alone, and the company retiring, he is said to have slept six hours at a stretch ; so that the housekeeper and niece began to fear he would never awake. Nevertheless, he awoke at the expiration of the aforesaid time, and exclaimed aloud : “ Praised be the almighty God, for the great benefit I have received from his bounty ! his mercies know no bounds ; nor are they abridged or impeded by the transgressions of man ! ” The niece, who listened attentively, hearing this ejaculation, more sensible and connected than any thing he had uttered since the beginning of his illness ; “ Uncle,” said she, “ what do you mean ? has any thing new befallen us ? what mercies and transgressions are these you mention ? ” “ Mercies,” replied the knight, “ which Heaven hath this instant been pleased to vouchsafe unto me, notwithstanding the heinousness of my transgressions. I now enjoy my judgment undisturbed, and cleared from those dark shadows of ignorance, in which my understanding hath been involved, by the pernicious and incessant reading of those detestable books of chivalry. I am now sensible of the falsity and folly they contain ; and nothing gives me concern, but that this conviction comes too late to give me time sufficient to make amends, by reading others, which would enlighten my soul. I feel myself, cousin, at the point of death ; and I would not undergo that great change in such a manner as to entail the imputation of madness on my memory ; for, though I have acted as a madman, I should not wish to confirm the character, by my behaviour in the last moments of my life. Be so good, my dear child, as to send for my worthy friend the curate, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber ; for I want to confess, and make my will.”

The accidental arrival of these three, saved her the trouble of sending a message to each in particular ; and Don Quixote seeing them enter, “ Good gentlemen,” said he, “ congratulate and rejoice with me, upon my being no longer Don Quixote de La Mancha,

but plain Alonso Quixano, surnamed the Good, on account of the innocence of my life and conversation. I am now an enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the whole infinite tribe of his descendants: now are all the profane histories of knight-errantry odious to my reflection: now am I sensible of my own madness, and the danger into which I have been precipitated by reading such absurdities, which I, from dear bought experience, abominate and abhor." The three friends hearing this declaration, believed he was certainly seized with some new species of madness; and, on this supposition, Sampson replied, "Now, Signor Don Quixote, when we have received the news of my lady Dulcinea's being disenchanted, do you talk at this rate? when we are on the point of becoming shepherds, that we may pass away our time happily in singing, like so many princes, has your worship taken the resolution to turn hermit? no more of that, I beseech you; recollect your spirits, and leave off talking such idle stories." "Those which I have hitherto believed, have, indeed, realized my misfortune," said the knight; "but, with the assistance of Heaven, I hope my death will turn them to my advantage. Gentlemen, I feel myself hastening to the goal of life; and therefore, jesting apart, let me have the benefit of a ghostly confessor, and send for a notary to write my will: for, in such extremities, a man must not trifle with his own soul: I intreat you then to call a notary, and, in the mean time, I will confess myself to Mr. Curate." They looked at one another, surprised at this discourse, and though still dubious, resolved to comply with his desire: they considered this sudden and easy transition from madness to sanity, as a certain signal of his approaching death; for, to those expressions already rehearsed, he added a great number so rational, so christian, and well-connected, as to dispel the doubts of all present, who were now firmly persuaded, that he had retrieved the right use of his intellects. The curate, having dismissed the company, confessed the penitent; while the bachelor went in quest of the notary, with

whom he in a little time returned, accompanied also by Sancho, who having received an account of his master's condition, and finding the niece and house-keeper in tears, began to pucker up his face, and open the flood-gates of his eyes.

Confession being ended, the curate came forth, saying, "The good Alonso Quixano is really dying, and without all doubt, restored to his senses; we may now go and see the will attested." These tidings gave a terrible stab to the overcharged hearts of the two ladies and his faithful squire, whose eyes overflowed with weeping, and whose bosoms had well-nigh burst with a thousand sighs and groans; for, indeed, it must be owned, as we have somewhere observed, that whether in the character of Alonso Quixano the Good, or in the capacity of Don Quixote de La Mancha, the poor gentleman had always exhibited marks of a peaceable temper and agreeable demeanour, for which he was beloved, not only by his own family, but also by all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The notary, entering the apartment with the rest of the company, wrote the preamble of the will, in which Don Quixote disposed of his soul in all the necessary christian forms; then proceeding to the legacies, he said: "Item, Whereas Sancho Panza, whom, in my madness, I made my squire, has in his hands a certain sum of money for my use; and as divers accounts, disbursements and pecuniary transactions have passed between us; it is my will, that he shall not be charged or brought to account for the said money; but, if there be any overplus after he has deducted the payment of what I owe him, the said overplus, which must be a mere trifle, shall be his own, and much good may it do him: and as, during my disorder, I contributed to his being made governor of an island, I would now, while I enjoy my perfect senses, confer upon him, were it in my power, a whole kingdom, which he richly deserves for the innocence of his heart, and the fidelity of his service." Then turning to the disconsolate squire, "Forgive me,

friend," said he, "for having been the cause of thy appearing in the eye of the world a madman like myself; by drawing thee into my own erroneous notions, concerning the existence and adventures of knights-errant." "Lack-a-day, dear sir," cried Sancho, blubbering, "do not die—take my advice, and live many years upon the face of the earth; for the greatest madness a man can be guilty of in this life, is to let himself die outright, without being slain by any person whatever, or destroyed by any other weapon than the hands of melancholy. Hark ye, Signor, hang sloth: get up, and let us take the field in shepherd's apparel, according to our agreement: who knows but behind some bush we may find my lady Dulcinea disenchanted, and a comely sight for to see? If you take your overthrow so much to heart, lay the blame at my door, and say you was vanquished by my carelessness, in girding Rozinante; besides, your worship must have read in your books of chivalry, that it was common for one knight to unhorse another, and for him who was vanquished to-day, to be victor to-morrow." "Very true," said Sampson; "honest Sancho seems to be very well informed of these matters." "Gentlemen," replied the knight, "let us proceed fair and softly, without looking for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; but now am in my right senses. I was Don Quixote de La Mancha; but now, as I have already observed, I am Alonso Quixano the Good; and I hope I shall, by my veracity and repentance, recover that degree of your esteem which I formerly enjoyed. So let Mr. Notary proceed.

"Item, I bequeath my whole estate, real and personal, to my niece Antonio Quixana here present, after deducting what shall be sufficient for the payment of my debts and legacies; and it is my will, that from the first of the money thence arising, the wages due to my housekeeper shall be paid, together with twenty ducats for a suit of mourning: and I appoint Mr. Curate, and Mr. Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present, my executors. Item, It is

my will that if my niece Antonio Quixana inclines to marriage, she shall not wed any man, until she is fully satisfied, from previous information, that he is an utter stranger to books of chivalry ; or, if she finds he is addicted to this kind of reading, and marries him nevertheless, she shall forfeit the whole legacy, which my executors may, in that case, dispose of in pious uses. Item, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, if perchance they should become acquainted with a certain author, who composed and published an history, entitled, ‘ The Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de La Mancha ;’ that they will, in my name, most earnestly intreat him to forgive me for having been the innocent cause of his writing such a number of absurdities as that performance contains ; for I quit this life with some scruples of conscience arising from that consideration.” The will being thus concluded, he was seized with a fainting fit, and stretched himself at full length in the bed ; so that all the company were alarmed, and ran to his assistance : during three days which he lived after the will was signed and sealed, he frequently fainted, and the whole family was in confusion. Nevertheless, the niece ate her victuals, the housekeeper drank to the repose of his soul, and even Sancho cherished his little carcase ; for the prospect of succession either dispels, or moderates that affliction, which an heir ought to feel at the death of the testator.

At last Don Quixote expired, after having received all the sacraments, and in the strongest terms, pathetically enforced, expressed his abomination against all books of chivalry ; and the notary observed, that in all the books of that kind which he had perused, he had never read of any knights-errant who died quietly in his bed, as a good Christian like Don Quixote ; who, amidst the tears and lamentations of all present, gave up the ghost ; or, in other words, departed this life. The curate was no sooner certified of his decease, than he desired the notary to make out a testimonial, declaring that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de La

Mancha, had taken his departure from this life, and died of a natural death. That no other author, different from Cid Hamet Benengeli, should falsely pretend to raise him from the dead, and write endless histories of his achievements.

This was the end of the sage Hidalgo de La Mancha, whose native place Cid Hamet would not punctually describe, because he wished that all the towns and villages of that province should contend for the honour of having given him birth, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. We shall here omit the lamentations of the housekeeper, niece, and squire, together with all the epitaphs, except the following, by Sampson Carrasco:—

Here lies a cavalier of fame,
Whose dauntless courage soar'd so high,
That death, which can the boldest tame,
He scorn'd to flatter, or to fly.
A constant bugbear to the bad,
His might the world in arms defy'd,
And, in his life, though counted mad,
He in his perfect senses died.

The sagacious Cid Hamet, addressing himself to his pen, "And now, my slender quill," said he, "whether cunningly cut, or unskillfully formed, it boots not much; here from this rack, suspended by a wire, shalt thou enjoy repose, and live to future ages, if no presumptuous and wicked hand shall take thee down, in order to profane thee, in compiling idle histories. But ere such insolent fingers can touch thine hallowed plume, accost, and warn them if thou canst, in words like these:

Caitiffs forbear—illustrious prince, let none
Attempt th' emprize, reserv'd for me alone.*

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I produced

* Lines probably taken from some old ballad or romance.

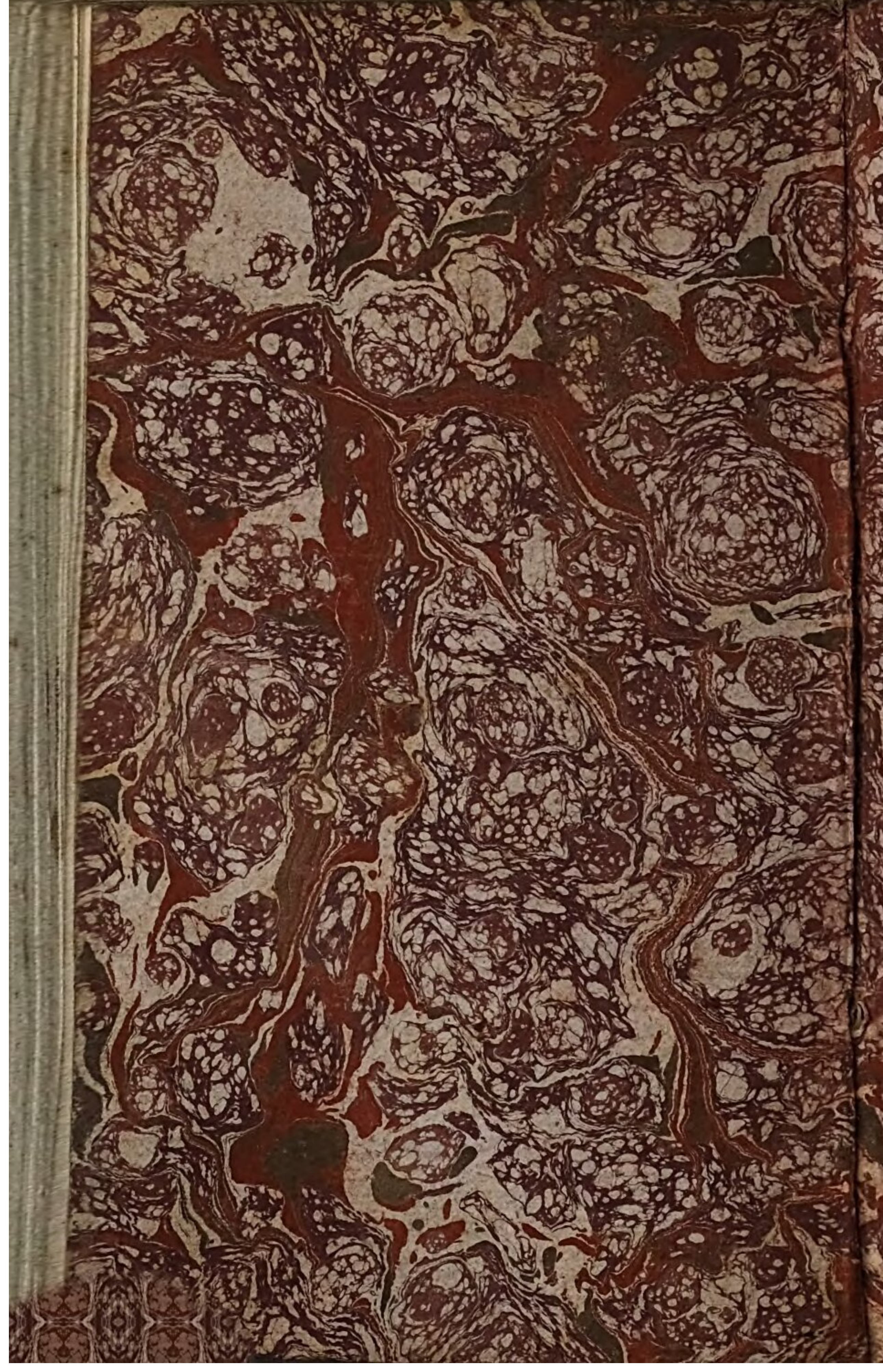
for him ; he to act, and I to record ; in a word, we were destined for each other, manure and in despite of that fictitious Tordesilian author, who presumed, or may presume, to write with his coarse, awkward, ostrich quill, the achievements of my valiant knight ; a burthen too heavy for his weak shoulders, and an undertaking too great for his frozen genius. Advise him, therefore, if ever thou shouldst chance to be in his company, to let the wearied and mouldering bones of Don Quixote rest in the grave, without seeking to carry him into Old Castile,* in opposition to all the prerogatives of death ; or to drag him from his tomb, where he really and truly lies extended at full length, and utterly incapable of making a third sally : for all the exploits performed by the whole tribe of knights-errant are sufficiently ridiculed by the two expeditions he has already made, so much to the satisfaction and entertainment, not only of Spain, but also of every foreign nation to which the fame of his adventures hath been conveyed. In so doing, thou wilt conform to thy Christian profession of doing good to those who would do thee harm ; and I shall rest satisfied and perfectly well pleased, in seeing myself the first author, who fully enjoyed the fruit of his writings in the success of his design ; for mine was no other than to inspire mankind with an abhorrence of the false and improbable stories recounted in books of chivalry ; which are already shaken by the adventures of my true and genuine Don Quixote, and in a little time will certainly sink into oblivion. Farewell.

* The author of the Second Part hinted, in his Preface, a design of bringing his hero into the field again, in Old Castile.

THE END.

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